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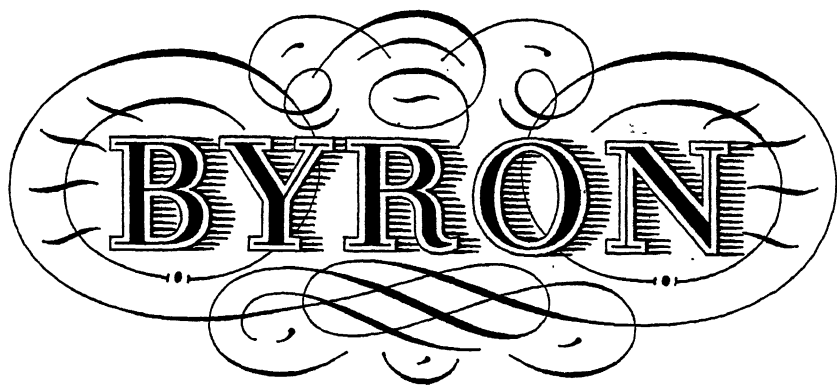


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BYRON : *A Biography*

VOLUME III



A BIOGRAPHY

By

Leslie A. Marchand

VOLUME III



ALFRED A. KNOPF : NEW YORK : 1957



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L. C. catalog card number: 57-7547

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Limited. Manufactured in the United States of America.*

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BYRON : *A Biography*

VOLUME III

CHAPTER XXIV

1821-1822

Pisa

BYRON was well pleased with the palace chosen for him, and soon also with the company which Shelley had gathered about him. The Casa Lanfranchi was lighter and less gloomy than the palace of the Guicciolis which he had occupied in Ravenna. The winter climate of Pisa was a relief, too, after the snows and slush of the Romagna. Sheltered by hills from the tramontane winds, Pisa enjoyed a truly Mediterranean mildness more like the winters he had enjoyed in Greece. The garden was small but pleasant, sunny, and private, and surrounded by high walls. He had only to descend the wide steps to the ground floor and go through a back door to enter it. A few days after his arrival he wrote to Moore: "At present, owing to the climate, etc. (I can walk down into my garden, and pluck my own oranges, —and, by the way, have got a diarrhoea in consequence of indulging in this meridian luxury of proprietorship,) my spirits are much better." "The only thing he had to complain of was the noise of the main highway that ran in front of the house along the Arno.

After the first month, he wrote Murray: "I have got here into a famous old feudal palazzo, on the Arno. . . ." The house belonged to the Lanfranchi family, (the same mentioned by Ugolino in his dream, as his persecutor with Sismondi,) and has had a fierce owner or two in its time. The staircase, etc., is said to have been built by Michel Agnolo [*sic*]. It is not yet cold enough for a fire. What a climate!" "

What lifted Byron's spirits more than the climate, however, was the fact that he could settle into a congenial routine with pleasant companions once again. After his long isolation in the Italian society of Ravenna, to which he had been drawn by his passionate attachment to Teresa, he was glad to relax again in an English circle that looked up to him for his poetry and responded to his wit and literary and worldly conversation. He had no taste for cultivating new Italian acquaintances. Teresa by her situation was effectively cut off from Italian society in this strange city, and saw only the few friends who had been exiled with her father and brother. The Gambas had been given permission by the Tuscan government for a residence of only two months, but by some mistake of the officials their passports were made out for four months." Teresa visited only with Mary Shelley and Mary's friend Jane Williams, who befriended her before Byron arrived, and Shelley, for Byron's sake, was kind to her. As had been his custom in Ravenna before the exile, Byron paid his daily call on Teresa at the Casa Parrà, only a quarter of a mile up the Lungarno.

The Shelleys had just returned to Pisa from the Baths at San Giuliano a few days before his arrival, and had furnished a flat at the top of the Tre Palazzi di Chiesa, a house facing the Arno on the opposite bank from the Casa Lanfranchi. Shelley's admiration for Byron's poetic genius was increased by his reading *Cain*, which he saw in manuscript shortly after Byron's arrival. Before long, Mary, always exhilarated by the presence of Byron, was writing to her friend Maria Gisborne: "So Pisa, you see, has become a little nest of singing birds." Shelley was also stimulated by the association. "Lord Byron," he wrote to Peacock some weeks later, "is established now, and we are constant companions. . . . I get up, or at least wake early; read and write till two; dine—go to Lord B.'s, and ride, or play at Billiards as the weather permits, and sacrifice the evening either to light books or whoever happens to drop in." "

Just then a good many people were dropping in on the Shelleys, and Shelley had already introduced a number of them to Byron. Edward and Jane Williams, then their closest friends,

had arrived in Pisa in January 1821, responding to the urgent invitation of Shelley's cousin Thomas Medwin, who had served with Williams in the Eighth Dragoons in India, and who had come to Italy the previous October to be near his talented cousin. Williams, a half-pay lieutenant with literary leanings and liberal sympathies, having run away with a fellow officer's wife, found it more congenial as well as cheaper to live abroad. In Italy no one raised eyebrows at the statement that they were Mr. and Mrs. Williams any more than at the assumed name of the Shelleys' other close friends in Pisa, "Mr. and Mrs. Mason," actually George William Tighe and Lady Mountcashell. The latter had left the Earl some eight years before, and was living with her common-law husband in Casa Silva.

Shelley, who had found an ideal companion in the artistic and sensitive Williams, had prepared him for the arrival of Byron, lauding the poet's genius but warning his friend of "the canker of aristocracy" in the noble lord's character. Shelley had called on Byron the day after his arrival, and on November 5 took Williams to see him. The latter was agreeably surprised: "So far from his having a haughtiness of manner," he wrote in his journal, "they are those of the most unaffected and gentlemanly ease—and so far from his being (as is generally imagined) wrapt in a melancholy gloom he is all sunshine, and good humour with which the elegance of his language and the brilliancy of his wit cannot fail to inspire those who are near him." "

The next day Byron accompanied Teresa and Pietro Gamba to the Shelleys'. This is the only recorded visit of Byron to the Shelley house, for most of the visiting was in the other direction. The Pisan circle rapidly switched to the Casa Lanfranchi, and it was almost entirely a masculine society. Teresa continued her daily rides with Mary and her visits, often with Pietro, to the Shelleys', and they and the Williamses returned the visits. But Byron saw Teresa only at her own house, though he sometimes met her and Mary while they were riding. Like a magnet, he drew Shelley and his friends into his own orbit of amusements and conversation. Williams was present during Byron's visit to the Shelleys', and recorded: "Lord B. told us of a singular accu-

sation now brought against him, which is, that he has gained £500 by writing puffs for Day and Martin's blacking."¹

Byron had hoped to establish in his garden a range for his favorite pastime of pistol-shooting. Soon after his arrival he applied for permission to do so to the Governor of Pisa, the Marquis Nicolò Viviani, father of Emilia Viviani, whom Shelley had wanted to save from her convent and who inspired his "Epipsychidion." The Governor, who had dabbled in literature and had written a poem on "Hero and Leander," sent a very polite refusal."

Within a few days after Byron's arrival in Pisa he had also drawn into his circle another friend of the Shelleys, an Irish expatriate who had been some years in Italy. John Taaffe, Jr., of an ancient Irish Catholic family, had been forced into exile by an unfortunate affair with a woman in Edinburgh. He landed in Italy in 1815 and had been there since. He formed a warm friendship in Genoa with Mme Regny, a charming and talented woman who had entree to society in Pisa, Lucca, and Florence, as well as to artistic and cultural circles, for she was a painter of some ability.

Taaffe prided himself on his horsemanship, though he was not a good rider (he had been in charge of M. Regny's stables), and he devoted himself to scholarship and writing. When Taaffe met the Shelleys sometime late in 1820, he was already at work on a magnum opus, a *Commentary on Dante* which was to be published with his own translation of the *Divine Comedy*. He was still at work on it when he met Byron in November 1821, and was immediately hopeful that the famous poet, whom he had long known by reputation, would help him to get it published. Strangely enough, Byron took to him almost at once and fell in with his scheme so far as to recommend the *Commentary* to Murray."

Shortly after the middle of the month, Byron's circle was enlivened by the addition of another friend of Shelley. This was

¹ Williams, p. 110. Entry of Nov. 6, 1821. Byron added a note to *The Two Foscari*, published with *Cain* and *Sardanapalus* on December 11, 1821, concerning this fantastic accusation, concluding: "This is the highest compliment to my literary powers which I ever received." (*The Two Foscari*, 1st ed., p. 325.)

Thomas Medwin, who, after being the constant companion of the Shelleys for some months, had left Pisa on February 27, 1821, and had just returned on November 14, perhaps with the specific view of meeting through Shelley the renowned Lord Byron, who had the reputation of shunning his countrymen. Medwin was full of stories of India. He too had literary ambitions and had already published at Geneva the previous year *Oswald and Edwin: an Oriental Sketch*. He had read widely and was full of allusions, not always accurate. Mary had found him amusing at first, but his effervescing ego soon grew monotonous.

But Byron accepted Medwin as he had Taaffe, with some slightly cynical reservations, as a companion who could furnish him with the worldly conversation that Shelley shunned, and particularly as one who deferred to him and served as a sounding-board for his own wit and reminiscence. Soon Medwin, like Taaffe and Williams, was almost a daily caller.

Soon after the refusal of the Governor of Pisa to allow pistol-shooting in the garden, Byron had made his own arrangements with some friends of Dr. Vaccà, the Castinelli family, who resided outside the city walls. Thenceforth, almost every afternoon, when the weather permitted, Byron and his friends rode out to the Villa la Podera, "an extensive enclosure attached to a picturesque farmhouse—part garden, part farm, part vineyard—situated in Cisanello, some two miles outside Pisa beyond the Porta alle Piagge, where they practised pistol-shooting at a target." According to local tradition, part of the attraction of the farmhouse to Byron was the presence of Maria, a beautiful brunette peasant girl." When Rogers accompanied Byron on his daily expedition to the villa in 1822, he observed that "The farm-keeper's daughter was very pretty, and had her arms covered with bracelets, the gift of Byron, who did not fail to let me know that she was one of his many loves." "

Both Teresa and Mary directed their rides and their walks very frequently toward the pistol-shooting party, sometimes joining it and sometimes meeting it on the way." Teresa may, indeed, have seen the bracelets on the arms of the pretty peasant girl and been eager to check up on the proceedings at the farmhouse. And it was for Mary, strongly attracted by the intellect and

charm of Byron, almost the only opportunity to associate in this man's world, for which by temperament and intellectual proclivities she was eminently fitted. She remembered nostalgically their evenings together at the Villa Diodati, or in the boat on Lake Geneva, in the summer of 1816, and felt cut off from that pleasure now that Byron was surrounded by a masculine company centered in the Casa Lanfranchi. There is a slight disappointment mingled with admiration for Byron in her letters of this time.²

Once he had established himself in the Palazzo Lanfranchi, Byron's dinners to his male friends (the ladies were never invited) were frequent. Taaffe, Medwin, Williams, and Shelley usually came, and all but Shelley frequently talked over their wine until two or three in the morning.³ Shelley enjoyed the talk until it turned from literature and philosophical subjects to worldly matters, and then he generally withdrew. In January he told Horace Smith: "Lord Byron unites us at a weekly dinner, when my nerves are generally shaken to pieces by sitting up contemplating the rest making themselves vats of claret, etc., till three o'clock in the morning."⁴

Byron held to his resolution to limit his social activity to a small circle. The spy Torelli recorded with relish in his diary: "Lord Byron sent to the Grand Duke Mis^t Taff [*sic*] another Englishman, his friend, to beg him to excuse him [Byron] for not presenting himself at Court. . . . The Grand Duke laughingly replied that he [Byron] could have dispensed with informing him of this since he had not sought him [Byron] out."⁵

Byron no doubt met, but never became intimate with, some of the Shelleys' other friends, such as Dr. Vaccà, whom he had

² In her journal at a later time Mary tried to explain to herself "why Albè, by his mere presence and voice, has the power of exciting such deep and shifting emotions within me." (*Mary Shelley's Journal*, p. 184. Entry of Oct. 19, 1822.) Mary was probably not consciously aware, or could not admit to herself, how deeply attracted she was to Byron, both physically and by the subtle responses to his complementary personality. How could she, young, attractive, not free from the fire of passion, even with a Shelley at her side, be entirely oblivious to the charm that almost every other woman felt in the presence of Byron? (For an acute analysis of Mary Shelley's subconscious preoccupation with Byron, in her journals and her novels, see Lovell: "Byron and Mary Shelley.")

heard of through Dr. Polidori, and whom he respected highly as a surgeon. Prince Mavrocordatos, the Greek patriot who had given Greek lessons to Mary earlier in the year, had sailed on June 26 for his homeland to join in the battle for Greek freedom, but his cousin Prince Argiropoli remained in Pisa, and on November 14, Shelley took him to see Byron, thereby kindling anew the latter's enthusiasm for the Greek cause." Such an association would not have allayed the suspicions of the government concerning Byron's activities, and still less would any contact with the Shelleys' friend Professor Francesco Pacchiani, commonly known as "The Devil of Pisa" because of his eccentric irregularities.

On first hearing of Byron's imminent arrival in Pisa, the authorities had been alarmed for his influence on the students of the University, many of whom had displayed alarming radical tendencies and defiance of constituted authority." From his first day at the Casa Lanfranchi, constant watch was kept on his house to see who came and went." But after a time the spy Torelli reported perforce: "Milord led a very quiet and retired life: the only persons he visited, besides the Gambas and his English friends, were Madame Kemstein and her four daughters, and the Canon Danielle Girolami, priest of the church of San Pierino." "

Before long, however, the government of Tuscany was concerned with something disturbing. The Royal Commissioner of Volterra, a few miles to the south of Pisa, wrote a private letter to the "Buongoverno" at Florence warning that "some copies of the *Prophecy of Dante*, a poem by Lord Byron, have reached this city. It is most decidedly not written in the spirit of our Government, or of any of the Italian Governments. To me it appears designed to augment popular agitation, already sufficiently aroused. Lord Byron makes Dante advocate democracy and the independence of Italy for the salvation and good of the country." "

If not completely oblivious to the fact that he was obnoxious to the government, Byron was indifferent to how they felt about him, for he had already weathered the displeasure of the government of the Romagna, where fanatics had even posted an *affiche* calling for his assassination. Comfortably adjusted to the pleas-

ant climate and companionship of Pisa, and finding conjugal satisfaction in the warm affections of his *amica*, Byron was for a time more contented than he had been for many months.

Certainly Byron made himself agreeable to the members of his new circle. Medwin, who had soon begun to take notes on his brilliant conversation, was immediately won over by the friendliness of the great poet who acted the host so graciously. Byron was aware that he was being "Boswellized," but did not refrain from talking freely of his own life and affairs, though he sometimes found pleasure in pulling Medwin's leg.⁸ Medwin recalled: "There was something enchanting in his manner, his voice, his smile—a fascination in them; but on leaving him, I have often marvelled that I gained so little from him worth carrying away; whilst every word of Shelley's was almost oracular; his reasoning subtle and profound; his opinions, whatever they were, sincere and undisguised; whilst with Byron, such was his love of mystification, it was impossible to know when he was in earnest." "

And after he had known Byron for some time he recorded: "I never met with any man who shines so much in conversation. He shines the more, perhaps, for not seeking to shine. His ideas flow without effort, without his having occasion to think. As in his letters, he is not nice about expressions or words;—there are no concealments in him, no injunctions to secrecy. He tells every thing that he has thought or done without the least reserve, and as if he wished the whole world to know it; and does not throw the slightest gloss over his errors. Brief himself, he is impatient of diffuseness in others, hates long stories, and seldom repeats his own. . . .

"He hates argument, and never argues for victory. He gives every one an opportunity of sharing in the conversation, and has the art of turning it to subjects that may bring out the person

⁸ Trelawny, according to his own account, told Byron that Medwin was taking note of his conversation, but Byron was not deterred from talking to him on that account. When Trelawny mentioned his warning to the Shelleys, "Mrs. Shelley, smiling said 'That won't restrain, it will stimulate Byron; he will blab the more.'" (Trelawny: *Records*, p. 20.)

with whom he converses. He never shews the author, prides himself most on being a man of the world and of fashion, and his anecdotes of life and living characters are inexhaustible. In spirits, as in every thing else, he is ever in extremes." "

Despite the fact that Shelley was sometimes annoyed by Byron's flitting from subject to subject without arguing any point through, he too was drawn by the personality and brilliance of the man whose genius so overawed his own that for the first months of Byron's residence in Pisa the younger poet wrote but little. He had written from Ravenna in August: "I despair of rivalling Lord Byron, as well I may, and there is no other with whom it is worth contending." " And he later told Horace Smith: "I do not write—I have lived too long near Lord Byron and the sun has extinguished the glow-worm. . . ." " He wrote to John Gisborne apropos of *Cain*: "What think you of Lord Byron now? Space wondered less at the swift and fair creations of God, when he grew weary of vacancy, than I at the late works of this spirit of an angel in the mortal paradise of a decaying body. So I think—let the world envy while it admires, as it may." " Even after he had begun to feel the strain of Byron's parties and wished he might gracefully withdraw from them, he continued to hold exaggerated views of the merits of *Cain*.

Byron, in spite of his tendency to make sport of Shelley occasionally as he did with his other companions, had a genuine liking for him and an admiration for his intellect and integrity. Teresa no doubt reflected something of Byron's own feeling about Shelley in the realistic but sympathetic picture she drew of him in her later recollections: "He was very tall, but so bent that he seemed of ordinary height, and although his figure was so fragile, his bones and joints stood out too much, even grossly. And yet all these details, themselves unbeautiful, still formed an extremely sympathetic being—and really one must use the word being, for truly Shelley seemed rather Spirit than man. He was also extraordinary in his dress, for he generally wore a school-boy's jacket, never any gloves, and unpolished shoes—and yet, among a thousand gentlemen, he would always have seemed the most accomplished. His voice was high-pitched—even strident

—but nevertheless took on inflections, to suit his thoughts, of a grace, a softness and a delicacy which went straight to the heart.”ⁿ

Byron’s literary activity had not stopped on his arrival in Pisa, though Medwin later wondered how he could find time to write after being occupied all day with riding, shooting, dining, and visiting, and sitting up until three in the morning in animated conversation.” But he was more deeply engaged than ever in squabbles with Murray on the publication of *Cain*, about which the publisher was somewhat timid. To Murray’s request that he recast certain lines in *Cain* which seemed impious, Byron replied: “The two passages cannot be altered without making Lucifer talk like the Bishop of Lincoln. . . . As to ‘alarms,’ etc., do you really think such things ever led any body astray? Are these people more impious than Milton’s Satan? or the Prometheus of Æschylus?”ⁿ

And he was wrought up by the treatment accorded *Don Juan*. Murray had acted as if it were unwanted at the same time that he had profited considerably from it. That Byron had reason for complaint there seems little doubt. Murray’s biographer wrote: “There was quite a rush for the work. The booksellers’ messengers filled the street in front of the house in Albemarle Street, and the parcels of books were given out of the window in answer to their obstreperous demands.”ⁿ Byron spoke plainly on the matter: “You have played the stepmother to *D[on] J[uan]* throughout, either ashamed or afraid, or negligent, to your own loss and nobody’s credit.”ⁿ

Byron was encouraged to wage his battle against the “canters” by the good opinion of his drama expressed by Kinnaird, Gifford, Scott, and Moore. Moore had written: “. . . *Cain* is wonderful—terrible—never to be forgotten. If I am not mistaken, it will sink deep into the world’s heart; and while many will shudder at its blasphemy, all must fall prostrate before its grandeur.”ⁿ

But on November 23, Byron received a letter from Hobhouse which disturbed him more than all the “canting” of Murray or other friends in England who had been fearful of the public reaction to *Cain*. Hobhouse, always protective of his friend’s reputation, and from his experience in Parliament having developed

a supersensitivity to public opinion, was genuinely frightened by what appeared to him to be a deliberate frontal attack on the most touchy area of prejudice and accepted belief of his countrymen." Byron's first impulse was to flare up in anger at Hobhouse's effrontery, but within an hour he had cooled down sufficiently to write a restrained reply which showed only by undertones how deeply the letter had hurt him. He was always at a disadvantage with Hobhouse because he knew he could find little sympathy for his high-flown romantic "Childe Harold" style in that quarter. In self-defense he parried by pretending that he persisted in the publication only for money.

Byron showed Hobhouse's letter to the members of his Pisan circle also, to get their opinions and relieve his mind by discussing it with them. Medwin quoted Byron as saying that Shelley had been most indignant, for he thought *Cain* the best thing Byron ever wrote. Byron continued: "The *Snake's* ⁴ rage has prevented my crest from rising." "

But Byron's annoyance did not subside for several weeks, and for a time almost every letter to England made some reference to the episode. On November 28 he told Kinnaird that Hobhouse's letter was "one of the grossest ever written in style and manner. Had it been by any but an old friend, I really think I must have, at the least, made such an answer, as would have produced a scene." "

In the meantime Byron was partly mollified by Murray, who had finally offered through Kinnaird twenty-five hundred guineas for the last three cantos of *Don Juan* and the three plays *Sardanapalus*, *The Two Foscari*, and *Cain*,⁴ which were published together on December 19."

Shortly after he arrived in Pisa, Byron had received from Augusta a lock of his daughter Ada's hair. He was again impelled to write to Lady Byron (though the letter was never sent). For that skeleton was always in his closet, more haunting than the

⁴ This is a title that Byron gave in jest to Shelley. In a letter to Moore he explained its origin: "Shelley's allusion to his 'fellow-serpent,' is a buffoonery of mine. Goethe's Mephistophilus calls the serpent who tempted Eve 'my aunt, the renowned snake,' and I always insist that Shelley is nothing but one of her nephews, walking about on the tip of his tail." (*LJ*, V, 495-6. Undated, but probably about Dec. 13, 1821.)

ghosts in the Casa Lanfranchi. He thanked her for the lock, and continued: "I also thank you for the inscription of the date and name, and I will tell you why;—I believe that they are the only two or three words of your hand-writing in my possession. For your letters I returned; and except the two words, or rather the one word, 'Household,' written twice in an old account book, I have no other. I burnt your last note, for two reasons:—firstly, it was written in a style not very agreeable; and, secondly, I wished to take your word without documents. . . . We both made a bitter mistake; but now it is over, and irrevocably so.

"I say all this, because I own to you, that, notwithstanding every thing, I considered our re-union as not impossible for more than a year after the separation;—but then I gave up the hope entirely and for ever. But this very impossibility of re-union seems to me at least a reason why, on all the few points of discussion which can arise between us, we should preserve the courtesies of life, and as much of its kindness as people who are never to meet may preserve perhaps more easily than nearer connections."ⁿ

This was about the time that he met Medwin, and it was probably then that he talked so freely to him about his marriage and separation, adding to the story a greater flippancy than he felt in order to hide the wound. Thoughts of Ada never failed to arouse melancholy reminiscences of the past in Byron. He wrote to Murray on her birthday, December 10: "This day and this hour, (one, on the clock,) my daughter is six years old. I wonder when I shall see her again, or if ever I shall see her at all. I have remarked a curious coincidence, which almost looks like a fatality. My *mother*, my *wife*, my *daughter*, my *half-sister*, my *sister's mother*, my natural daughter (as far at least as I am concerned), and *myself*, are all *only children*. . . .⁵

"I heard the other day from an English voyager, that her [Ada's] temper is said to be extremely violent. Is it so? It is not

⁵ This idea seemed to obsess Byron. He told Medwin the same thing (I, 116), and he repeated it in a passage in his "Detached Thoughts" written after Ada's birthday, adding: "Such a complication of *only children*, all tending to *one family*, is singular enough, and looks like fatality almost. But the fiercest Animals have the rarest numbers in their litters, as Lions, tigers, and even Elephants which are mild in comparison." (LJ, V, 467.)

unlikely considering her parentage. My temper is what it is—as you may perhaps divine,—and my Lady’s was a nice little sul-len nucleus of concentrated Savageness to mould my daughter upon,—to say nothing of her two Grandmothers, both of whom, to my knowledge, were as pretty specimens of female Spirit as you might wish to see on a Summer’s day.” *

Byron’s pondering on fate and his relation to the mysteries of life and the unknown had been stimulated two days before by the receipt of a curious letter from an Englishman by the name of John Sheppard, a clothier of Frome, who was a writer of poetry, books of travel, and pious works. Sheppard enclosed a copy of a prayer written by his deceased wife in the summer of 1814 at Hastings, where she had admired the agility of Byron on the rocks and no doubt heard stories of his wickedness. Without mentioning his name she prayed for the person “who is now we fear as much distinguished for his neglect of Thee as for the transcendent talents Thou hast bestowed on him.” *

Byron was touched by the letter and its enclosure. With the politeness he always displayed toward men of faith when no hypocrisy was evident, he gave what consolation he could to the hopes of his pious correspondent without falsifying his own point of view with regard to matters which he considered wholly unknowable. He concluded: “But a man’s creed does not depend upon *himself*: *who* can say, I *will* believe this, that, or the other? and least of all, that which he least can comprehend.” *

It is possible that Byron had imbibed from Shelley the idea that a man’s belief does not depend upon his will. But when Byron doubted his own skepticism, as he did once in discussing his drama of *Cain* with Shelley, the latter exclaimed, according to Trelawny: “I do believe, Mary, that he is little better than a Christian.” *

According to Medwin, Byron once said: “I have often wished I had been born a Catholic. That purgatory of theirs is a comfortable doctrine; I wonder the reformers gave it up, or did not substitute something as consolatory in its room. It is an improvement on the transmigration, Shelley, which all your wiseacre philosophers taught.

“You believe in Plato’s three principles;—why not in the Trin-

ity? One is not more mystical than the other. I don't know why I am considered an enemy to religion, and an unbeliever. . . . I know, however, that I am considered an infidel. My wife and sister, when they joined parties, sent me prayerbooks." "

Byron's premonitions of gloom on his daughter's birthday seemed to him not altogether unfounded when he heard not long after that Dr. Polidori, his former physician, had taken his own life. He told Medwin: "I was convinced something very unpleasant hung over me last night: I expected to hear that somebody I knew was dead;—so it turns out! Poor Polidori is gone! . . . he has prescribed a dose for himself that would have killed fifty Miltiades'." "

Whatever may have been Byron's reluctance to disturb orthodox religious beliefs, he was as quick as Shelley to protest against acts of bigotry or inhumanity committed in the name of any religion. On December 12, Medwin was at the bookseller Moloni's in Pisa when he heard a report that "a subject belonging to the Lucchese States had been taken up for sacrilege, and sentenced to be burnt alive." Medwin hastened to the Casa Lanfranchi with the news. On hearing his story, Byron exclaimed, according to Medwin: "Is it possible? . . . Can we believe that we live in the nineteenth century? . . . We must endeavour to prevent this *auto da fé*."

Shelley had also heard the story and came in horror-struck. "He proposed," Medwin recorded, "that we should mount and arm ourselves as well as we could, set off immediately for Lucca, and endeavour to rescue the prisoner when brought out for execution, making at full speed for the Tuscan frontiers, where he would be safe. Mad and hopeless as the scheme was, Lord Byron consented, carried away by his feelings, to join in it, if other means should fail." "

They agreed to meet again in the evening, and Byron in the meantime suggested that Shelley should enlist the services of two men well acquainted at the court of Lucca. One was Lord Guilford, then at Leghorn, who knew the Grand Duke personally, but whom Byron knew only slightly and did not particularly like." The other was Taaffe, who knew the language well and had met many people of influence in Lucca through his

friend Mme Regny. Although he took little stock in the fantastic story of inquisitorial cruelty, Taaffe succumbed to Byron's entreaty and decided to go to Lucca himself to find out the truth of the matter and set Byron's mind at ease. When he returned to Pisa during the afternoon, he reported that there was no such cruel punishment on the statutes of Lucca, and that the story of the burning was a pure fabrication. But the sacrilege had been committed, and the culprit, a Florentine, had fled to the Tuscan territory and given himself up to the authorities there." So the matter blew over without involving Byron and his Pisan associates in any rash conflict with the government, thanks to Taaffe's tactful resistance to any overt acts before the facts were known and to Byron's own curbing of Shelley's impetuosity.

Shelley had received a letter on December 7 from the Hunts saying that they were finally embarking for Italy. Mary set out immediately to buy furniture for the bare ground floor of the Casa Lanfranchi, which Byron had agreed to put at their disposal." Byron insisted on paying for the furniture. Hunt, in his disgruntled account, when he was bent on belittling Byron's generosity toward him, recorded that the furniture "was good and respectable, but of the plainest and cheapest description, consistent with that character." " Mary Shelley took a different view of the matter. She wrote to Maria Gisborne on December 20: "He [Hunt] will be more comfortable than he dreams of now. For Lord Byron has furnished the *pian terreno* of his own house for him. . . . I am so happy. . . . and feel much gratitude towards L[ord] B[aron] for his unpretending generosity on this occasion." " But a letter arrived the next day from Hunt saying that he and his family had been delayed by storms and could not predict when they would get under way.

Just after the middle of December there was a break in the mild weather which had prevailed through the autumn, and through the rest of the year a chill cloudiness, cold rain, and wind curtailed Byron's outdoor excursions, though the conversations and 'dinner parties at the Casa Lanfranchi continued. So strong was the hold that Byron had on the male members of his little circle that even Shelley and Williams left their families on Christmas Day to join Medwin and Taaffe at Byron's dinner ta-

ble. Of course Shelley, and probably Williams too, had an aversion to celebrating Christmas anyhow, but it must have been something of a disappointment for the women of the circle, including Teresa, to be shut out from the festivities.

Williams had recorded in his journal on December 25: "It was on this day that Lord B. and S[helley] proposed to give a thousand pounds to the other who first came to their estate."⁶ Perhaps Byron thought that by thus tempting fate he could hasten the demise of his mother-in-law, who, despite reports of her ill health, seemed destined to live forever.

When Williams called on Byron on January 3 he found him sitting for his bust to the noted sculptor Lorenzo Bartolini.⁷ Byron later told Murray: "Bartolini, the celebrated Sculptor, wrote to me to desire to take my bust: I consented, on condition that he also took that of the Countess Guiccioli. He has taken both, and I think it will be allowed that *Her's* is beautiful. I shall make you a present of them both, to show you that I don't bear malice, and as a compensation for the trouble and squabble you had about Thorwaldsen's."⁸ Of my own I can hardly speak, except that it is thought very like what I *now am*, which is different from what I was, of course, since you saw me."⁹

But, having taken the clay model, though it had been at his own particular request, Bartolini was slow in executing the busts in marble.¹⁰ When they were finally finished in September, Byron was shocked to see his own physical deterioration recorded in stone.

As Byron approached his thirty-fourth birthday, he felt that he had already lived a lifetime and that his youth was gone. One evidence of it, even to his own consciousness, was that he no longer desired an all-consuming passion, but was content with the calmer relationship into which he had settled with Teresa. And he found this a pleasanter state even than that of being an active *cavalier servente*. This realization helped to make his life in Pisa pleasant and relaxed. But it was perhaps not quite so with Teresa, who, torn from her home and friends, felt a little ill at ease among Byron's English friends, whose language she

⁶ A reference to a misunderstanding which caused Murray to believe Byron intended the Thorwaldsen bust for him instead of Hobhouse.





❖ GIOVANNI BATTISTA FALCIERI ("TITA")

did not speak and whose ways she did not wholly comprehend. She could not help feeling something of an outsider, despite the kindness of Mary Shelley and Jane Williams. She admired Mary's wide reading and intellectual ardor, and foolishly thought that Byron would love her more if she emulated that paragon. She wrote him with a playful pathos one day:

"I will leave you now so as not to bore you—and to lose time, *which should be given up entirely to the history of Hannibal*. But will you love me more when I know by heart the names of the river Trebbia, of Lake Trasimene, and of Cannæ? If you will, my memory will accomplish miracles. . . . But let this remain between us, my treasure. Love me, for I adore you and forgive you." "

But Byron had already expressed his views of "ladies intellectual." What appealed to him in Teresa was that she had preserved her youthful beauty and naïve charm. Medwin quoted Byron as saying: "Her conversation is lively, without being frivolous; without being learned, she has read all the best authors of her own and the French language. She often conceals what she knows, from the fear of being thought to know too much; possibly because she knows I am not fond of blues." If Medwin had stopped here, Teresa might in later years have forgiven him. But he added: "Lord Byron is certainly very much attached to her without being actually in love." "

Early in January, Byron received a letter which revived recollections of a time when his life was agitated by almost continuous passions, when the "lava of the imagination" was at fever heat, when in his days of fame almost every post brought letters from romantic young women. Harriette Wilson, who had seen him only once, according to her own story, at a masquerade in the "summer of the sovereigns," 1814, had never forgotten Byron and had continued to write to him after he went abroad. Harriette was not bashful. Her last letter, written to him at Ravenna in 1820 from Paris, where she was in dire need, had asked him for £50. Now she was back in England, deserted by all her lovers, and again in sorry straits. "Do you want an *english maid* who is *not* a *maid*?" she asked, "& whome you need not speak to for a month together, who can amuse herself alone, make your

room look comfortable, *pimp* for *you* in *french* but not in ITALIAN, make your tea a *l'anglaise* your coffee *bien a la françoise* do anything but mend your shirts for I can't do needle work—if so pray *have me* and I would rather upon my word be your servant & live in your kitchen than wife to anybody else.” ”

A letter that probably pleased Byron more was one from Sir Walter Scott. He told Medwin: “The sight of one of his letters always does me good.” ” He replied immediately, apologizing for not having written before: “I can only account for . . . [not writing] on the same principle of tremulous anxiety with which one sometimes makes love to a beautiful woman of our own degree, with whom one is enamoured in good earnest; whereas, we attack a fresh-coloured housemaid without (I speak, of course, of earlier times) any sentimental remorse or mitigation of our virtuous purpose.”

Byron ended his letter with a tribute to the Scotch novels of Scott: “To me those novels have so much of ‘Auld lang syne’ (I was bred a canny Scot till ten years old), that I never move without them; and when I removed from Ravenna to Pisa the other day, and sent on my library before, they were the only books that I kept by me, although I already have them by heart.” ”

On January 14 a new and livening apparition entered the Pisan circle. Edward John Trelawny, a curious combination of salty adventurer and sensitive enthusiast with a longing to associate with literary men, had come to Italy purposely to meet Shelley and Byron. Medwin had induced Williams to join Shelley, and Williams in turn, with his enthusiastic letters to Trelawny about both Shelley and Byron, had drawn that picturesque character into the Pisan circle. Trelawny had met Medwin and Williams at Geneva the previous winter. His ostensible purpose was to go on a hunting expedition into the Maremma, a wild forest and swampland south of Leghorn, with his friend Captain Daniel Roberts, but after leaving Roberts at Genoa, and shipping his guns, dogs, and baggage to Leghorn, he drove on to Pisa. Encouraged by Williams, he had already conceived the idea of spending the following summer boating on the Mediterranean with Shelley and Byron.”

He was cordially welcomed by the Williamses, who were then

living in a flat below the Shelleys in the Tre Palazzi, and the same evening he met Shelley and Mary, who was particularly struck by him. Mary wrote in her diary a few days later: "Trelawney [*sic*] is extravagant—un giovane stravagante—partly natural and partly perhaps put on, but it suits him well, and if his abrupt but not unpolished manners be assumed, they are nevertheless in unison with his Moorish face (for he looks Oriental yet not Asiatic) his dark hair, his Herculean form, and then there is an air of extreme good nature which pervades his whole countenance, especially when he smiles, which assures me that his heart is good. He tells strange stories of himself, horrific ones, so that they harrow one up, while with his emphatic but unmodulated voice, his simple yet strong language, he pourtrays the most frightful situations; then all these adventures took place between the age of thirteen and twenty. I believe them now I see the man. . . ."

Trelawny later told some of these stories in his *Adventures of a Younger Son*, which he set before the world as his autobiography. According to this account, he entered the Royal Navy in 1805 after an unhappy childhood in Cornwall, fought his way against sadistically cruel naval officers, deserted in India, joined up with a Dutch-American privateersman, half Robin Hood, who became his hero and who put him, still a boy, in command of one of his vessels. Flying the French flag, they fought Malay pirates and harried the East India Company's shipping, carrying their prizes into the harbors of Mauritius, where De Ruyter, the heroic leader of the band, had an idyllic estate in the hills. Trelawny had dressed and looked the part of an Arab, and had married an Arab girl whom he had rescued. The death of his idolized Zela, a savage and devoted wife like no woman in fiction, unless it might be the Gulnare of Byron's *Corsair* (a poem greatly admired by Trelawny), took the zest out of his adventures, and after cremating her on the sands, he returned discontentedly to civilization.

But the facts of his early life, only recently discovered, were quite different. He was never a pirate or privateersman, and he never deserted from the Royal Navy, but returned to England in 1812 in a British frigate. Nor, so far as is known, did he ever

marry an Arab girl. It is possible that he saw some of the actions he described, but under the British rather than the French flag, and that he heard about others. Most of his vicarious heroisms were no doubt daydreams."

The day after Trelawny's arrival in Pisa, Williams and Shelley took him to see Taaffe," and at two o'clock, when Byron was likely to be rising, they crossed the bridge and followed the Lungarno to the Casa Lanfranchi. Trelawny recalled: "A surly-looking bull-dog (Moretto) announced us, by growling, and the Pilgrim instantly advanced from an inner chamber, and stood before us. His halting gait was apparent, but he moved with quickness; and although pale, he looked as fresh, vigorous, and animated, as any man I ever saw. His pride, added to his having lived for many years alone, was the cause I suppose that he was embarrassed at first meeting with strangers; this he tried to conceal by an affectation of ease. After the interchange of commonplace question and answer, he regained his self-possession. . . . He then took a cue, and asked me to play billiards; he struck the balls and moved about the table briskly, but neither played the game nor cared a rush about it. . . ."

Byron recounted anecdotes about the East, not forgetting to drag in his feat of swimming the Hellespont. Trelawny was at first a little taken aback. "I had come prepared to see a solemn mystery," he wrote, "and so far as I could judge from the first act it seemed to me very like a solemn farce. I forgot that great actors when off the stage are dull dogs. . . ."

Trelawny noted that Byron's conversation "was anything but literary, except when Shelley was near him. The character he most commonly appeared in was of the fine and easy sort, such as had been in vogue when he was in London, and George IV. was Regent; and his talk was seasoned with anecdotes of the great actors on and off the stage, boxers, gamblers, duellists, drunkards, &c., &c., appropriately garnished with the slang and scandal of that day. Such things had all been in fashion, and were at that time considered accomplishments by gentlemen. . . . His long absence had not effaced the mark John Bull brands his children with, the instant he loomed above the horizon, on foot or horseback, you saw at a glance he was a Britisher. . . .

He seemed to take an especial pleasure in making a clean breast to every new comer, as if to mock their previous conceptions of him, and to give the lie to the portraits published of him." "

On another occasion Trelawny wrote: "Lord Byron was nothing in conversation, unless you were alone with him, but then he was rich as a gold mine, in every direction you bored into him you could extract wealth, and he was never exhausted—" "

Byron was a little perplexed and embarrassed by Trelawny's emulation at first, as if he had seen a caricature of his own Eastern heroes in this strange character. After the first meeting he told Teresa: "I have met today the personification of my Corsair. He sleeps with the poem under his pillow, and all his past adventures and present manners aim at this personification." " But after a few days Byron was quite at ease with Trelawny, who had become an almost daily visitor.

One of the first things Trelawny did was to reanimate the scheme, which Williams and Shelley had been fostering for some weeks, to have a boat built and to spend the summer on the Bay of Spezia. Trelawny was responsible, too, for rekindling Byron's interest in the summer plans and in having a boat built for himself. Shelley had already entered into the proposal with the zest of a boy. Trelawny suggested that Shelley persuade Byron to join the proposed summer colony. "No!" Shelley replied, "you must do that. Byron is always influenced by his last acquaintance. You are the last man, so do you pop the question." "

"The following morning," Trelawny continued, "I told Byron our plan. Without any suggestion from me he eagerly volunteered to join us, and asked me to get a yacht built for him, and to look out for a house as near the sea as possible. I allowed some days to pass before I took any steps in order to see if his wayward mind would change." "

But when he discovered that Byron's interest persisted, Trelawny asked Roberts to send plans. By February 5 he was giving final instructions: "I have only time to tell you, that you are to consider *this letter* as *definitive*, and to *cancel every other regarding the Boats!*

"First, then, continue the one you are at work upon for Lord B. She is to have *Iron Keel*, copper *fastenings* and *bottom*—the

Cabin to be as *high* and *roomy* as possible, no *expence* to be *spared* to make her a complete BEAUTY! We should like to have four guns, one on each bow and one on each quarter, as *large* as you think *safe*—to make a devil of a noise!—fitted with locks—the swivels of brass!—I suppose from one to three pounders.”

Byron later regretted that he had told Trelawny to spare no expense, for the boat eventually cost nearly ten times what he had anticipated. He told Kinnaid in February that the boat he was building would cost “a hundred or more.” But in the end it cost nearer a thousand pounds.”

Shelley and Williams had modified their rather too ambitious plans for a thirty-foot boat. “But in her lieu,” Trelawny wrote Roberts, “will you lay us down a small beautiful one of about 17 or 18 feet? to be a thorough *Varment* at *pulling* and *sailing*! Single banked oars, say four or six; and we think, if you differ not, three luggs and a jib—*backing ones*!—She will be used for fishing, shooting, and as a tender for the other.”

Trelawny settled quickly into the Byronic orbit. On the 16th he dined with the “pistol club” at the Casa Lanfranchi and met Bartolini there.” But from the first he had a greater affinity for Shelley. While he spent part of almost every day with Byron, frequently riding with him on the daily pistol-shooting expeditions, he more often spent the evenings with the Shelleys and their friends. At least according to his later account, Trelawny soon discovered Byron’s weaknesses.

Despite his wide and harsh experience of the world, Trelawny was in some respects rather naïve and serious, and Byron no doubt delighted in baiting him as he did Shelley. All of the Pisan circle were under thirty except Byron and Taaffe, who were about the same age. Trelawny later recalled that Byron once said, apropos of a proposed introduction, “that he wished to know no men under thirty nor women beyond it.”

In his *Records*, composed in his last years, Trelawny wrote: “A short time after I knew Byron, I said to Shelley, ‘How very unlike Byron is to what people say of him. I see no mystery about him—he is too free; he says things better not said. I shall take care what I say to him. He reads parts of letters from his London correspondents.’ (Mrs. Shelley smiled; she knew they cautioned

Byron not to risk his popularity by coupling his name with Shelley's.) 'He is as impulsive and jealous as a woman, and may be as changeable.'

"At a subsequent conversation Shelley called Mrs. Shelley and said, 'Mary, Trelawny has found out Byron already. How stupid we were—how long it took us.'"

But Shelley did not cease to admire Byron's poetry, nor did Trelawny withdraw from the charmed circle at the Casa Lanfranchi. For the communal life still centered there. The few times that Byron was induced to go elsewhere, he was, despite his pose of man of the world, distinctly ill at ease. Trelawny noted that Shelley, forgetting himself, was much more natural. "To the first party I went with Byron, as we were on the road, he said,

" 'It's so long since I have been in English society, you must tell me what are their present customs. Does rank lead the way, or does the ambassadress pair us off into the dining-room? Do they ask people to wine? Do we exit with the women, or stick to our claret?'

"On arriving, he was flushed, fussy, embarrassed, over ceremonious, and ill at ease, evidently thinking a great deal of himself and very little of others."

But in his own house, in congenial company, Byron was at his best, as Williams, Shelley, Medwin, and Trelawny himself all bore witness. And he was happiest when, after an evening of stimulating conversation, he had a composition that engrossed him to keep him at his desk until the small hours of the morning. Trelawny, with his sailor habits, considered Byron lazy and dawdling. When Trelawny first met him, he was writing *Werner*. Mary Shelley, glad to have some contact with Byron again, was copying the manuscript for the printer, as she had copied *Mazeppa* in 1818."

But Byron's relations with Murray of late had so irritated him that he had again decided to withdraw from him as a publisher, without quarreling with him personally if that were possible. According to Medwin, Byron said of the manuscript of *Heaven and Earth*, which he had sent to England in December: "Douglas Kinnaird tells me that he can get no bookseller

to publish it. It was offered to Murray, but he is the most timid of God's booksellers, and starts at the title." "

On January 23 he was further annoyed, on receiving a copy of the three plays published in December, to find that Murray had omitted the dedication of *Sardanapalus* to Goethe." Kinnaird, too, seeing the outcry against *Cain*, had warned him not to rush into print again too soon. But he replied: "No one has a greater right to say what he pleases to me than you, who have so much bother and trouble on my account. But acknowledging all this, I shall not the less continue to publish, till I have run my *vein dry*. If it is not profitable, be it so, I shall do so for nothing (till it becomes actually a loss) and this because it is an occupation of mind, like *play*, or any other stimulus." " His determination to leave Murray had not wavered a week later when the manuscript of *Werner* had been copied, and he sent it to Moore in Paris, at the same time asking Kinnaird to collect all his manuscripts in England and send them to Paris also.

Murray indeed had reason for caution, however, for the cry was up concerning the "blasphemies" of *Cain*. Kinnaird had called Byron's attention to an anonymous pamphlet entitled *A Remonstrance to Mr. John Murray, Respecting a Recent Publication*, by "Oxoniensis," which attacked the Manichean doctrines and other "often-refuted sophisms" of the poem, pointing out that many of these came from Bayle's *Dictionary*, or Voltaire's novels." Byron replied with an arch nonchalance: "I know nothing of Rivington's" remonstrance by the 'eminent Churchman,' but I suppose he wants a living. I only heard of a preacher at Kentish town against *Cain*. The same outcry was raised against Priestley, Hume, Gibbon, Voltaire, and all the men who ever dared put tithes to the question." "

The attack on the poem had extended even to Pisa, where the Reverend George Frederick Nott, who preached to a small group of English people on the ground floor of the Tre Palazzi, spoke out against the heresies of *Cain*. Byron replied to his oblique thrusts by writing some satirical verses on the hypocritical moralist, who had, according to Medwin, earned the nickname of "Slip-knot." "

At the beginning of February, Byron had a quarrel on his hands which absorbed more of his emotional intensities. Robert Southey had seen Byron's note to *The Two Foscari*, and wrote a bitter reply which was published in *The Courier* on January 5. A copy of this letter reached Pisa on February 4," but Byron did not see it until the next evening. During his afternoon ride with Byron on the 5th, Medwin mentioned having seen Southey's attack at Mr. Edgworth's and told him the general purport of it. "His anxiety to get a sight of it was so great," Medwin recorded, "that he wrote me two notes in the course of the evening, entreating me to procure the paper. I at length succeeded, and took it to the Lanfranchi palace at eleven o'clock. . . .

"He had left the Guiccioli earlier than usual, and I found him waiting with some impatience. I never shall forget his countenance as he glanced rapidly over the contents. He looked perfectly awful: his colour changed almost prismatically, his lips were as pale as death. He said not a word. He read it a second time, and with more attention than his rage at first permitted, commenting on some of the passages as he went on. When he had finished, he threw down the paper, and asked me if I thought there was any thing of a personal nature in the reply that demanded satisfaction; as, if there was, he would instantly set off for England and call Southey to an account,—muttering something about whips, and branding-irons, and gibbets, and wounding the heart of a woman,—words of Mr. Southey's. I said that, as to personality his own expressions of 'cowardly ferocity,' 'pitiful renegado,' 'hireling,' [were] much stronger than any in the letter before me."

Southey's letter to *The Courier* was provocative enough. Byron, he said, had avoided acknowledging the basis of his animadversions against the Satanic School. "He conceals the fact that they are directed against authors of blasphemous and lascivious books; against men who, not content with indulging their own vices, labour to make others the slaves of sensuality like themselves; against public panders, who, mingling impiety with lewdness, seek at once to destroy the cement of social order, and to carry profanation and pollution into private families, and into the hearts of individuals."

With complacent self-confidence, Southey offered Byron a bit of advice: "When he attacks me again let it be in rhyme. For one who has so little command of himself, it will be a great advantage that his temper should be obliged to *keep tune*." "

This was excellent counsel, but Byron had already taken it, and Southey might well have paused had he known with what devastating effectiveness Byron had launched his poetic attack. Byron himself was aware that his *Vision of Judgment* was the most effective reply, for the day after he had seen Southey's letter, he wrote to Kinnaird: "Try back the deep lane,' till we find a publisher for 'the Vision,' and if none such is to be found, *print* fifty copies (at *my expense*), distribute them amongst my acquaintances, and you will soon see that the book-sellers *will* publish them." "

But this was his second thought, for after Medwin left him on the evening of the 5th, Byron sat down and dashed off almost eight folio pages of a prose reply addressed to the editor of *The Courier*." This literary exertion had apparently gathered up instead of dissipated Byron's spleen, for in a post-script to his letter to Kinnaird the next day he wrote: "What remains to be done is to call him out. The question is, would he come? for if he would not, the whole thing would appear ridiculous, if I were to take a long and expensive journey to no purpose." "

The following day, the 7th, he enclosed in another letter to Kinnaird a curt note addressed to Southey: "My friend, the Honourable Douglas Kinnaird, will deliver to you a message from me, to which an answer is requested." And to Kinnaird he wrote: "I give you a 'Carte blanche' in Southey's business. . . . Better on the coast of France, as less liable to interruption or publicity, but I presume Mr. S. is too great a patriot to come off the soil for such a purpose." "

For some weeks after this Byron kept open the possibility that he would be called to England to meet with Southey, but it did not seem to unsettle his plans for the building of his boat or shatter the pleasure of his daily routine. His knowledge of Kinnaird's good judgment perhaps contributed to his equanimity even more than his belief in Southey's cowardice. But he

had made his gesture, and his friends could make what they would of it. On March 20, Williams recorded: "Kinnaird did not think it necessary to present Lord B's challenge to fight Southey and therefore this contemptible affair is dropped for the moment."⁷

News that Murray was likely to be prosecuted for the publication of *Cain* caused Byron to write his publisher in a half-scolding, half-placating manner: "I can only say . . . that any proceedings directed against you, I beg, may be transferred to me, who am willing, and ought, to endure them all; that if you have lost money by the publication, I will refund any or all of the Copyright. . . . If they prosecute, I will come to England—that is, if, by meeting it in my own person, I can save yours."⁸ And Byron used the situation as a justification for severing publishing connections with Murray.

Having confided his spleen to paper in the quiet hours of the morning ("All my malice evaporates in the effusions of my pen . . .,"⁹ he told Lady Blessington), Byron looked out from his study upon the moonlit night and concluded: "I write to you about all this row of bad passions and absurdities with the *Summer Moon* (for here our Winter is clearer than your Dog days) lighting the winding Arno, with all her buildings and bridges, so quiet and still: what Nothings we are! before the least of these Stars!"¹⁰

On February 12, Trelawny called with the drawing Roberts had made of Byron's boat.¹¹ There was much discussion about the summer plans, though the sparsity of houses was an obstacle, and Byron required a spacious mansion. Apparently Taaffe, who, Mary said, "bores us out of our [senses],"¹² was not to be of the party, and Medwin was planning a trip to Rome. But Trelawny's copy of Moore (II, 575), opposite Byron's statement in a letter to Moore: "I wrote to Douglas Kinnaird to convey a message of invitation to Mr. Southey," Hobhouse wrote: "[J]ohn C.[am] H[obhouse] stopt this from being sent." Byron did not forget "master Southey," however, and nothing could rouse him quicker than a reference to the Laureate.

⁸ *LJ*, VI, 16–17. *Cain* was not prosecuted, but to protect the copyright when it was pirated immediately after publication, Murray sought an injunction, which Lord Eldon, the Chancellor, refused. Murray eventually got his injunction through a jury trial.

lawny and Captain Roberts would join the Shelleys, and Teresa and Pietro would follow Byron. The Williamses also expected to take a house on the coast.

On the 15th news came that Lady Noel had died on January 28.⁹ It was an event Byron had long looked forward to,⁹ but when it happened, despite his frequent facetious remarks on the longevity and toughness of the old lady, his first reaction carried him into sentimental reflections on the past and sympathy for his wife. Medwin said that when he called, Byron and all his servants were in deep mourning, and in telling him the cause of it Byron said: "I am distressed for poor Lady Byron! She must be in great affliction, for she adored her mother! The world will think I am pleased at this event, but they are much mistaken." "

By the terms of the separation settlement, the income from the Wentworth estates, roughly estimated at £10,000 a year, was to be divided by arbitrators at Lady Noel's death, one to be appointed by each party. Byron immediately wrote to Kinnaid naming Sir Francis Burdett, Hobhouse's close friend in Reform politics, as his referee, and asking that £10,000 insurance be taken on Lady Byron's life, as the Wentworth income would go to other heirs at her death. But he was eager to be generous in his dealing with Lady Byron. He told Kinnaid: ". . . I have no wish to press Sir Ralph [Lady Byron's father] or his offspring hard; for example the Mansion-house [Kirkby Mallory] (which rests in abeyance for the Umpires in this boxing match to award to time) is no object to me living abroad, and with no wish to return to your agreeable country." And as he was

⁹ Williams wrote on February 15: "Heard of the death of Lady Noel and that Lord B. consequently comes into an estate of 10,000 a year—Memo on this subject—See X^mas day." (Williams, p. 130.) It was at the Christmas Day dinner that, according to Williams, Byron and Shelley had made an agreement that the one who came into his estate first should pay the other £1,000. Whether either took it seriously it is difficult to know. Medwin said that "Williams . . . was highly indignant at, and disgusted with Lord Byron, and never afterwards entered his doors. . . ." (*Life of Shelley*, 1913, p. 375.) This last statement, however, is abundantly refuted by Williams's journal, which records no such indignant feeling and indicates that he continued to call on Byron frequently and to express admiration for his character and his genius.

by terms of the will to take the Noel arms, he signed himself for the first time "Noel Byron." "Thenceforth he took a childish pride in the fact that his initials, "N. B.," were the same as those of Napoleon Bonaparte.

It was Byron's expectation that a certain fixed sum would be allowed Lady Byron out of the annual rents, but when the referees met on April 4 (Lord Dacre for Lady Byron, Sir Francis Burdett for Byron), they decided that "the moiety of the net proceeds of the said Estates of the said Lord Wentworth shall be applied to the sole use of Lady Byron." "Lord Dacre wrote afterward to Burdett that it was understood that the decision was influenced in part "by the consideration that the expenses of maintaining the Child must fall upon Lady Byron," and that no extra allowance was to be made for that purpose." The actual money value of the property was less than anticipated, but sufficient so that Byron's share approximately doubled his income. Hanson reported that "the gross Rental of the Wentworth Estates, as handed over to us, is £6336 a year exclusive of the House at Kirkby Mallory and about 160 acres of Land held therewith."¹ With deductions for upkeep and other expenses, Byron's share would be about £2,500.

With this new access of wealth, Byron could afford to be generous with Leigh Hunt, whose demands for money, through Shelley, were increasing. Stranded at Plymouth for the winter with a sick wife and a large family, Hunt, having already drained the ready cash of his brother John, sent a desperate appeal to Shelley, who on January 25 sent him £150.

Seriously concerned with Hunt's naïve unconcern about money matters and his trust that others would provide for him, Shelley wrote: "Pray tell me in answer to this letter, unless you answer it in person, what arrangement you have made about the receipt of a regular income from the profits of the Examiner."² But in

¹ Letter of April 8, 1822, Murray MSS. Lady Byron continued to live at Kirkby Mallory. Byron's total income now came to more than £6,000 from the funds and the Wentworth estate. In addition he had been earning more than £2,000 a year by his pen, but that income was beginning to fall off.

² Shelley: *Letters*, Julian ed., X, 351. Trelawny wrote that Byron's principal inducement in joining in the plans for the journal with Hunt "was in the belief that John and Leigh Hunt were proprietors of the 'Examiner;'—so when

the meantime Hunt embarrassed Shelley considerably by appealing directly to Byron for money for his voyage. The defensive familiarity of his tone did not make the request less audacious. There was always a mingling of sycophancy and brazenness in Hunt's letters to Byron which, when their relations became more strained, annoyed Byron considerably. The letter, dated Plymouth, January 27, 1822, began:

My dear Byron,

(For I will not abate a jot of my democracy, at least on occasions of letter-writing, and especially the present one) Shelley told me some time ago that you were good enough to wish my company in Italy, and that you would have sent me a considerable sum of money to enable me to come over.ⁿ I could not leave England at that time; but you may imagine I was not insensible of your kindness.

He confessed: "I might have been somewhat coy in matters of pecuniary obligation to you at that time . . . because from the first hour I knew you, I had got a romantic notion in my head, perhaps a coxcombical one, (and yet not so), of awakening your school-day ideas of friendship again, & shewing you that a man could cultivate your regard, merely from a disinterested love of your intellectual qualities and of that very generosity. . . . I must give you a still better proof perhaps of my boyish notions of friendship, & fairly ask you for your assistance. I would borrow, if possible, (for other purposes besides the mere journey) as much as £250, only you must let me have two years to return it in; I should rather say, 'you *will* have,'—if you can,—for I persuade myself on this occasion that if you have as much to spare, or half of it, you will lend it me with as [word torn out] readiness,—as true a 'Here, Hunt,'—as you would have done a [word torn out] or a cricket-bat at school."ⁿ

Hunt had apparently written to Shelley at the same time

Leigh Hunt at Pisa told him he was no longer connected with that paper, Byron was taken aback, finding that Hunt would be entirely dependent on the success of their hazardous project, while he would himself be deprived of that on which he had set his heart,—the use of a weekly paper in great circulation." (Trelawny: *Recollections*, p. 155.) It is probable that if Hunt ever had any proprietary interest in *The Examiner*, his debts to his brother wiped it out.

asking his assistance in opening Byron's purse, for Shelley wrote to Byron on February 15: "Hunt had urged me more than once to ask you to lend him this money. My answer consisted in sending him all I could spare, which I have now literally done. . . . I do not think poor Hunt's promise to pay in a given time is worth very much; but mine is less subject to uncertainty, and I should be happy to be responsible for any engagement he may have proposed to you."

Byron felt sufficiently obligated to Hunt and enough interested in the joint literary adventure to supply the money requested despite the gaucheries of Hunt's appeal and his own increasing disinclination to make large disbursements. Knowing something of Hunt's impecunious habits, and fearing that he would spend the money before leaving England and would then ask for more, while the delay might cool Byron's ardor for the literary journal, Shelley urged him to sail at once. But he added a sentence at the end of his letter which was not likely to make Hunt more economical in the use of Byron's money: "You know Lady Noel is dead, and Lord B. is rich, a still richer man."

Byron's newly acquired wealth had, however, made him only more concerned with its conservation. His change in attitude from that of his spendthrift youth was perhaps due in part to the fact that at thirty-four he was experiencing the growing anxieties of age and the need for security. He was looking forward to the time when he would have to provide not only for himself, but also for his child, perhaps for Teresa and her family, and very probably for Augusta and her children.

Shelley's uneasiness concerning his relations with Byron was largely due to the agitation of Claire over Byron's failure to bring Allegra with him or to remove her from the convent when he left Ravenna. According to her later account, she induced Mr. Tighe (alias Mason, the common-law husband of Lady Mountcashell) to make a secret trip to Ravenna and Bagnacavallo to find out what he could about the convent and Allegra's treatment there. His report was not reassuring, she said. He brought back tales of the fever-ridden marshes of the Romagna, of the poverty and austerity of the nuns, the poorness of the food, and the lack of fire in the winter. "You may think what

pangs of anguish I suffered in the winter of 21," Claire wrote many years later to Trelawny, "when I saw a bright fire, and people and children warming themselves by it, and knew my darling never saw or felt a cheerful blaze. . . ."n

She was now in a state in which she was willing to believe the worst, and, finding sympathy in the Masons while she feared Shelley and Mary were too close to Byron to be wholly trusted with her schemes, she only hinted to Shelley that she had some bold plans for rescuing her child.

Claire, following the advice of Mrs. Mason (Lady Mountcashell), wrote to Byron to plead with him to place Allegra in some respectable family in Pisa, Florence, or Lucca. Receiving no reply, she wrote again in a month and still met with a complete silence." Then on February 18 she wrote once more, asking for a chance to see Allegra before departing for Vienna to join her brother and look for employment there." Byron, as always aroused to brutal resistance and unreasoning contempt by Claire's histrionic appeals for sympathy, ignored this appeal as he had her other letters.

In the meantime, he had been enjoying a social and literary existence in a closed circle which he dominated. Although he did not actively participate in the Carnival, then at its height, the atmosphere of gaiety permeated even the Casa Lanfranchi. According to Medwin, Byron had taken a box at the opera along with others of the group, and, although he himself, out of deference to Teresa, did not, despite his strong attraction to the theater, frequent it, others of the party did."

Aroused by the community activity to something like the literary evenings he had shared with the Shelleys at Diodati, and stirred too perhaps by the Carnival spirit (masked revelers were constantly passing before his house on the Lungarno), Byron proposed some private theatricals at the Casa Lanfranchi.

Medwin recorded: "It was accordingly agreed that we should commence with 'Othello.' Lord Byron was to be Iago. Orders were to be given for the fitting up of the stage, preparing the dresses, etc., and rehearsals of a few scenes took place. Perhaps Lord Byron would have made the finest actor in the world. His voice had a flexibility, a variety in its tones, a power

and pathos beyond any I ever heard; and his countenance was capable of expressing the tenderest, as well as the strongest emotions. I shall never forget his reading Iago's part in the handkerchief scene." "

But on the 28th, Williams wrote in his journal: "Othello that was talked of laid aside." " Medwin implied that the reason was the jealousy of Teresa, who was left out of the cast because she could not speak English. "All at once," he said, "a difficulty arose about a Desdemona, and the Guiccioli put her Veto on our theatricals." "

There may well have been other reasons for the abandonment of the theatricals. On February 21, Claire Clairmont arrived in Pisa from Florence to discuss with the Masons and the Shelleys means of softening Byron or of getting Allegra out of his hands. She remained until the 25th," and it seems likely that her wretched state of anxiety put a damper on the festive spirit of the little group. She was apparently encouraged by the Masons and by an orphan girl named Elizabeth Parker, who was living with them, in her wild schemes to take drastic action to rescue the child. What actually happened during her stay in Pisa can only be surmised. "I was for decided measures," Claire wrote to Trelawny in her old age, "and so were Lady M. and Mr. Tighe—so also was Elisabeth Parker. . . . Elisabeth constantly averred that nothing but the death of L.B. would free the child and that were she its mother she would stab or shoot him . . . but I was not cast in that mould. . . ." "

The Shelleys were sympathetic, but counseled caution, and felt that Claire was exaggerating the evils of the convent. It is probable that Byron did not know of her visit, but Shelley, urged against his better judgment by her plaintive appeals after she returned to Florence, did finally approach Byron on the subject of her anxiety and appealed to him to do something to ease her mind. According to Claire, Byron's only reply "was a shrug of impatience, and the exclamation that women could not live without making scenes." "

Elizabeth Parker gave Claire a circumstantial account of the interview calculated to make her even more wildly determined to take things into her own hands. "I never saw him [Shelley]

in a passion before," she wrote; "last night, however, he was downright, positively angry. . . . Mr. Shelley declared to Lady Mountcashell that he could with pleasure have knocked Lord Byron down; for when he mentioned that you were half-distracted with alarm about the child's health, and also that you were yourself in very declining health, he saw a gleam of malicious satisfaction pass over Lord Byron's countenance. 'I saw his look,' Mr. Shelley said; 'I understood its meaning; I despised him, and I came away.' These were his own epigrammatic words. Afterwards he said, 'It is foolish of me to be angry with him; he can no more help being what he is than yonder door can help being a door.' Mr. Tighe then said, 'You are quite wrong in your fatalism. If I were to horsewhip that door, it would still remain a door; but if Lord Byron were well horsewhipped, my opinion is he would become as humane as he is now inhumane.' " "

Following further frantic letters from Claire, who wanted Mary to come to Florence and help her formulate plans for abducting Allegra from the convent, the Shelleys used their utmost persuasiveness to try to prevent her from doing anything rash that might forever alienate Byron and make him even more adamant in his resolve to protect Allegra from a madwoman.

Much as he disliked continuing his intimacy with Byron, Shelley felt that for Hunt's sake he must not break with him before the new journal was established. Moreover, Shelley, like Mary, could not escape feeling attracted to Byron when he was near him, and continued to have an admiration for his poetry which no judgment of the author's character ever affected. Mary wrote to John Murray after reading Moore's *Letters and Journals* of Byron in 1830: "The great charm of the work to me . . . is that the Lord Byron I find there is our Lord Byron—the fascinating—faulty—childish—philosophical being—daring the world—docile to a private circle—impetuous and indolent—gloomy and yet more gay than any other. I live with him again in these pages—getting reconciled (as I used to in his lifetime) to those waywardnesses which annoyed me when he was away, through the delightful & buoyant tone of his conversation and manners—" "

Shelley wrote to Hunt on March 2: "Particular circumstances, or rather I should say, particular dispositions in Lord B's character, render the close and exclusive intimacy with him in which I find myself, intolerable to me; thus much, my best friend I will confess and *confide* to you. No feelings of my own however shall injure or interfere with what is ever nearest to them—your interest, and I will take care to preserve the little influence I may have over this Proteus in whom such strange extremes are reconciled until we meet. . . ."

Byron's attention was now turned again to the uproar over the supposed blasphemies of *Cain*. He could express contempt for the views of sanctimonious English clergymen on the subject, but when Moore, who had at first praised the poem, caught up the cry of irreligion, he was more perturbed. "I am no enemy to religion," he replied, "but the contrary. As a proof, I am educating my natural daughter a strict Catholic in a convent of Romagna; for I think people can never have *enough* of religion, if they are to have any. . . .

"As to poor Shelley, who is another bugbear to you and the world, he is to my knowledge, the *least* selfish and the mildest of men—a man who has made more sacrifices of his fortune and feelings for others than any I ever heard of. With his speculative opinions I have nothing in common, nor desire to have.³

"The truth is, my dear Moore, you live near the *stove* of society, where you are unavoidably influenced by its heat and its vapours. I did so once—and too much—and enough to give a colour to my whole future existence. . . . One thing *only* might lead me back to it, and that is, to try once more if I could do any good in *politics*; but *not* in the petty politics I see now

³ Shelley, in a letter to Horace Smith, April 11, 1822, wrote, apropos of a letter from Moore which Byron had showed him: "Amongst other things . . . Moore, after giving Lord B. much good advice about public opinion, etc., seems to deprecate my influence on his mind, on the subject of religion, and to attribute the tone assumed in 'Cain' to my suggestions. . . . I think you know Moore. Pray assure him that I have not the smallest influence over Lord Byron, in this particular, and if I had, I certainly should employ it to eradicate from his great mind the delusions of Christianity, which, in spite of his reason, seem perpetually to recur, and to lay in ambush for the hours of sickness and distress." (Shelley: *Works*, Julian ed., X, 377–8.)

preying upon our miserable country." " In another letter to Moore, Byron said that Catholicism "is by far the most elegant worship, hardly excepting the Greek mythology. What with incense, pictures, statues, altars, shrines, relics, and the real presence, confession, absolution,—there is something sensible to grasp at. Besides, it leaves no possibility of doubt; for those who swallow their Deity, really and truly, in transubstantiation, can hardly find any thing else otherwise than easy of digestion.

"I am afraid that this sounds flippant, but I don't mean it to be so; only my turn of mind is so given to taking things in the absurd point of view, that it breaks out in spite of me every now and then.⁴ Still, I do assure you that I am a very good Christian." "

On March 8, Byron gave a dinner party to which Taaffe and half a dozen English were invited. It was probably intended as a farewell party for Medwin, who, Williams records, left for Rome the next day. It was a convivial affair. Williams recorded in his journal: "During dinner S[helley] repeated some of the finest lines of Childe Harold, and Lord B. after listening to a stanza—cried 'Heavens! Shelley, what infinite nonsense are you quoting?'" " Byron, usually rather abstemious, indulged in more wine than was his custom during the evening.

Trelawny was unimpressed with Byron's boast of the drinking he had done as a young man. "From all that I heard or witnessed of his habits abroad, he was and had been exceedingly abstemious in eating and drinking. When alone, he drank a glass or two of small claret or hock, and when utterly exhausted at night a single glass of grog; which when I mixed it for him I lowered to what sailors call 'water bewitched,' and he never made any remark. . . .

"Byron had not damaged his body by strong drinks, but his terror of getting fat was so great that he reduced his diet to the point of absolute starvation. . . . When he added to his weight, even standing was painful, so he resolved to keep down to eleven stone, or shoot himself. . . .

"He was the only human being I ever met with who had

⁴ Hobhouse wrote in the margin of his copy of Moore's life of Byron at this point: "This is the man."

sufficient self-restraint and resolution to resist this proneness to fatten. . . . He would exist on biscuits and soda-water for days together, then, to allay the eternal hunger gnawing at his vitals, he would make up a horrid mess of cold potatoes, rice, fish, or greens, deluged in vinegar, and gobble it up like a famished dog.”ⁿ

Captain John Hay, Byron's old friend, had arrived in Pisa in January. After returning from a hunting expedition in the Maremma,ⁿ he soon replaced Medwin in the circle and joined in the daily ride. Even before he heard on the 20th that Kinaird had not delivered his challenge to Southey, Byron had given up any serious idea of returning to England. Despite the lack of political freedom in Italy, his life in that country had meant to him an emancipation from the shackles of English prejudices, and he could not easily give that up.

Byron was satisfied too with his present relations with his *amica*. The quiet domesticity of his evening visits was tranquilizing rather than exciting, but he had had enough of the torturing passion. Middle age had definitely settled upon him. His fondness for Teresa had not diminished. When the plans for the boats had been conceived, Byron's first impulse was to name his craft after her.⁵

Teresa was contented, despite the fact that she was forced to spend more time with Mary Shelley and her friends than with her lover. When Count Guiccioli, constantly scheming to find some way to clear himself of the obligation of paying his wife's allowance as stipulated in the Pope's rescript granting the separation, finally made the astounding proposal that she should return to him, she replied calmly: "I must repeat to you that I am perfectly happy in my present situation and I think that no other would ever again suit me. When one has attained the tranquillity I now enjoy, at the cost of so many sacrifices and so much suffering, it is not easy to renounce it."ⁿ

Byron's equanimity was temporarily disturbed by a letter from Hanson, who had examined Lady Noel's will and discovered

⁵ Cline, pp. 74-5. Teresa in the "*Vie*" says that the only reason Byron did not persist in his intention to put her name on the boat was the fear he would compromise her and annoy her father. ("*Vie*," p. 917.)

that she had left Byron's portrait to Ada on condition that it was not to be given her until she was twenty-one." He immediately imagined that it was the old lady's studied design, perhaps concurred in by Lady Byron herself, to have his daughter's mind poisoned against him." On Lady Noel's death he had been willing to bury the hatchet. Now he wrote to Hanson that "some steps must be taken to prevent the Child's mind from being prejudiced against her father, and I beg of you to inform me what can *legally* be done to direct her education, so as to prevent her being brought up in a hostile state towards me." "

On the afternoon of March 24 an event occurred which disrupted the routine of the whole Pisan circle, and which, trifling in itself, had far-reaching reverberations in the lives of Byron and all those associated with him. On this Sunday afternoon, Byron had been accompanied on his ride to the *podere*, where the pistol practice took place, by Shelley, Trelawny, Captain Hay, and Pietro Gamba." They were returning at a leisurely pace along the road to the city, and were about half a mile from the gate when they met Taaffe, who had been riding with a Turkish friend, and who was walking his horse to cool him off before taking him to the stable. He turned about and accompanied them. They were four abreast in the front line, Taaffe on the left next the ditch, then Byron, Shelley, and Trelawny, so that they almost completely filled the road. Behind them were Hay and Gamba, and the courier brought up the rear. Some distance ahead was Teresa in her carriage with Mary Shelley. They had, as usual, driven out along the road to the *podere* in the hope of meeting their cavaliers, and were now returning. Vincenzo Papi, Byron's coachman, was driving the carriage, and Teresa's servant, Antonio Maluccelli," rode behind. The shooting party had come to within a quarter-mile of the gate when suddenly a horseman came galloping at full speed from behind and passed with a great wind between Taaffe and the ditch, astonishing him and frightening his spirited horse, which reared and bumped Byron's horse. Taaffe, much agitated and fully occupied in controlling his horse, cried to Byron: "Have you ever seen the like of that?"

Byron, thinking Taaffe had been jostled or insulted by the rude rider, immediately put spurs to his horse in pursuit of the galloping figure, who, dressed up with gold braid and epaulets, looked like an officer. The others followed after, with the exception of Taaffe, who had all he could do to calm his mount. Shelley was the first to overtake the soldier, Stefani Masi, a sergeant-major in the Tuscan Royal Light Horse, who was hurrying back from dining with a friend in the country in order not to be late for roll call. He slowed up thirty paces in front of the gate, and Shelley passed in front of him and blocked his way. He asked what they wanted, and Shelley replied civilly in Italian: "Please explain what you mean by your conduct."

Masi was defiant, and his manner, if not his words, offended the whole party.⁶ Byron and the others had now come up, and they surrounded the dragoon. Still thinking Masi an officer, Byron demanded: "Why have you insulted us in this manner?" He was greeted with insulting remarks in Italian and French. "This man is very insolent," Byron told Trelawny, and, reaching into his saddlebag, drew out a card, which he handed to a soldier to give to Masi, who said: "I have no card, but my name is Masi, and I am ready to fight you all, one at a time." Byron and Trelawny both issued a challenge to fight the following day, and, though the Sergeant said nothing, they understood that he accepted. Hay was the only one who saw that he was not an officer, and he urged them to let him go, but in the excitement they paid little heed.

While the cards were being passed, Taaffe came up, but lingered in the background. When his horse reared, his hat had fallen in the dust, and he took time to recover it and brush it off lest Byron and the others taunt him with having fallen from his horse again.

The English party, all on horseback, crowded around Masi and jostled him. One of the group, Masi later said (it was

⁶ Masi testified that he said the road was free and that he would pass over it when he wished, but Trelawny said he was heated with wine, and so Shelley was probably right in thinking Masi's language abusive. The dragoon was no doubt exasperated for being taken to task when he felt that these English people were in the wrong for having blocked the road and forced him almost into the ditch.

probably Pietro Gamba), struck him across the chest with a riding-whip and called him "*Ignorante*." In a rage, the Sergeant shouted: "You are all madmen; you are not sane," and, wheeling his horse, rode off toward the gate. He turned back and said to Byron and the others: "If I liked I could draw my sabre and cut you all to pieces, but as it is, I only arrest you," and he called to the guards: "Arrest them all!"

Byron laughed scornfully and shouted to the others: "Arrest us indeed! Let us ride on," and he led the way, spurring his horse through the gate. The others followed, but only Byron and Pietro got through unmolested. Trelawny, Shelley, and Hay found their way blocked by Masi and one or two foot soldiers. Masi had drawn his saber and was slashing right and left. Trelawny parried a few blows and escaped unwounded, but Shelley, coming between them, was knocked from his horse and remained insensible for some time, while Hay was slashed severely on the nose by a saber which cut his walking-stick in two. The courier got such severe blows from the hilt of a saber that he spat blood for weeks thereafter.

In the meantime, Byron, galloping down the Lungarno, told Pietro to ride ahead and send Lega Zambelli immediately to the police to report the incident. Pietro found Lega in front of the palace and dispatched him. The next to arrive was the courier, Strauss, who dismounted and rushed into the house. He had returned when Byron arrived, and handed him a black sword stick. Byron then started back to look for his companions, followed by Strauss and later by Tita, who had grabbed two cavalry sabers and started running after his master.

At that moment the carriage arrived and the hysterical Teresa rushed up the stairway of the palace, shouting: "Oh God! Oh God!" Her father followed her, while Mary remained calmly behind to order Maluccelli to carry the news to the Williamses, who had been asked to dine with them that evening.

Byron had gone only a short distance when he met Masi, who at sight of him put his hand on his saber. Byron said: "Don't draw," and half drew his sword stick to show that he was armed. Masi said: "Are you content now that I have beaten you all?" Byron said he was not and that he still wanted satis-

faction and asked his name, which he had not heard at the gate. The sergeant told him, at the same time coming close. Reaching out his hand, he caught Byron's, holding it fast so that he could not draw his sword as they rode toward the Palazzo Lanfranchi, where a considerable crowd had gathered. Tita arrived at this moment and pushed between the horses, at the same time offering Byron a saber. Byron refused and commanded Tita to release the bridle of the soldier. Masi quickened his pace and galloped past the palace, keeping to the river side of the street.

Byron lost sight of him in the crowd, for it was growing dark. But as Masi passed the palace he heard someone shout: "No, no!" and saw a pistol pointed toward him by a man on the steps of the Lanfranchi. But another figure with a long lance ran from the steps and, after Masi had passed, lunged at the Sergeant from slightly behind, giving him a serious wound in the right side. "I hit him! I hit him!" the assailant cried, and in the confusion slunk away in the crowd without being recognized, which he might have been had the Sergeant fallen there. But Masi only reeled in his saddle and rode on. A little farther on, his casque and his *berretta* fell off, and as his strength ebbed, he cried: "Alas, I am killed" and fell into the street in front of a café. But he recovered enough to stagger through the café and reach the house of a jeweler, where he collapsed and was later carried to the hospital.

When Byron arrived back at the Lanfranchi, followed by Trelawny and Shelley with the wounded Hay, he found Teresa in a state of excitement bordering collapse. After an hour or more of nursing her and Hay and recapitulating the event, they decided to take Teresa to the Shelleys' house, which was near that of the surgeon Vaccà, for she was more in need of medical attention than Hay. The excitement was increased when someone came in and told them that Masi had been wounded. Taaffe had been sent off to give an account of the affray to Governor Viviani before false reports reached him. Trelawny had left before to tell Williams, still waiting in the Shelleys' flat. Williams recorded in his journal:

"Trelawny had finished his story when Lord B. came in—

the Countess fainting on his arm—S[helley] sick from the blow—Lord B. and the young Count foaming with rage—Mrs. S[helley] looking philosophically upon this interesting scene—and Jane and I wondering what the Devil was to come next.”

Vaccà could not be found, but a surgeon named Foscarini came in and advised that Teresa, who had gone into convulsions, be taken to her own home and bled. Byron, Mary, and the physician accompanied her in the carriage driven by Byron's coachman, Papi. After the bleeding, she seemed quieter, and Byron left her in the hands of Mary and the physician and returned to the Lanfranchi, where the male members of the party had gathered again.

When Taaffe, who had not been able to see the Governor but had made a full report to Captain Bini, returned with a grave face to say that he had heard that the Sergeant could not live through the night, Byron asked Shelley, Gamba, and Hay, whose bleeding had not completely stopped, to go to the Governor's palace and make a full report (why Byron did not accompany them is not known, unless he thought his rank a sufficient guarantee of his immunity to being called to account). Williams wrote: “All soon again sally'd forth to be the first to accuse, and according to Italian policy not wait to be accused—All again return mutually recriminated and recriminating.”

Williams says the gathering at the Casa Lanfranchi did not disperse until eleven o'clock, when they went to their separate homes. The next morning, Byron, who rose earlier than usual, sent Dr. John Todd, an English physician who had been called in for Hay the night before, to offer his services at Byron's expense to Masi,” whose wound Taaffe had reported to be shallow. But Taaffe's optimistic news was premature. Williams wrote in his journal: “2[o'clock]. Sallied forth—very much stared and pointed at—Called on Lord B—heard that extreme unction had been administered to the Dragoon whose wound is considered mortal—A deposition is drawn up and sent with all the signatures concerned to the Police—”

In addition to this general statement asked for by the police, signed by all except Taaffe, who was now reluctant to become involved on the ground that he had not been in the fighting

at the gate, Byron and the others agreed to draw up individual reports. As in Ravenna, Byron would not be deprived of his ride by the supposed dangers; in fact, for him, and probably also for Trelawny, the possible danger increased the exhilaration of the excursion. Williams continued his chronological account of the day: "4 o'clock. The Dragoon dying—½ past 4 all armed with swordsticks—pistols &ca mount as usual, amidst a great crowd that surround the door." "

The next day was full of tension and suspense. The wounding of Masi was the talk of the streets. Young Count Gamba heard someone say it was a pity "that in ten days the affair will be forgotten and the cursed English will go abroad as secure as ever." " Williams met Vaccà, who had just quitted his patient the dragoon, whom he reported better but not out of danger. Vaccà had listened to the story of the Sergeant and took a serious view of the matter, unfavorable to Byron's friends.

So far the police had done nothing but require the deposition of the English and take the evidence of the courier, Strauss, who, because he had been near Byron at the time of the stabbing, was acquitted." Byron and his friends continued their daily rides fully armed and were watched by curious crowds. The spy Torelli noted in his diary: "Byron meanwhile, contrary to his custom, distributed alms in front of his palace in order to conciliate public opinion." "

On the 27th, Masi's condition was reported to be unchanged. When Trelawny, Shelley, and Williams called on Byron in the evening, they found that the police had made two more arrests. Williams noted: "His servants Tita and Vincenzo [Papi] had been examined and Vincenzo acquitted, when the silly fellow accompanied Tita back to make his deposition, who tho innocent was mad enough to go into Court armed with a stiletto and a brace of pistols—They were consequently both imprisoned and remain confined in separate cells." " Byron sent Tita, who was devoted to him, and whom he knew to be innocent, a dinner of twelve courses to be shared with his fellow prisoners."

Knowing the fantastic rumors that were current, and fearing that his reputation would be injured by distorted accounts getting back to England, Byron was composing a letter to Edward

Dawkins, British Chargé d'Affaires at Florence, to be sent with copies of the depositions of the Englishmen who had been involved in the affray. He asked Trelawny if Dawkins was an "Honorable" and how he was to be addressed. Trelawny said simply "a Monsieur—Monsieur Dawkins Secretary of Legation." Trelawny's account continues: "No no said Byron that won't do—'dress—and address is everything' . . . & addressed it to his Excellency—the Hon^{ble} &c &c and smiling observed—'with as little a web as this—will I ensnare as great a fly as Cassio.'"⁷

Byron was not quite candid when he told Dawkins that he knew no more than the depositions stated concerning the identity of the assailant of Masi. It seems evident now that not only Byron, but also several of his English friends and Teresa Guiccioli, knew that the coachman, Vincenzo Papi, had actually struck down the dragoon. Mary Shelley, writing to a friend in England a few days after the event, said that when Masi galloped past the Casa Lanfranchi, "one of Lord Byron's servants thought that he had killed his master and was running away; determining that he should not go scot-free, he ran at him with a pitchfork and wounded him. . . . Luckily none but ourselves knew who had given the wound. . . ."⁸ At the time she wrote, the authorities had released Papi, who, according to Teresa, altered his appearance as much as possible to escape identification.⁷

Taaffe, taken aback by the fact that Byron considered his indignation to have been the initial cause of the whole affair, had stayed away from the Casa Lanfranchi and had not submitted his deposition at the time Byron wrote to Dawkins. After considerable prodding, he submitted three closely written pages of Italian, giving an interpretation to the events which greatly displeased Byron.

Williams immediately took Byron's view of Taaffe's change of manner. After calling at the Casa Lanfranchi on the 27th,

⁷ "Vie," p. 1115. Teresa in her unpublished "Vie" identified the coachman as the culprit ("Vie," pp. 1114 ff.), and Trelawny told W. M. Rossetti in later years that "It was Byron's coachman who used the pitchfork on Masi, the coachman generally being a very inoffensive man." (W. M. Rossetti: "Talks with Trelawny," II, *The Athenaeum*, July 29, 1882, p. 145.)

he wrote in his diary: "Taaffe who during the affair could not be found and who has since talked so greatly of his valour on the occasion has been named by Jane *False Taaffe*." " And Byron as quickly adopted Jane's epithet, referring to him as "Falstaffe." " What particularly galled Byron was Taaffe's implication in his statement that he had not been insulted by the dragoon, but only surprised by his swift passage, and that Byron himself had started all the trouble by his swift pursuit, which had caused the others to follow and to provoke Masi.

Dawkins, who, according to Trelawny, was somewhat flattered by being applied to by a lord who was a great poet, was also embarrassed by being caught in a dispute which, on the face of it, had merit on both sides. With diplomatic tact he smoothed the feelings of both.

After Papi was released on the 28th, Teresa's servant Antonio Maluccelli was arrested and, being confused in his testimony, was held along with Tita, whose frightening long beard and "*sguardo fiero*" were sufficient to frighten the populace and render him suspect, though there was no clear evidence against him.

By the end of the week the dragoon was sufficiently recovered so that the English group was considerably relieved. But this only strengthened Byron's resolve to pursue the matter to some kind of personal vindication, for he sensed that not only in the local rumor, which would soon reach England, but also in the eyes of the government, he was the principal in the affair and would bear the brunt of any adverse decision or interpretation of it.

In addition to his indignation at the treatment of his friends and servants, Byron was chiefly concerned to get a correct statement of the affair to England before the garbled accounts got into the papers. What he wished was for the British Chargé d'Affaires to send an account which would then not seem an *ex-parte* one.

By the same post Taaffe sent his version of the matter to Dawkins, so that, on top of all the other vexations of the incident, it had served to insert a note of disharmony into the Pisan circle that was never quite dispelled. Williams was partially successful in bringing about a reconciliation between Byron and

Taaffe, but the feeling was never quite the same, and Trelawny and the Shelleys continued to shun "False Taaffe."

The Pisan circle was further narrowed by the departure of Hay for England on April 3.ⁿ Medwin was already gone, and the Shelleys and Williamsses were now contemplating leaving for the summer.

Byron himself had already rented a house near Leghorn for the season. On April 9 he leased from Francesco Dupuy a furnished country villa at Montenero, about seven kilometers from Leghorn, on a hill looking out toward the bay. He was to have the house, stables, coach house, and garden from May 1 to October 31 for one hundred francesconi a month.ⁿ

But there was much to occupy him in Pisa yet. As always in a crisis, Byron craved some activity for his mind and imagination. He had kept faithfully his promise to Teresa, made in the summer of 1821, not to continue *Don Juan* until she herself authorized it. And now he cajoled her into consenting to his resumption of the poem. When Williams called on Byron on the 14th, he found him beginning the sixth canto.ⁿ Some time later Byron wrote to Murray: ". . . I obtained a permission from my Dictatress to continue it,—*provided always* it was to be more guarded and decorous and sentimental in the continuation than in the commencement. How far these Conditions have been fulfilled may be seen, perhaps, by and bye; but the Embargo was only taken off upon these stipulations."ⁿ

In the truce he had formed with Murray, he was hopeful that the publisher would go ahead with the manuscripts then in his hands, including even *The Vision of Judgment*, which he urged him to put out anonymously, "in a very cheap edition, so as to baffle the pirates by a low price."ⁿ

The English post had brought more vexatious news. Both Hobhouse and Kinnaird had written that it was possible that Lady Byron's life could not be insured because her health was not good. "'Precarious!' my Lady's 'health precarious!'" he wrote Hobhouse. "Oons! what do you mean? Must I be reduced to marry Mrs. Coutts then in case of widowhood? . . . Indeed my greatest obligation to Lady Noel Byron, or whatever her name is, is, that she has prevented me from marrying."ⁿ

But he wrote more seriously to Kinnaird: "It would be a foolish thing in me to marry again, & yet I would not answer for my not repeating such a folly, if a widower. The Woman is no friend of mine, yet I should be sorry for her own sake & for the Child's, that she should go down to the grave with a heart colder than her dust will ever be."

Byron was increasingly irritated by the fact that the servants Tita and Antonio continued to be held in solitary confinement, and he appealed again to Dawkins, who recommended that Byron employ "some lawyer of this Country to advise your Servants whilst the present examinations are going on, and to conduct your cause if you think proper to bring an action hereafter against the Sergeant of Dragoons," and suggested Lorenzo Collini, a brilliant Florentine trial lawyer, whom Byron immediately engaged."

After numerous examinations, which could establish no connection between Tita and the wounding of Masi, and after Byron had paid his fine for illegal possession of firearms, the Cancelliere Lapini, who had conducted the examinations for the Tuscan government, recommended the servant's release on April 17. But the Pisan authorities, bowing to the popular clamor against this dangerous character, clapped him back into solitary confinement, at the same time recommending to the "Buon Governo" that he be exiled from the Grand Duchy. Though Byron did not yet know the full import of his detention, he sent off a hot protest to Dawkins.

The examination of the principal witnesses of the affray began at their own houses on April 19. Williams recorded on that day: "Mary and the Guiccioli underwent five hours examination this morning—The Countess said to the Judge that she could not swear but that she thought Mr. *Taaffe* was the person who stabbed the dragoon."

Byron and *Taaffe* were examined on the 21st, and Trelawny the next day." They had delayed so long that Hay, one of the most important witnesses, who had been wounded in the struggle at the gate, had already left for England. The Cancelliere Lapini apparently approached Byron with awe, for he believed some of the fanciful stories about the terrible milord. According

to Torelli, "Lapini, before going to interrogate Lord Byron, read the *Biography of Celebrated Men*, recently published in Paris. The author says Byron descends from the kings of Scotland, but gives a terrible picture of his character. Among other proofs of his wickedness, he describes the murder of one of his mistresses, and how he had half of her skull mounted as a drinking-cup. . . . Lapini was, however, quite astonished at the courteous and kind manner in which this enemy of the human race received him." Torelli said that most of the independent witnesses were called in by Byron or had been visited by Taaffe and had been given money. "It was said, by some one in a position to know, that this affair cost Byron 3,000 scudi." "

In the midst of these events, on April 15, Claire Clairmont arrived in Pisa," persuaded by the Shelleys to spend the summer months with them on the Bay of Spezia. She had been wavering between a resolve to go to Vienna and new schemes for rescuing her daughter from the convent. The latest one involved a forged letter, which she wanted Shelley to help her contrive. Appalled by her boldness, he wrote: "Serious and calm reflection has convinced me that you can never obtain Allegra by such means as you have lately devised, or by any means to be devised. Lord Byron is inflexible, and he has her in his power." "

Claire's presence in Pisa was kept from Byron. She saw only the Williamses, the Masons, and Trelawny, all of whom were discreet. Byron was much occupied. On Saturday the 20th, Samuel Rogers arrived on his way home from Rome and spent a couple of days at the Casa Lanfranchi. When Rogers came in, Trelawny was there and rescued him from Byron's bulldog. "Byron was in the billiard-room," Trelawny recalled, "and I saw by his sinister look he had heard the row, knew it was Rogers, and maliciously enjoyed his visitor's terror. He advanced briskly towards him, saying 'My dear Rogers, glad to see you; didn't know it was you,' went on bantering him, saying to me 'Excuse us for five minutes,' took Rogers by the arm, and led him into his *sanctum sanctorum*. He told me after that on hearing Rogers's voice in the passage he was giving the finishing touches to the most savage satire on him that he had ever written, repeating the



❖ DOUGLAS KINNAIRD



❖ CONTESSA TERESA GUICCIOLI, 1818

last lines. 'I had only time to put it under the sofa, and he sat on it.' " "

Byron, instead of watching his talk, Trelawny said, took delight in baiting Rogers, and "plied him with a highly-coloured catalogue of his [Byron's] delinquencies, glancing at me to mark his mystifications." "

"One day, during dinner, at Pisa," Rogers recalled, "when Shelley and Trelawney were with us, Byron chose to run down Shakespeare (for whom he, like Sheridan, either had, or pretended to have, little admiration). I said nothing. But Shelley immediately took up the defence of the great poet, and conducted it in his usual meek yet resolute manner, unmoved by the rude things with which Byron interrupted him,—'Oh, that's very well *for an atheist*.' . . . That same day, after dinner, I walked in the garden with Byron. At the window of a neighbouring house was a young woman holding a child in her arms. Byron nodded to her with a smile, and then, turning to me, said, 'That child is mine.' " "

But Byron's badinage during the visit of Rogers did not occupy his whole attention. About the middle of April he had received a letter from Pellegrino Ghigi, the Ravenna banker to whom he had entrusted the care of his animals and his daughter, saying that Allegra had for some days been suffering with a light fever. Ghigi had sent Dr. Rasi to attend her." Three days later (the 16th) he reported that the fever continued and that the Doctor had ordered her bled for what he believed to be consumptive symptoms."

According to Teresa, at the first news of her illness Byron was "dreadfully agitated," " but no one but Teresa was allowed to observe his state of mind. Through Lega [Zambelli, to whom Ghigi had sent his letters, Byron dispatched a special courier for more news and requested the nuns to call in Professor Tomasini of Bologna if necessary." The next report was that the Doctor had spent the night at Bagnacavallo and had ordered two more bleedings. Ghigi himself had made frequent trips to the convent, and on the 20th he wrote: ". . . now it is hoped that she can be kept out of danger. But I assure you that she has

been ill, dangerously ill." He was sending Dr. Rasi again with orders not to leave Allegra until she was on the way to recovery. The last time he had seen her, Thursday the 18th, she was better, "and wished to talk, begging me to bring her some tender cheese which she desired very much." He found her in her little bed in a fine room surrounded by three doctors and the nuns, all eager to serve her, and he concluded that "if there is any fault, it is of too much care." "

But just after he had sent his letter on the 20th word came from Bagnacavallo that Allegra had taken a turn for the worse and that all succor was vain. She "was stricken with a convulsive catarrhal attack and a little after 10 she expired." Ghigi wrote Lega that the poor nuns were in "the greatest affliction," and they left it to him to make appropriate arrangements for the disposal of the body according to Byron's wishes. He ordered the corpse to be embalmed and placed in a casket of lead within a wooden coffin. He was too upset to write to Byron himself, but left it to Lega to seize the best moment to impart to him the "mournful misfortune." "

The nuns recorded that "the late Mademoiselle Marie Allegra Byron, sent to the Convent of the Capuchin Nuns of St. John the Baptist in Bagnacavallo at the tender age of four years to be educated in the Catholic religion, confirmed the 17th September, 1821, by Monsignor Prienne, Bishop of Faenza, died in the said convent the 20th April, 1822, at ten o'clock in the evening. Her extraordinary qualities of heart and of mind, her rare talents, and the loveliness of her character will cause her to be long remembered by all those who had the happiness to know her, and especially the nuns whose delight she was." "

That this was not a mere empty formal statement is indicated by the fact that one of the nuns was confined to her bed with grief after Allegra's death. The sisters consoled themselves by saying that she was "too intelligent to live." They had never had so gifted a pupil."

The report came to Pisa on April 22 by special messenger from Ghigi. Lega left it to Teresa to break the news to Byron. When she arrived at his house, he knew that she had some word. "After a short interval of suspense," she later told Moore,

"with every caution which my own sorrow suggested, I deprived him of all hope of the child's recovery. 'I understand,' said he,— 'it is enough, say no more.' A mortal paleness spread itself over his face, his strength failed him, and he sunk into a seat. His look was fixed, and the expression such that I began to fear for his reason; he did not shed a tear; and his countenance manifested so hopeless, so profound, so sublime a sorrow, that at the moment he appeared a being of a nature superior to humanity. He remained immovable in the same attitude for an hour, and no consolation which I endeavoured to afford him seemed to reach his ears, far less his heart. . . . He desired to be left alone, and I was obliged to leave him." "

Despite Teresa's tendency to exaggerate, there is little doubt that Byron was deeply affected by the event. Whatever regrets he may have had for any personal neglect of her, or for having gone counter to the advice of Shelley or Hoppner in refusing to remove her from the convent, were overshadowed by an easy identification of her childish sufferings with his own in childhood. A longing came upon him to have her buried in the place so closely associated with his most "pleasing woe" as well as with the happiest days of his life. That night he wrote to Murray: "It is a heavy blow for many reasons, but must be borne,— with time. It is my present intention to send her remains to England for sepulture in Harrow Church (where I once hoped to have laid my own), and this is my reason for troubling you with this notice. . . . Would you have any objection to give the proper directions on its arrival?" "

With a dread anxiety, the Countess Guiccioli called on him again the next day, and found him "tranquillized, and with an expression of religious resignation on his features. 'She is more fortunate than we are,' he said; 'besides, her position in the world would scarcely have allowed her to be happy. It is God's will—let us mention it no more.' And from that day he would never pronounce her name; but became more anxious when he spoke of Ada. . . ." "

Byron's feelings were such that he could more easily share them with a comparative stranger than with Teresa, whose sincere but uncomplex and conventional sympathy rather embar-

passed him, for he knew that she did not understand the basis of his emotional disturbance. He later confessed to Lady Blessington: "While she [Allegra] lived, her existence never seemed necessary to my happiness; but no sooner did I lose her, than it appeared to me as if I could not live without her. Even now the recollection is most bitter. . . ." "

Byron's feelings for Allegra had been mixed indeed during her short lifetime. At times he could regard her as an extension of his ego, and he admired her beauty and her cleverness and was flattered by the admiration of others for her. But he was repelled when her temperament and her temper reflected too clearly his own less agreeable characteristics, and he wanted her away from his sight—and the shock to his sensibilities was even greater when she reminded him of her mother. And, as the Marchesa Origo has aptly observed, ". . . there was also a feeling of resentment (unjust, but not wholly unnatural), on behalf of that other child of his, whom he could never see. Allegra, the little bastard, drove in his carriage and sat on his knee, but it was Ada's birthday that he noted in his journal; Ada's miniature that stood on his writing-desk; Ada's education, her disposition and her future, that were always on his lips." "

There remained the disagreeable necessity of informing Shelley, who had, on Claire's account, pleaded with him to remove Allegra from the convent or to let her mother see her once more. It is possible that he delegated the task to Teresa. But later in the day (the 23rd) he wrote Shelley a note:

"The blow was stunning and unexpected. . . . But I have borne up against it as I best can, and so far successfully, that I can go about the usual business of life with the same appearance of composure, and even greater. . . . I do not know that I have any thing to reproach in my conduct, and certainly nothing in my feelings and intentions towards the dead. But it is a moment when we are apt to think that, if this or that had been done, such event might have been prevented,—though every day and hour shows us that they are the most natural and inevitable." "

Byron was still unaware that Claire was in the neighborhood, and Shelley was perhaps glad that before he received the news on the morning of the 23rd she had departed with the Wil-

liamses to look for a house near Spezia. On their return on the 25th, fearful of the consequences of breaking the news to her while she was in the vicinity of Byron, Shelley determined to keep her ignorant of her loss until they could get her away from Pisa. He hurried her off with Mary and Trelawny the next morning to settle for the best unfurnished house they could find, while he and the Williamses remained behind to pack up their furniture and followed the next day."

Trelawny had gone on to Genoa to look after the building of the boats and to bring Byron's down to Leghorn. The Shelleys and the Williamses were settled in the Casa Magni across the bay from Lerici before they revealed the sad fate of Allegra to Claire, who had been impatient to return to Florence, and they would not have told her then had she not guessed their secret." She was stunned, but seemed to take the news better than they had expected. Shelley wrote to Byron the next day:

"I will not describe her grief to you; you have already suffered too much; and, indeed, the only object of this letter is to convey her last requests to you, which, melancholy as one of them is, I could not refuse to ask, and I am sure you will readily grant. She wishes to see the coffin before it is sent to England, and I have ventured to assure her that this consolation, since she thinks it such, will not be denied her. . . . She also wishes you would give her a portrait of Allegra, and if you have it, a lock of her hair, however small. . . ." "

Byron complied with her request, sending along the portrait and the lock of hair by Shelley's messenger. He had already given instructions to Ghigi through Lega to consign the body of Allegra to the care of Dunn, the merchant, at Leghorn." But Claire, quiet as she seemed, wrote a final excoriating letter to Byron, upbraiding him for his whole conduct toward her and Allegra." Byron sent the letter on to Shelley, who replied: "I have succeeded in dissuading Clare from the melancholy design of visiting the coffin at Leghorn. . . . I had no idea that her letter was written in that temper, and I think I need not assure you that, whatever mine or Mary's ideas might have been respecting the system of education you intended to adopt, we sympathise too much in your loss, and appreciate too well your feelings, to

have allowed such a letter to be sent to you had we suspected its contents." "

Byron's chief need was to put the whole matter out of his mind as much as possible. To his friends in England, to Kinnaird, Hobhouse, Sir Walter Scott, and Moore, he announced the event in a brief sentence without any expression of sentiment. When the priest Fabiani and his companion Baldini came to Pisa after having deposited the embalmed corpse at Leghorn, sent probably by Ghigi to give Byron a full account of Allegra's last illness, he could not bear to face them and, to their chagrin, refused to see them."

It was possibly because he had forbidden Lega to speak of the matter to him again rather than from any real desire to ignore the just claims of those who had cared for his daughter that Byron neglected so long the bills which Ghigi sent him. Then, too, he was incensed when he finally learned that the doctor who did the embalming had charged a higher fee than ordinary merely because it was done for an English milord who was supposed to have an abundance of money. Ghigi, ashamed to put off the creditors longer, finally paid the bills himself, and after Byron's death presented to the executors an itemized bill for the expenses amounting to 241 scudi (about £150)."

Byron found escape for his feelings in taking up the cause of his servant Tita, the order for whose exile had come to his knowledge the night that he learned of Allegra's death. He reported to Dawkins on April 24 that Tita, locally known as "*Il Barbone*," the "Great Beard," had been granted a fifteen-day delay to arrange his affairs, and had been given permission to pass through Florence, but his "safe conduct" had been refused."

When Byron's own application to the Auditor in Pisa to have Tita sent to Spezia (where he could remain temporarily with the Shelleys) was refused, he appealed again to Dawkins: "For my own part—if I were not embroiled with the houses which I have rented—and some other affairs which detain me here—I would leave tomorrow. . . ." "

Through it all poor Tita was confused and did not know what to do. When told that he would be exiled, he said: "Where am I to go? I must remain with Lord Byron, for he bought me. He

paid a sum down to my father for me and he still pays him an annuity.”⁸ Final orders were given on April 28 by Governor Viviani of Pisa that he was to be conducted to the borders of the state. The next morning at daybreak, he left in a carriage arranged for by Lega Zambelli, accompanied by two troopers, who saw him deposited that night in the Palazzo di Giustizia in Florence.” Byron had done everything possible to ease his way. Mary Shelley wrote that the day Tita was released from secret confinement and allowed to mingle with others in the prison, “he gave a feast to all his fellow-prisoners, hiring chandeliers and platel”⁹ This was no doubt at Byron’s expense. And he sent Pietro Gamba and Gamba’s agent Batuzzi to Florence before Tita arrived to see what could be done for him there.”

In the prison in Florence, Tita was required to shave his offending beard. The spy Torelli recorded in his diary: “Falcieri still had his long beard of Asiatic shape, and when told to shave it off with a razor, he imagined his beard was to be given to his master, Lord Byron; but on being told this was not the case, he wrapped it up most carefully in a sheet of paper.”¹⁰ After a single night in the prison Tita, now no longer a frightening creature, was allowed, probably through the intervention of Dawkins, to change his destination from Bologna to Lucca, and he made his way to the Shelleys at Casa Magni.”

After Tita’s release, the authorities continued to hold the innocent Antonio Maluccelli, Teresa’s servant. The Gambas felt, certainly with as much reason as Byron had in suspecting that the persecution of Tita was aimed at him, that the government was keeping the servant incarcerated as a hostage for their conduct. Governor Viviani had written to Puccini, President of the “Buon Governo” on April 29: “The air here is little salubrious to Count Gamba, and I shall limit the duration of their visitors’ cards to the end of this affair unless I receive a different order from Your Excellency.”¹¹ He had issued them cards good for ten days, renewable at the pleasure of the authorities.

Though he knew that it would be advantageous to the Gambas to get them out of Pisa and keep them quietly at his summer house near Leghorn until the affair blew over, Byron lingered on in the Casa Lanfranchi until past the middle of May. Inertia

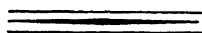
and the low spirits which, despite his reticence on the matter, continued to weigh upon him since the death of Allegra, kept him from moving.

Though Hay and Trelawny, two of the principals in the combat with Masi, were gone, Byron was still determined to press the case against the dragoon for the sake of getting public recognition of his culpability. Through Lega he had urged Shelley, who had been one of those struck by Masi, to lend his evidence and support to the prosecution. But Shelley, never very enthusiastic about following up the matter or punishing the poor dragoon, who had already suffered enough for his rashness, was loath to return to Pisa.

Byron could not, however, await the decision of the slow-moving court. A few days before the judgment was handed down on May 22, stating that there were no grounds for holding on criminal charges Falcieri, Strauss, Maluccelli, or Papi," he had moved the major part of his household and that of Count Gamba to the rambling Villa Dupuy near Leghorn. The precarious situation of the Gambas, Teresa's nervous state—for which Dr. Vaccà had prescribed sea-bathing—and his own need for a change of scene had finally overcome his reluctance to break an established routine. Strauss, who was still suffering from the blow in the chest which he had received from a soldier on the day of the affray, and the coachman Papi were allowed to join their master at Montenero, but Maluccelli, perhaps because he was a servant of the Gambas, was still held in jail. Hinting that he believed bribery had influenced the witnesses and secured the acquittal of all Byron's servants, Torelli remarked cynically: "Anyhow it all proves that guineas are coins which pass current in all countries." "

The affair was not ended yet, for the enmity and suspicions aroused in the minds of certain officials of the "Buon Governo" concerning Byron and his dependents and friends were to have far-reaching effects on the lives of all of them. It had done much to cause the final disintegration of the congenial Pisan circle, which was practically dissolved after Shelley's departure.

CHAPTER XXV



1822

Montenero, Pisa, the Death of Shelley

THE VILLA DUPUY was a low sprawling country house situated on a slope some two or three miles from the bay and about seven kilometers south of Leghorn. In the summer its salmon-colored walls, not too thick, absorbed the hot sun. Its chief virtue was that it had country privacy, was not far from the sea, and commanded a sweeping vista from the terrace through the olive trees to the white houses of Leghorn and the broad expanse of the sparkling Mediterranean.

When Byron arrived at Montenero, the Mediterranean squadron of the United States was at anchor in the harbor of Leghorn. Having for some years been flattered by the attention Americans had paid him, and having several times contemplated a voyage to that new world where he felt he had a kind of "posthumous" popularity, he sent word that he would like to see an American frigate, and received a cordial invitation from the Commodore, Jacob Jones, to inspect the *Constitution*. A young Harvard graduate, George Bancroft, then twenty-two and returning from his studies in Germany, and later to become a distinguished American historian, happened to be in Leghorn and was a witness of the visit which stirred the whole squadron. "On the morning of the 21st of May, 1822," he wrote, "the few Americans who happened to be in Leghorn went on board the ship at the desire of its officers. About noon, Lord Byron, followed by his secretary, mounted its gangway. As he stepped upon the deck he appeared to be agitated, and it was remarked that at first his

walk was unsteady; in part from his lameness, in part, perhaps, from an apprehension that curious gazers of some other country than America had intruded, for the sake of seeing him; but finding all present to be Americans, his manner became easy, frank and cheerful. Each one of the officers and the guests was introduced to him. . . .

"From the *Constitution*, Captain Chauncey took Byron to the *Ontario*, and there the junior officers could more freely indulge their enthusiasm. As he passed through their quarters, his eye lighted upon a New York edition of his poems. He took it up with every appearance of pleasure, and seemed to interpret it as an earnest of his fame." Byron told Moore that he would rather have "a nod from an American, than a snuff-box from an emperor."

The day after Byron's visit to the squadron, young Bancroft called on him at Montenero. Byron plied him with questions which showed a considerable knowledge of American naval and literary affairs. He was particularly eager for news of Irving, whose *Knickerbocker's History of New York* had delighted him. Bancroft had talked with Goethe, and could report that sage's great admiration for *Manfred* and *Don Juan*, which he found "most full of life and genius."

Byron conducted the young American to a room that commanded a view of the sea, and while they were there, Teresa quietly entered. "I had the seat nearest her," Bancroft continued. "She was very, very fond of music, and Lord Byron had just imported for her a piano-forte from Vienna. . . . The conversation was in Italian, which as far as I could judge, Lord Byron spoke perfectly well." It was late in the day before Byron allowed his guest to depart.

Byron had left to Teresa the practical details of shipping the body of Allegra to England. He wrote to Murray on the 26th: ". . . as I wish to erect a tablet to her memory, the body had better be deposited in the Church. . . . The funeral I wish to be as private as is consistent with decency; and I could hope that Henry Drury will, perhaps, read the service over her."¹

¹ *LJ*, VI, 69-72. The body arrived in London about the middle of August. Murray sent it to B. Palmer & Son, undertakers, at No. 175 Piccadilly, and

One day early in June, Byron was carried back again in memory to his Harrow associations and his bachelor days in London by a visit from Lord Clare. He wrote Moore: "As I have always loved him (since I was thirteen, at Harrow) better than any (*male*) thing in the world, I need hardly say what a melancholy pleasure it was to see him for a *day* only; for he was obliged to resume his journey immediately." "When Clare left, Byron gave him, to carry to Murray, the "Detached Thoughts" which he had written mostly during his last days in Ravenna.

Teresa observed Byron's mood on parting with his English friend: "I have a presentiment that I shall never see him more," he said, and his eyes filled with tears. The same melancholy came over him during the first weeks that succeeded to Lord Clare's departure, whenever his conversation happened to fall upon this friend."

Some gratifying news had finally reached Byron concerning his business affairs in London. Kinnaid had written on April 16 to say that he had succeeded in insuring Lady Byron's life for £10,000," and on May 3 he reported that he had finally engaged to transfer £46,000 of Byron's money from the Funds to a mortgage paying four and one-half per cent."

But Byron still had plenty of cause for irritation. Except for the pleasure of looking at the Mediterranean, and the relaxation of the evenings in the garden with Teresa amid the roses and jasmine, heliotrope and tuberoses—all in full bloom—when they

made discreet inquiries of the Rector of Harrow Church, the Rev. J. W. Cunningham, through Byron's friend Henry Drury. The Rector wrote him on August 20, expressing a willingness to perform the service for the child, but asking "whether it might not be practicable and desirable to fulfil for the *present* only a *part* of his Lordship's wish—by burying the child, and putting up a tablet with simply its name. . . . I feel constrained to say that the inscription he proposed will be felt by every man of refined taste, to say nothing of sound morals, to be an offence against taste and propriety." (Smiles, I, 430-1.) The inscription merely proclaimed that Allegra was the daughter of "G. G. Lord Byron," and gave her age and the date of her death.

After some delay, during which time the churchwardens and some irate parishioners entered strong protests, the best Murray could do was to get permission to bury the child just inside the door, under the present doormat, and to omit any tablet to her memory. (Smiles, I, 432.) The funeral took place on September 10.

watched the fishing-boats in the bay and the flickering lights on the water,² the move to the country house had not solved any of the problems precipitated by the Masi affray, and had brought new anxieties. The summer was exceptionally hot. In addition, the water supply gave out in the hottest weather in June, and every drop, "even for the most common domestic uses,"³ had to be carried on muleback from a spring more than a mile away. Since one of the conditions of the lease was that there was to be a constant supply of good water to the house and stables, Byron protested vehemently to Dupuy and offered him fifty scudi to take the remainder of the lease off his hands. When his landlord refused, Byron engaged Frederigo del Rosso, a well-known advocate of Leghorn, to defend his cause in rescinding the contract."

But there was greater cause for anxiety in the unfinished business of Pisa. The Gambas were in imminent danger of being exiled from Tuscany. In the uncertainty of his own position and the likelihood that the Gambas would have difficulty in finding asylum in any of the Italian states under Austrian domination, Byron thought again of emigrating to South America. Knowing that Hobhouse and Kinnaid had already thrown cold water on that scheme and would probably do so again, he appealed to Hobhouse's friend Edward Ellice, then M.P. for Coventry, who had associations with the Hudson's Bay Company and knew a good deal about America."

Byron had been so impressed by the success of the South American patriot Simón Bolívar in liberating Colombia and Venezuela from Spanish rule that, after he had seen the indiscretion of naming his schooner for Teresa, he had decided, in defiance of the tyrannical governments of Italy, to call it the *Bolívar*.

Shelley's boat had arrived at Lerici on May 12, brought from Genoa by some English sailors." Shelley and Williams were delighted with her, and on their first opportunity to try her, Williams recorded that "The boat sailed like a witch."⁴ Shelley wrote to Captain Roberts: "She is a most beautiful boat, and so far surpasses both mine and Williams's expectations that it

² "Vie," p. 1190. According to Teresa, she and Byron used to sit in the garden in the evening playing draughts, at which he cheated.

was with some difficulty that we could persuade ourselves that you had not sent us the Bolivar by mistake." "

Only one thing troubled them. They had decided to name the boat the *Don Juan*, at Trelawny's suggestion. But they were chagrined on its arrival to find that the name had been conspicuously painted on the sail. Williams recorded on the 17th of May: "Unbent the main sail and took it to Magliana to see if the letters could be erased which Lord B[yrone] in his contemptible vanity or for some other purpose begged Roberts to inscribe on the boat's main sail—all efforts useless." "

According to Mary, the name was chosen when Williams was a partner in the venture, "but when Shelley took her entirely on himself we changed the name to Ariel. Lord Byron chose to take fire at this, and determined that she should be called after the Poem. . . . At length the piece has been taken out and the reefs put, so that the sail does not look worse. I do not know what Lord Byron will say, but Lord and Poet as he is, he could not be allowed to make a coal barge of our boat." "

Nevertheless, their pique was apparently not at the name of *Don Juan*, which Mary, Shelley, and all their friends continued to use in referring to the boat, but only to the disfiguring of the sail."

It was another month before Byron was to see his schooner. Trelawny had remained in Genoa to superintend her construction, and had been commissioned by Byron to command her. On May 1 he had written glowingly that she was "indeed perfection." He reported that two two-pound brass cannon, with Byron's coronet, were being cast to mount on her decks, at a cost of £25. (Byron had suggested four cannon.) "He and Roberts had taken Byron at his word and had spared no expense in devising a commodious cabin which would make it suitable for the lengthy cruise that he hoped to persuade Byron to take with him and Roberts.

That Byron was having a boat built at Genoa and that it was to have cannon mounted on it was duly reported to the officials at Florence, Pisa, and Leghorn. President Puccini, acting for the "Buon Governo" in Florence, hastened to give positive orders that Byron was not to be permitted to moor his boat along the

coast, but that he should be required to anchor it at Leghorn and abide strictly by the sanitary laws. So the government was ready for this dangerous craft when it arrived, and the cards were stacked against Byron's getting any enjoyment from the vessel that had cost so much time and money.

On June 13, Williams, watching from the Casa Magni, caught first sight of the trim little ship. Strong gales and contrary winds kept the *Bolivar* in harbor at Lerici for several days, and it was the morning of the 18th before Trelawny left for Leghorn." Trelawny was proud of the *Bolivar* and eager to show her to Byron. He later wrote: "There was no fault to find with her, Roberts and the builder had fashioned her after their own fancy, and she was both fast and safe. I manned her with five able seamen, four Genoese and one Englishman." " Trelawny reported laconically that Byron "was satisfied with his boat, but by no means with its cost; he took little interest in her, and I could not induce him to take a cruise; he always had some excuse. The first time he came on board, he said in answer to something I pointed out in the rigging:—

" 'People think I must be a bit of a sailor from my writings. All the sea-terms I use are from authority, and they cost me time, toil and trouble to look them out; but you will find me a land-lubber. I hardly know the stem from the stern, and don't know the name or use of a single rope or sail; I know the deep sea is blue, and not green, as that greenhorn Shakespeare always calls it.'

"This was literally true; in regard to Byron, he neither knew nor cared to know, nor ever asked a question (excepting when writing) about sea-terms or sea-life." "

Byron soon learned how closely circumscribed the government intended to keep the use of his boat. The authorities refused to let him cruise in sight of Leghorn, he complained to Dawkins on the 26th. "She has nothing obnoxious about her that I know—unless her name ('the Bolivar') should be so—and all her papers are in regular order—& admitted to be so—& no one on board but the crew." " So the schooner remained in charge of Trelawny and the sailors, tied up at the dock in Leghorn, and

Byron, sulking at Montenero, was too disconsolate and bored to make what use was possible of his expensive new plaything.

Toward the end of June, the American painter William Edward West arrived in Leghorn from Florence and began a portrait of Byron for which the poet had agreed to sit. West recalled: "I found him a bad sitter. He talked all the time, and asked a multitude of questions about America—how I liked Italy, and what I thought of the Italians, &c. When he was silent . . . he assumed a countenance that did not belong to him, as though he were thinking of a frontispiece for *Childe Harold*." The next day Byron sat again for an hour, and while West was painting, the Countess Guiccioli appeared at the window and Byron invited her in. "He seemed very fond of her," West observed, "and I was glad of her presence, for the playful manner which he assumed towards her made him a much better sitter." By the third sitting Byron was so well pleased with West's painting that he commissioned him to do a portrait of the Countess."

While West was still engaged on the portraits, Byron received a letter from Shelley at Lerici announcing the imminent arrival of Leigh Hunt. Despite his continued sincere admiration for Byron's poetry, Shelley had resolved to guard against any renewal of a close personal association with him. In urging Claire to join them again (she had returned to Florence on May 21 and, suffering from ill-health and low spirits, had come back again to the Casa Magni on June 7)," Shelley wrote: "I do not think there is any chance of your experiencing annoyance of whatever kind at Lerici, as I suspect between me and the only object from which it could spring [i.e., Byron] there is a great gulph fixed, which by the nature of things must daily become wider." "

On June 20, Shelley received word of Hunt's arrival in Genoa, and would have set out for Leghorn immediately had it not been for Mary's illness, which delayed him until the first of July. His anxiety concerning Hunt's relations with Byron and the new journal continued. "Between ourselves," he wrote Horace Smith, "I greatly fear that this alliance will not succeed; for I, who could never have been regarded as more than the link of the two thunderbolts, cannot now consent to be even that,—and

how long the alliance between the wren and the eagle may continue, I will not prophesy." "

But Shelley was not destined to be present at the meeting of the wren and the eagle, for Leigh Hunt arrived in Leghorn at the end of June or the first of July," and was directed by Trelawny to Byron's summer house. "The day was very hot," Hunt recalled; ". . . and when I got there, I found the hottest-looking house I ever saw. Not content with having a red wash over it, the red was the most unseasonable of all reds, a salmon colour." "

At the end of his dusty road he found a scene of Italian tragic-comedy at the Villa Dupuy. On this day, according to Teresa, the heat had ruffled the tempers of the servants. Vincenzo Papi, the coachman who had been shielded by Byron in the Masi affair, having been ordered to bring water from the spring (possibly by one of the Gamba servants on behalf of Pietro), suddenly refused to go and "began declaiming against the rich and the aristocracy, and speaking of equality and fraternity." " Other servants crowded around, taking sides, including Byron's cook, Gaetano Forestieri. The chief quarrel seems to have been between Papi and Forestieri, on one side, and one of the Gamba servants whom they suspected of cheating them of their fair share of perquisites." When Pietro came to see what the trouble was, Papi drew a knife and, either in the heat of the moment, or unintentionally as he later maintained, gave the young Count a slight wound in the arm.

"Upon seeing Lord Byron," Hunt recorded, "I hardly knew him, he was grown so fat; and he was longer in recognizing me, I had grown so thin. . . . He took me into an inner-room, and introduced me to a young lady in a state of great agitation. Her face was flushed, her eyes lit up, and her hair (which she wore in that fashion) looked as if it streamed in disorder. This was the daughter of Count Gamba. . . . The Conte Pietro, her brother, came in presently, also in a state of agitation, and having his arm in a sling. . . ." Looking from a window, Hunt saw the malefactor, "and met his eye glaring upwards like a tiger." "

Fletcher had been sent for the police, but had not yet returned. But the hour of Byron's ride came, and he would not

be denied that pleasure. "At length we set out, Madame Guiccioli earnestly intreating 'Bairon' to keep back, and all of us uniting to keep in advance of Conte Pietro, who was exasperated." Hunt fancied himself set down in the midst of a scene from *The Mysteries of Udolpho*. "Every thing was new, foreign, and violent. . . . and last, not least, in the novelty, my English friend, metamorphosed, round-looking, and jacketed, trying to damp all this fire with his cool tones, and an air of voluptuous indolence. He had now, however, put on his loose riding-coat of mazarin blue, and his velvet cap, looking more lordly than before, but hardly less foreign, It was an awkward moment for him, not knowing what might happen; but he put a good face on the matter. . . ." When they came out, they found the servant weeping and asking pardon for his offense.

Pietro and his sister followed Byron's lead in forgiving the man, who continued weeping and kissing his master's hand, but Byron was adamant in his decision to dismiss him. The police would have forced him to leave anyhow. During the ride they met Fletcher, "with his good-humoured, lack-a-daisical face," returning with a police officer."

It seems apparent that the Tuscan government had already decided to expel the Gambas and all their household from the state. A formal order of exile was sent out from the office of the President of the "Buon Governo" on June 29 before word of this latest row had reached Florence, affecting Maluccelli, who had been held in prison in Pisa, and Giuseppe Strauss, Byron's courier, then at Montenero, as well as Counts Ruggero and Pietro Gamba, who were ordered to appear before a tribunal in Leghorn on the morning of July 2. There they were informed summarily that they must leave Tuscany in four days.³

³ Cline, pp. 174-5. There is evidence in the spy Torelli's account of this latest row that Byron was right in believing that the government was really aiming at him in exiling the Gambas. Torelli wrote:

"This [altercation], together with the fact that Lord Byron's request that his schooner 'Bolivar' should be allowed to embark and disembark people without hindrance along the coast was supported by the English legation, made our Government determine to try and rid Tuscany of this revolutionary fellow, without openly expelling him. It was, therefore, resolved to exile his courier, and to intimate to the Gambas that they were to leave Tuscany

Everything then was in a state of turmoil. Byron thought first of loading them and all their dependents on the *Bolivar* and heading for Genoa. Shelley, Williams, and Captain Roberts had arrived the night before and had anchored astern of the *Bolivar*, sleeping on board. Going to seek Hunt, who had temporarily left his ship for a hotel in Leghorn, they learned of the new developments. Byron immediately dispatched a note to the Governor of Leghorn, asking for a delay in the exile of the Gambas, to allow him to arrange his affairs so that he could accompany them, "not desiring any longer to stay in a country where my friends are persecuted."³

Byron was too agitated to pay much attention to poor Hunt and his family, whose existence depended so completely upon him. Perhaps for that very reason he was irritated with them. Fortunately, Shelley was on hand to look out for them: the next day he accompanied them to Pisa and saw them settled in the ground-floor apartments prepared for them in Byron's palace. Within an hour or two Shelley brought the surgeon Vaccà to see Mrs. Hunt, whom he pronounced to be in a decline. He did not give her above a year to live.⁴ Byron, Teresa, and the remaining servants (those who had not been dismissed or exiled) arrived soon after to make preparations for departure. The Gambas remained temporarily at Montenero awaiting news from Florence, where the appeal for an extension of time had gone. In the midst of the confusion Byron wrote again to Dawkins:

"Of course this is virtually my own exile—for where they [the Gambas] go—I am no less bound by honour than by feeling to follow.—I believe we shall try to obtain leave to remain at Lucca—if that fails—Genoa—and failing that—possibly America. . . . He [Taaffe] wanted the Countess Guiccioli to go to Florence and fling herself at the feet of the Grand Duchess. . . . I can only say—that if she did any thing of the kind—I would never fling myself at *her* feet again."⁵

The Gambas were finally granted an extension until July 8,

immediately, under pain of a formal sentence of exile." (Ross: "Byron at Pisa," p. 761.)

⁴ Hunt: *Lord Byron*, I, 26. In recounting this, Hunt wrote (1828): "She is now alive, and likely to live many years; and Vaccà is dead."

but Byron's plans were still in the utmost confusion. Shelley now had the unenviable job of trying to rescue Hunt's fortunes or salvage what he could from the wreckage. Hunt, he knew, had counted on the proposed journal for his whole living, and had arrived, Shelley wrote, "with no other remnant of his £4[00] than a debt of 60 crowns. Lord Byron must of course furnish the requisite funds at present, as I cannot; but he seems inclined to depart without the necessary explanations and arrangements due to such a situation as Hunt's. These, in spite of delicacy, I must procure; he offers him the copyright of the *Vision of Judgment* for his first number. This offer if sincere is *more* than enough to set up the journal, and, if sincere, will set everything right." "

Byron was sincere enough in his offer, though it was not entirely motivated by a generous feeling toward Hunt. He had been unsuccessful so far in finding anyone to risk the publication of a poem whose political *lèse-majesté* was even more dangerous than the levity of its handling of the heavenly hierarchy. The day of his return to Pisa (July 3) he wrote a note to Murray asking him to deliver to Leigh Hunt's brother John (who was to publish the new journal) the manuscript of the *Vision*."

In the exasperation of his situation, Byron was only annoyed that Hunt and his sick wife and numerous unrestrained children had settled in his palace at the moment when he might have to move. Toward the amiable Hunt himself he was not ill disposed, and when the irritation wore off he was willing to converse with him pleasantly on literary matters. Hunt, on his side, was eager to please and to be pleased by his new life. The day after his arrival at Casa Lanfranchi, he was delighted by a scene he witnessed in Byron's drawing-room. "One of his [Byron's] servants, a young man, suddenly came in smiling, and was followed by his sister, a handsome brunette, in a bodice and sleeves, and her own hair. She advanced to his Lordship to welcome him back to Pisa, and present him with a basket of flowers. In doing this, she took his hand and kissed it; then turned to the stranger, and kissed his hand also." ⁵

⁵ Hunt: *Lord Byron*, I, 28. Hunt wrote to his sister-in-law on July 8: "Lord B. has got an entirely new set of servants, having grown reasonably suspi-

Mrs. Hunt, however, was determined not to be pleased with Italian manners, and acquitted herself of any obligation to Byron by taking a British middle-class attitude of moral superiority to him and his mistress. Byron sensed her inverted snobbishness and and repaid her in kind. Williams, waiting for Shelley in Leghorn, wrote to his wife: "Lord B's reception of Mrs. H. was, as S. tells me, most shameful—She came into his house sick and exhausted, and he scarcely deigned to notice her—was silent and scarcely bowed—This conduct cut H. to the soul. . . ." "

Hunt himself recognized the sources of Byron's disinclination to be civil to Mrs. Hunt. He recalled: "My wife knew nothing of Italian, and did not care to learn it. Madame Guiccioli could not speak English. They were subsequently introduced to one another during a chance meeting, but that was all." Marianne Hunt pretended a lofty disdain for rank and titles. Hunt, in his own irritation at Byron later, apparently thought his wife had scored a telling repartee against the haughty lord. He wrote: "As I oftener went to his part of the house, than he came to mine, he seldom saw her; and when he did, the conversation was awkward on his side, and provokingly self-possessed on her's. He said to her one day, 'What do you think, Mrs. Hunt? Trelawney [*sic*] has been speaking against my morals! What do you think of that!'—'It is the first time,' said Mrs. Hunt, 'I ever heard of them.' This, which would have set a man of address upon his wit, completely dashed, and reduced him to silence."

To add to this, Hunt, in reprisal for Byron's criticism of some of his friends, told him what Mrs. Hunt had said of an engraving of Harlow's portrait of him, that it "resembled a great school-boy, who had had a plain bun given him, instead of a plum one."

It is not surprising that Byron after this spoke of Mrs. Hunt as being "no great things." "

Shelley, though eager to get back to his sick wife, was determined to see Hunt settled and Byron committed to something definite about the co-operative effort in the journal before he

cious of the others after the late adventure. . . ." (*Correspondence of Leigh Hunt*, I, 188.)

left Pisa. But with the fate of the Gambas uncertain and his own future movements undetermined, Byron could not be pinned down to anything more than his offer of the copyright to the *Vision*.

The Gambas having been told that they must leave Tuscany by the 8th, Byron was concentrating on an effort to get them at least temporary asylum at Lucca. On the 6th he appealed to Dawkins to use his influence with the Lucchese officials.

On the 7th, Shelley could wait no longer, Williams being eager to get back to Lerici, and in the evening of that day he left for Leghorn, having succeeded finally in getting a promise from Byron to do all he could to help Hunt with the new periodical."

The extent of Byron's intentions is indicated in a letter he wrote Murray the next day instructing him to turn over to Hunt not only the *Vision* but also the translation of Pulci and any other prose tracts among the manuscripts in Murray's possession. It is significant, however, that in announcing the resumption of *Don Juan* Byron did not say that he intended to give the new cantos to Hunt for the journal." And in writing to Moore a few days later he was frank in voicing his misgivings about the periodical at the same time that he asked Moore for a contribution. "He seems sanguine about the matter, but (*entre nous*) I am not. I do not, however, like to put him out of spirits by saying so; for he is bilious and unwell." "

On the strength of a letter from Dawkins to the Marquis Mansi, Minister of Foreign Affairs at Lucca, the Gambas, father and son, arrived in that city on the 8th and requested temporary asylum." Apparently Teresa accompanied her father and brother when they presented themselves to the President of the Lucchese government, who wrote the next day to the Grand Duchess: ". . . I . . . know that the Tuscan Government has expelled them not so much because of the Gambas as for the aforementioned Mr. Baylon a most dangerous individual, not only on account of his fiery nature but also on account of his talents and his resources. He is going to arrive shortly, as he is following the above-mentioned Countess Guiccioli. . . . I would respectfully observe that in case it is desired to tolerate the Gambas, the same would not be possible in the case of Baylon

for the reasons given; in case it is thought best to secure his expulsion without a direct measure, it would be advisable to follow the same course adopted by Tuscany, namely to order the above-mentioned Countess to choose another country for her residence. I shall await the most revered instructions of Your Royal Majesty in the case; in the meantime I have permitted the above-mentioned persons to remain in Lucca.” ”

Byron had been right in suspecting that it was he rather than the Gambas who was obnoxious to the government. But Byron was disposed to accept the temporary respite as favorable in that it precluded the necessity of his immediate removal from his comfortable quarters in the Casa Lanfranchi. Pending the outcome of affairs in Lucca, Teresa had returned and settled with her servants in Byron's palace.

Byron, who had previously been rather meticulous in seeing to it that Teresa observed the nominal rules of the Pope's decree and lived under her father's roof, now had ceased to care. Count Guiccioli had already made the most of the reports of the dismissed cook, Forestieri, that Teresa was living under the same roof with Byron at Montenero, and through his attorney Taglioni in Rome finally succeeded in getting the Pope to rescind his earlier rescript and suspend her allowance, “in order to dissuade the imprudent young woman from a life which, she boasted, made her happy.” ”

Life at the Casa Lanfranchi settled easily into a pattern agreeable enough to Byron. Though uneasy about the situation in which he found himself with Hunt, he could not long resist the good nature of his guest on the ground floor, and his desire for literary conversation made him willing to ignore or overlook the snubs and superiorities of Mrs. Hunt and the vagaries of her numerous brood.

“Our manner of life was this,” Hunt later recalled. “Lord Byron, who used to sit up at night, writing *Don Juan* (which he did under the influence of gin and water), rose late in the morning. He breakfasted; read; lounged about, singing an air, generally out of Rossini, and in a swaggering style, though in a voice at once small and veiled; then took a bath, and was dressed; and coming down-stairs, was heard, still singing, in the

court-yard, out of which the garden ascended at the back of the house. The servants at the same time brought out two or three chairs. My study, a little room in a corner, with an orange-tree peeping in at the window, looked upon this court-yard. I was generally at my writing when he came down, and either acknowledged his presence by getting up and saying something from the window, or he called out 'Leontius!' ⁶ and came halting up to the window with some joke, or other challenge to conversation. . . . We then lounged about, or sat and talked, Madame Guiccioli with her sleek tresses descending after her toilet to join us." ⁿ

Hunt found Teresa "handsome and lady-like, with an agreeable manner, and a voice not partaking too much of the Italian fervour to be gentle." But he concluded condescendingly: "In a word, Madame Guiccioli was a kind of buxom parlour-boarder, compressing herself artificially into dignity and elegance, and fancying she walked, in the eyes of the whole world, a heroine by the side of a poet." ⁿ

Hunt was too downright to respond easily to Byron's quizzing or his badinage. He recorded that Byron "did not care for argument, and, what is worse, was too easily convinced at the moment, or appeared to be so, to give any zest to disputation. He gravely asked me one day, 'What it was that convinced me in argument?' I said, I thought I was convinced by the strongest reasoning. 'For my part,' said he, 'it is the last speaker that convinces me.' And I believe he spoke truly; but then he was only convinced, till it was agreeable to him to be moved otherwise." ⁷

Continuing his account of the daily routine, Hunt said: "When the heat of the day declined, we rode out, either on horseback or in a barouche, generally towards the forest. He was a good

⁶ This nickname was suggested by Shelley, who remarked one day before Hunt arrived that the Italians would have a hard time with the name of "Leigh Hunt." This Italian translation of Hunt's name struck Byron's fancy, and he frequently used it. (Hunt: *Lord Byron*, I, 62-3.)

⁷ Hunt: *Lord Byron*, I, 71. In a note to stanza 97 of the sixteenth canto of *Don Juan* Byron said: "I am not sure that mobility is English. . . . It may be defined as an excessive susceptibility of immediate impressions—at the same time without *losing* the past: and is, though sometimes apparently useful to the possessor, a most painful and unhappy attribute."

rider, graceful, and kept a firm seat. . . . Trelawney sometimes went with us, on a great horse, smoking a cigar. We had blue frock-coats, white waistcoats and trowsers, and velvet caps *à la Raphael*; and cut a gallant figure. Sometimes we went as far as a vineyard, where he had been accustomed to shoot at a mark, and where the brunette lived, who came into his drawing-room with the basket of flowers.” *

Hunt, who had lived among books since his earliest years, thought Byron’s collection lopsided and rather poor, consisting chiefly of new ones and English works published on the Continent. “He was anxious to show you that he possessed no Shakespeare and Milton; ‘because,’ he said, ‘he had been accused of borrowing from them!’” Byron said he could not read Spenser. Hunt recalled: “I lent him a volume of the ‘Fairy Queen,’ and he said he would try to like it. Next day he brought it to my study-window, and said, ‘Here, Hunt, here is your Spenser. I cannot see any thing in him:’ and he seemed anxious that I should take it out of his hands, as if he was afraid of being accused of copying so poor a writer.” *

Having returned to the writing of *Don Juan*, Byron found it easy to escape from the annoyances of the present into the pleasant creations of his pen. He could look back now at the world’s follies and his own with an amused detachment, or with a soft melancholy regret no longer strained to the tragic. He was in the midst of the scene in the seraglio in the sixth canto. Part of his pleasure was to share the amusing stanzas with Teresa, for he could translate only what he wished her to see. And once back in a scene with such promising prospects for comment on womankind, he could not control his puckish humor.

Sometimes Teresa stood by him, wondering at his facility and his absorbed enjoyment. “His pen moved so rapidly over the page that one day I said to him, ‘One would almost believe that someone was dictating to you!’ ‘Yes,’ he replied, ‘a mischievous spirit who sometimes even makes me write what I am not thinking. There now, for instance—I have just been writing something against love!’ ‘Why don’t you erase it, then?’ I asked. ‘It’s written,’ he replied, smiling, ‘the stanza would be spoiled.’ And the stanza remained.” *

Teresa later told Lord Malmesbury that Byron "wrote all the last cantos on play-bills . . . or on any odd piece of paper at hand, and with repeated glasses of gin-punch by his side. He then used to rush out of his room to read her what he had written, making many alterations, and laughing immoderately."

This pleasant existence at the Casa Lanfranchi, the conversations, the rides, and the composition, was interrupted by a visit from Trelawny, who arrived from Leghorn on the 11th with disquieting news. Shelley had returned to Leghorn on the evening of the 7th. A thunderstorm had prevented him and Williams from starting out the next morning, but about noon the sky cleared and they weighed anchor and turned the *Don Juan* toward Lerici about 12:30 or 1:00 p.m. Trelawny in the *Bolívar* started to accompany them out of the harbor, but was boarded by the port authorities and threatened with forty days' quarantine for going out without port clearance. He was forced to return."

"About three," Mary Shelley later recorded, "Roberts, who was still on the mole—saw wind coming from the Gulph—or rather what the Italians call a temporale—anxious to know how the boat w[oul]d weather the storm, he got leave to go up the tower & with the glass discovered them about ten miles out at sea, off Via Reggio, they were taking in their topsails—"The haze of the storm," he said, 'hid them from me & I saw them no more—when the storm cleared I looked again fancying that I should see them on their return to us—but there was no boat on the sea.'"

Trelawny and Roberts waited anxiously for two days for news from Lerici, in the meantime questioning fishermen who had been out during the storm, but nothing could be learned. "On the morning of the third day," Trelawny recorded, "I rode to Pisa. . . . I hoped to find a letter from the Villa Magni: there was none. I told my fears to Hunt, and then went upstairs to Byron. When I told him, his lip quivered, and his voice faltered as he questioned me."

Hunt addressed a desperate note to Shelley at the Casa Magni: "pray write to tell us how you got home, for they say that you had bad weather after you sailed monday & we are anxious." At noon the next day Mary and Jane read these words with

despair in their hearts, and started at once for Leghorn. Though Mary had barely recovered from a miscarriage, she and Jane posted without stopping until they reached Pisa. They pulled up at midnight before the Casa Lanfranchi. Mary had thought Byron still at Montenero, but she wanted to ask Hunt what he had heard. The thought of facing Hunt with this fearful question on their first meeting after four years almost sent Mary into convulsions. They knocked, and were answered by the Guiccioli's maid. "L[ord] B[yron] was in Pisa—Hunt was in bed, so I was to see L.B. instead of him. This was a great relief to me," Mary wrote; "I staggered up stairs—the Guiccioli came to meet me smiling while I could hardly say—'Where is he—Sapete alcuna cosa di Shelley'—They knew nothing. . . ." Byron and Teresa noted that Mary looked more like a ghost than a woman. Refusing to rest, Mary and Jane went on to Leghorn to see Roberts and Trelawny.

The two weary women arrived at Leghorn at two o'clock, and at six roused Roberts at his inn and got his story. He encouraged their hope that the boat might have been driven over to Corsica or far up the coast. Trelawny, who, after seeing Byron, had returned to Leghorn and had been making inquiries in every possible direction, now joined the ladies and took charge of the search. He sent couriers along the coast, to go from tower to tower to find out if anything had been seen or found. Trelawny accompanied Mary and Jane when they left Leghorn at 9:00 a.m. According to Mary, they "stopped but one moment at Pisa [probably to deliver a note from Roberts to Byron asking for the use of the *Bolivar* in the search] & proceeded towards Lerici[.] When at 2 miles from Via Reggio we rode down to that town to know if they knew any thing—here our calamity first began to break on us—a little boat & a water cask had been found five miles off." * These tallied with what they knew to have been on board the *Don Juan*, but they still hoped they might have been thrown overboard in the storm. Trelawny accompanied the ladies back to Casa Magni, where they arrived that night.

Byron wrote immediately in reply to Roberts's note: "Your opinion has taken from me the slender hope to which I still clung.—I need hardly say that the *Bolivar* is quite at your dis-

position as she would have been on a less melancholy occasion. . . .”²

While Trelawny, who had reported his findings to Pisa, remained at the Casa Magni with the women, Byron and Hunt joined in the search along the coast. On the 16th, Roberts wrote to Byron from Leghorn: “A boat came off and informed me that two bodys had been thrown ashore three or four miles above the Village [Viareggio], by their description I think it poor Shelley and the sailor Boy. [Shelley and Williams were accompanied by an English sailor boy by the name of Charles Vivian.] The third has not yet been found. . . .”³

Byron and Hunt immediately set out to make inquiries at the spot, but the bodies had already been buried in the sand by the health authorities. In a letter to Trelawny dated “8 o’clock, p.m. 17th July,” Hunt said: “We have just returned (Lord B., Captain Roberts, and myself,) from making an inquiry at the mouth of the Serchio about a body lately buried. It is certainly not dear Shelley, nor does it appear to be Mr. Williams.”⁴

But on the 18th another body was washed ashore near Viareggio. Trelawny hastened there on receiving Hunt’s letter and arrived in time to see the badly disintegrated corpse before it was covered with lime and interred on the beach. This second body, Trelawny wrote, “I knew to be Mr. Shelley’s which the Poem of Lamia and Isabella open in his jacket Pockett confirmed beyond a doubt.”⁵ Trelawny hurried back to break the news to Mary and Jane.

Hunt had written Trelawny on the 17th: “Lord Byron talks of inviting the ladies over here; and there are their lodgings, too. Pray contrive to see if they cannot come.”⁶ Trelawny did persuade them to return with him to Pisa, but they took up their residence in their old quarters.

The death of Shelley made a greater impact on Byron than he expected. The blow was the more stunning perhaps because he felt a certain remorse for not having appreciated Shelley’s qualities of friendship sufficiently while he was living and because of his own irritability during Shelley’s last visit to Pisa. Though he had never had any strong feeling of accord for Mary, he tried now to make amends for his remissness toward Shelley by ex-

tending every kindness to her. Mary told Maria Gisborne: "Lord Byron is very kind to me & comes with the Guiccioli to see me often." "

In reporting the death of Shelley and Williams to Murray, Byron said: "You were all brutally mistaken about Shelley, who was, without exception, the *best* and least selfish man I ever knew. I never knew one who was not a beast in comparison." "

And speaking of Shelley's loss in a letter to Moore, he concluded: "There is thus another man gone, about whom the world was ill-naturedly, and ignorantly, and brutally mistaken. It will, perhaps, do him justice *now*, when he can be no better for it." "

For more than a week after Shelley's death, Byron was in suspense concerning the fate of the Gambas, who had only day-to-day permission to remain in Lucca. Dawkins soon discovered that the Lucchese authorities had no intention of allowing them to reside indefinitely in the duchy. On receiving this news, Byron realized that it was useless to think of following them there.

Having received favorable reports from Genoa, Count Gamba and his son soon moved on there to wait for Byron and Teresa. Pietro, who had not yet heard of the Pope's decree cutting off Teresa's allowance, had a premonition that Count Guiccioli would make the most of her continued residence in Byron's house without her father. Byron too, it seems, had urged her to join her relatives as a matter of prudence, but she recalled the heartaches of her long wait for her lover after she left him in Ravenna, and she resolved to stay with him until he was actually ready to move, regardless of the consequences."

The knowledgeable spy Torelli duly noted in his diary: "Since Madame Guiccioli, owing to the imbecility of the Governor, and the ambitious pusillanimity of the Auditor Paziienza, remains in Pisa, Byron too talks no more of leaving." " Now that the pressure was off and Teresa undisturbed, Byron would take his own time about moving.

Hunt was fully aware that the journal's future, and his own, was very precarious after the death of Shelley, who had been the catalyst in its conception, and whose mediation had been an essential element in keeping the personal relationship of Byron and Hunt from deteriorating. When the worst fears were con-

firmed with the finding of Shelley's body, Hunt felt that the joint venture was doomed, but he was forced to continue. "Lord Byron requested me to look upon him as standing in Mr. Shelley's place," he wrote, "and said that I should find him the same friend that the other had been. My heart died within me to hear him: I made the proper acknowledgment; but I knew what he meant, and I more than doubted whether even in that, the most trivial part of friendship, he could resemble Mr. Shelley if he would." "

But in spite of his conscious intention to be kind to Hunt both because of his promise to Shelley and because in former times Hunt had stood by him, Byron could not help feeling a sub-conscious irritation compounded of the dependence of Hunt on him at a time when he wished to be free to depart for Genoa, or perhaps even America, of Hunt's own half-fawning, half-arrogant manner, and of the knowledge that his friends in England did not approve of the alliance with the "Cockney poet."

Acutely proud, Hunt sensed all this under Byron's most friendly advances. "As it was," he wrote, "there was something not un-social nor even unenjoying in our intercourse, nor was there any appearance of constraint; but, upon the whole, it was not pleasant: it was not cordial. There was a sense of mistake on both sides." "

Even so, their relations might have been less strained had it not been for the Hunt family. When Trelawny first called on them, he found the children, ranging in age from thirteen to a crawling infant, "scattered about playing on the large marble staircase and in the hall. Hunt's theory and practice were that children should be unrestrained until they were of an age to be reasoned with. If they kept out of his way he was satisfied. On my entering the Poet's [Byron's] study, I said to him 'The Hunts have effected a lodgment in your palace.' . . .

"Usually meeting him after two or three days' absence his eyes glistened; now they were dull and his brow pale. He said 'I offered you those rooms. Why did you not take them? Have you seen Hunt?'

"'Not this morning' I replied; he is in labour for an article in the new Review."

"Byron said 'It will be an abortion. I shall have nothing to do with it. . . . Why did not he stick to *The Examiner*? He is in Italy, but his mind is in Hampstead, Highgate, and Covent Garden.'

"When I took my leave he followed me into the passage, and patting the bull-dog on the head he said, 'Don't let any Cockneys pass this way.' " "

When Byron attempted friendly advances to the older children, he found their precocious replies as little palatable as the haughty moral judgments of their mother. In later years Thornton, the eldest, used to boast of his frank answers to his lordship." As for the younger children, Byron later referred to them as little Yahoos." But when he complained of their marring the walls with their grimy fingers, Mrs. Hunt recorded in her diary: "Mr. Hunt was much annoyed by Lord Byron behaving so meanly about the Children disfiguring his house which his nobleship chose to be very severe upon. How much I wish I could esteem him more! It is so painful, to be under any obligation to a person you cannot esteem! Can anything be more absurd than a peer of the realm—and a *poet* making such a fuss about three or four children disfiguring the walls of a few rooms—The very children would blush for him, fye Lord B.—fye." "

But, despite the uneasy truce that existed in the Casa Lanfranchi and the uncertainty of the future, Byron continued through July and August the rapid composition of three new cantos of *Don Juan*. In that he could escape from both the tragedy of Shelley's death and the petty annoyances of his present situation. He saw his verse tale now as

*A nondescript and ever-varying rhyme,
A versified Aurora Borealis,
Which flashes o'er a waste and icy clime.
When we know what all are, we must bewail us,
But ne'ertheless I hope it is no crime
To laugh at all things—for I wish to know
What, after all, are all things—but a show? "*

Trelawny, in accordance with the wishes of Mary Shelley, had been negotiating with the health authorities to get permission

to remove Shelley's remains for burial in the Protestant Cemetery in Rome beside his son William. Through Dawkins he had finally succeeded in getting permits from the Tuscan and Lucchese governments to cremate the bodies of Shelley and Williams on the beach and then remove the ashes. Trelawny took a certain grim pleasure in preparing for this pagan rite. He had ordered made by an ironmonger a machine for burning the bodies, an iron box "about four feet & a half long by 18 or 20 inches broad with a rim of three or four inches . . . supported by four iron legs." "In addition, he ordered two coffins or boxes of lead enclosed in oak to hold the bones and ashes." Everything being ready on the 13th, Trelawny loaded his machine on the *Bolivar* and anchored off Viareggio the following morning. In the meantime, Captain Roberts, who had remained in Leghorn, sent a guard of the sanitary corps to Pisa to deliver the coffins or boxes to Byron, who was to bring them to the site of the cremation in his carriage." By the time Trelawny had carried his equipment to the spot where Williams's body had been washed ashore, about four and a half miles from Viareggio and about eight or nine miles from Pisa, it was too late to notify Byron and proceed that day. He therefore dispatched a courier to Pisa to request Byron and Hunt to be present at ten the next morning (the 15th). Trelawny had gathered firewood the previous day. Byron, who hated early rising, did not arrive until noon. Then the gruesome business of uncovering the corpse began.

Trelawny, however, in describing the scene shortly after, emphasized the picturesque aspects of the situation, which was "well adapted for a Poet's grave. . . . As a foreground to this romantic scene was an extraordinary group—Lord Byron and Hunt seated in the carriage, the horses jaded and overpowered by the intensity of heat reflected from the deep loose sand, which was so hot that Lord B. could not stand on it." "

Trelawny and his friend Captain Shenley, who had accompanied him from Leghorn, superintended the uncovering of Williams's mutilated body, which was dragged with boathooks to the surface of the sand. Byron had always asserted that he could identify anyone by his teeth. Trelawny now called to him. "The moment he saw the teeth he exclaimed 'that is him,' and

his boot being found and compared with one brought for that purpose identified him beyond a doubt. It was a humbling and loathsome sight. . . . a livid mass of shapeless flesh. Lord B. looking at it said—‘are we all to resemble that?—why it might be the carcase of a sheep for all I can see’—and pointing to the black handkerchief—said ‘an old rag retains its form longer than a dead body—what a nauseous and degrading sight!’ ”

The separated limbs were gathered and placed in the furnace and carried on two poles to the pile of wood. Trelawny continued: “I set fire to the whole; the fire was immense, and to add to its fierceness Lord B., Hunt, Shenley, and myself kept throwing incense, salt, sugar, and wine.” ”

In another manuscript account, possibly intended for Leigh Hunt’s new periodical,” Trelawny gave more details of what followed: “Lord Byron after pointing out the peculiar appearance of the fire at this period, when the body & skull which burnt fiercely gave to the flames a white silvery and wavy look of indescribable brightness and purity, then voted for trying the strength of those waves which had overpowered our friends and instantly stripping swam out in the precise direction in which the body had been washed on shore. Captain Shenley and myself followed him into the sea. After swimming about a mile from the shore Lord B. was seized with a violent sickness and Captain Shenley who was near shore with a cramp. Lord B. could not be induced to return declaring it was black bile and exercise necessary to take it off. . . . at half past three nothing was left of the funeral pile except a quantity of blackish looking ashes, mingled with pieces of white and broken fragments of bones. I removed the fire and placing poles under the furnace immersed it in the sea; the only bone which was left perfect, that of the Jaw, I took, and then consigned the remainder to its coffin, screwed it down, and placed it in Lord Byron’s carriage, who departed for Pisa. . . .” ”

The following morning Trelawny, who had spent the night at the inn in Viareggio, proceeded to the spot about a mile down the beach toward Massa where Shelley was buried in the sand. The markings were not accurate, and it was more than an hour

before a spade struck the skull. In the meantime, Byron and Hunt had arrived.

Shelley's body was as horrid to look upon as that of Williams. "His dress and linen had become black, and the body was in a state of putridity and very offensive." "Trelawny, who had the day before coolly plucked out a tarnished bone of Williams, was eager to garner some souvenirs of Shelley from the gruesome relics. He said: "The Poem of Lamia and Issabella [*sic*] which had been found open in Shelley's Jacket Pockett—and buried with him, I was anxious to have—but we could find nothing of it remaining but the leather binding." "According to Leigh Hunt, what was left of the volume was burned in the flames."

In his later *Recollections*, when a growing hostility to Byron caused him to "remember" things which were not in his early narratives, Trelawny said: "Byron asked me to preserve the skull for him; but remembering that he had formerly used one as a drinking-cup, I was determined Shelley's should not be so profaned." "But that pious thought is not recorded in any of his contemporary manuscript narratives. In one he says: "Lord B. wished much to have the skull if possible—which I endeavoured to preserve—but before any part of the flesh was consumed on it . . . on attempting to move it—it broke to pieces—it was unusually thin and strikingly small." "

After Trelawny started the fire under the corpse, the ceremony of casting oil and spices on the flame proceeded as before. Trelawny later told W. M. Rossetti: "When I threw the incense, wine and oil on the pile, I uttered incantations, saying: 'I restore to nature through fire the elements of which this man was composed, earth, air, and water; everything is changed, but not annihilated; he is now a portion of that which he worshiped.'—Byron, who was standing by my side, said: 'I knew you were a Pagan, not that you were a Pagan Priest; you do it very well.' " "

Hunt could not bear to witness the gruesome scene and remained in the carriage. Byron soon wandered away and swam out to the *Bolivar*, which was anchored about a mile and a half from shore." Trelawny kept watch over the tremendous fire, which

burned fiercely for three hours. It was nearly four o'clock before the body was entirely consumed, Trelawny said, except "the heart . . . which although bedded in fire—would not burn—and after waiting an hour continually . . . adding fuel it becoming late we gave over by mutual conviction of its being unavailing—all exclaiming it will not burn—there was a bright flame round it occasioned by the moisture still flowing from it—and on removing the furnace nearer to the Sea to immerse the iron I took the heart in my hand to examine it—after sprinkling it with water: yet it was still so hot as to burn my hand badly and a quantity of this oily fluid still flowed from it. . . ." "

Trelawny placed the ashes in the box and sealed it. Then they all went in the carriage to Viareggio, where, apparently overcome by the two days of fascinating horror, they dined and drank heavily before returning to Pisa. Hunt recalled the reaction that took place: "On returning from one of our visits to the sea-shore, we dined and drank; I mean, Lord Byron and myself; dined little, and drank too much. Lord Byron had not shone that day, even in his cups, which usually brought out his best qualities. As to myself, I had bordered upon emotions which I have never suffered myself to indulge, and which, foolishly as well as impatiently, render calamity, as somebody termed it, 'an affront, and not a misfortune.' The barouche drove rapidly through the forest of Pisa. We sang, we laughed, we shouted. I even felt a gaiety the more shocking, because it was real and a relief." "

It is not surprising that Byron was ill. But apparently he suffered more from exposure to the sun than from wine. Teresa wrote to Dr. Vaccà the next day for "*a prescription to ease the external pain of the skin—which in the waist—and on the arms is apparently liable to blister.*"⁸

The whole experience of the cremation was etched on Byron's memory. He wrote to Moore ten days later: "We have been

⁸ Letter dated Aug. 17, 1822, *Notes and Queries*, Vol. CXC (June 29, 1946), p. 266. Apparently Teresa saved the blistered skin that came from Byron's shoulders and arms, for she had a piece among her Byron "relics" when she died. (Emma Fagnani: *The Art Life of a XIXth Century Portrait Painter, Joseph Fagnani*, p. 49.)

burning the bodies of Shelley and Williams on the sea-shore. . . . You can have no idea what an extraordinary effect such a funeral pile has, on a desolate shore, with mountains in the back-ground and the sea before, and the singular appearance the salt and frankincense gave to the flame. All of Shelley was consumed, except his *heart*, which would not take the flame, and is now preserved in spirits of wine."⁹

Byron still delayed the disagreeable task of moving all his goods, chattels, and dependents, now including the Hunt family, to Genoa as he had committed himself to do. Following the excitement and emotional strain of the ceremonies at Viareggio, Byron suffered not only from the anticlimax of being incapacitated for some days by his painfully sun-blistered skin, but also from a number of galling annoyances. His half-yearly income had not arrived from England, and he expressed his anxiety in successive letters to Kinnaid. There were still disputes concerning the Noel estates, and Byron was suspicious of the referee proposed.

Despite these annoyances, perhaps even because of them, he had proceeded rapidly with the new cantos. In a letter of August 24 to Kinnaid he said: "I have also *quite three*, nearly *four*, cantos of D. J. ready. Now I wish to consult you. Supposing them at *par* as compositions, what ought they to produce us in the present state of publicating? I will be guided by you."

In the meantime, plans for the new journal were going forward. Despite some touchiness on Hunt's part, which he magnified later in his general irritation at his association with Byron,

⁹ *LJ*, VI, 108-9. Letter of Aug. 27, 1822. About the history of Shelley's heart there is contradictory evidence. Trelawny says that he gave it, or offered it, to Mary Shelley, that she turned away from the blackened thing, that he then gave it to Hunt, and that she subsequently asked for it again. Apparently Mary appealed to Byron, for Hunt wrote to her on August 17: "I am sorry after what I said to you last night, that you should have applied to Lord B. on this subject & in this manner. . . . With regard to Ld B. he has no right to bestow the heart, & I am sure pretends to none. If he told you that you should have it, it could only have been from his thinking I could more easily part with it than I can. I begged it at the funeral pile; I had it: & his Lordship who happened to be at a distance at the moment, knew nothing of the matter till it was in my possession." (*Letters of Mary W. Shelley*, I, 187 n.) Hunt finally did return the heart to Mary.

the relations of the partners were as yet by no means strained. Speaking of the new work in a letter to his sister-in-law on July 8, Hunt said: ". . . Lord B. enters into it with great ardour. . . . The title, I believe, will be the *Hesperides*. . . . You may announce the title at once, for I think it is certain. It is Lord Byron's own." "Before the first number appeared, however, the name had been changed to *The Liberal*, at whose suggestion is not known. Except for Byron's contributions—*The Vision of Judgment*, "A Letter to the Editor of 'My Grandmother's Review,'" and "Epigrams on Lord Castlereagh"—Hunt wrote most of the first number himself. Byron had hoped to get some contributions from Moore, both for Hunt's sake and his own, to counteract the criticisms of his English friends, who felt that he was damaging his reputation by entering this "Unholy Alliance" with "Cockneys." On August 27 he wrote to Moore: "Leigh Hunt is sweating articles for his new Journal; and both he and I think it somewhat shabby in *you* not to contribute." "

Probably in irritation at Moore's refusal, Byron suggested puckishly that Hunt turn Moore's *Loves of the Angels* into an exemplification of the joke in his article on "Rhyme and Reason," the point of which was a facetious proposal that modern versifiers omit all but their rhymes in future." From that time on, Hunt recalled, there was much banter between them concerning Moore. Byron continued the joke about Moore's poetry, which he called "Looks and Tones." Seeing that Hunt appreciated that type of wit at Moore's expense, he took delight in repeating it. "And then he would retreat a little, doubling himself up in his peculiar manner, and uttering a kind of goblin laugh, breathing and grinning, as if, instead of his handsome mouth, he had one like an ogre, from ear to ear. Then came the inevitable addition, —'But mind, you must not publish. You know I'm his *friend*.'" "

When Hunt expressed surprise one day at an account of Moore's devotion to good dinners, Byron exclaimed: "He! Why he finds out your bill of fare, and his countenance falls if it is not of the first order. . . . Do but give Tom a good dinner, and a lord . . . and he is at the top of his happiness. Oh . . . TOMMY *loves* a Lord!" "

But Byron was just as prone to utter such unmasked truths

about his other friends. In his letters to England he did not spare Hunt when annoyed or bored by him. Under provocation he was often quite as frank with Hunt himself, and Hunt was easily offended by the same kind of jocosity at his own expense.

On reading Hunt's later jaundiced account of their relationship, Teresa commented: "If Lord Byron appeared to be in good spirits, Hunt called him heartless; if he took a bath, a sybarite. If he tried to joke with him, he was guilty of the insufferable liberties that a great nobleman will allow himself with a poor man. If he presented Hunt with numerous copyrights, with the sole intention of helping him, it would only be because he lacked an editor. If he was charitable, it was out of ostentation." "

At the time, however, most of Hunt's resentments were suppressed, and on the surface life at the Casa Lanfranchi was smooth enough. But underneath, both these sensitive personalities were chafing. Hunt's touchiness, however, was only one of several sources of Byron's dissatisfaction with his present existence. The Gambas had taken a large house, the Casa Saluzzo," for him and his entourage in Genoa, or rather in the suburb of Albaro, but he had no idea of making that a permanent residence. Only escape from Italy, he felt, could save him from the narrowing existence which circumstances had forced upon him. Two possibilities seemed most enticing. He had not forgotten his dream of being an independent landholder in the New World. And the war for freedom in Greece offered an opportunity for some noble action in which he had long desired to test his capabilities. Toward the end of August he confessed to Moore:

"I had, and still have, thoughts of South America, but am fluctuating between it and Greece. I should have gone, long ago, to one of them, but for my liaison with the Countess G.; for love, in these days, is little compatible with glory. *She* would be delighted to go too; but I do not choose to expose her to a long voyage, and a residence in an unsettled country, where I shall probably take a part of some sort." "

This statement gives credence to Hunt's observation that a singular change took place in Teresa after he first met her, when she was animated and young-looking. "In the course of a few months," he said, "she seemed to have lived as many years. It

was most likely in that interval that she discovered she had no real hold on the affections of her companion.”ⁿ

But though the domesticated life he had been living with her had begun to bore him a little, Byron was still fond of Teresa. These schemes for escape no doubt accounted in part for his anxiety concerning his financial affairs on the eve of his departure from Pisa. On August 31 he wrote petulantly to Kinnaird:

“When *are* the rents paid? At what period & when am I to derive any proprietorship from the property? They are as rank a gang of sharpers as ever cheated.”ⁿ

It was not that Byron had any immediate need for cash or credit, for he reported to Kinnaird on September 11:

“I have in your bank, or in that of Messrs. Webb, Leghorn . . . better than four thousand pounds still, of which, supposing that I spend two thousand before January, there ought still to remain two thousand. *Total for 1823—*

Kirkby	£3168
My own	2715
From Murray	2100
Surplus of this year	2000
	9983” ⁿ

He assured his banker, “my avarice—or cupidity—is *not* selfish—for my *table* don’t cost four shillings a day—and except horses and helping all kinds of patriots—(I have long given up *costly* harlotry) I have no violent expences—but I want to get a sum together to go amongst the Greeks or Americans—and do some good—my great expense this year has been a Schooner which cost me a thousand pounds or better—”ⁿ

Despite his seeming parsimony, Byron could be generous in larger ways. Now that he was thinking of leaving Italy, he wanted to ensure Teresa some independence if he died in Greece or on some other foreign soil. On August 14 he had asked the Reverend Thomas Hall of Leghorn, who had looked after the lugubrious details of ordering the cremating machine and the boxes for the ashes of Shelley and Williams, to send Mr. Dunn to Pisa with stamped paper and a notary the following Saturday.”

But the new will was not written, for he soon discovered that the mere idea made Teresa hysterical, not only because she was hurt by the suggestion that the sacrifices she had made for him could be recompensed with money, but also because she could not bear to think of his dying before her."

Mary Shelley departed for Genoa on September 11 with Jane Williams, who on the 17th left for England. Byron and the Hunts were to follow shortly. Claire, still in Pisa, was preparing to join her brother in Vienna."

Almost all the Pisan circle was gone now, and Byron was alone with Teresa on the upper floor of his palace and with Hunt on the lower. Trelawny was at Leghorn. Something of Byron's old spirit of badinage was revived briefly by the return to Pisa of Medwin, who arrived two days after the cremation of Shelley and remained for ten days." Byron was just recovering from his fever and sunburn. "When I called," Medwin wrote, "I found him sitting in the garden under the shade of some orange-trees, with the Countess. They are now always together, and he is become quite domestic. He calls her *Piccinina*, and bestows on her all the pretty diminutive epithets that are so sweet in Italian. His kindness and attention to the Guiccioli have been invariable. A three years' constancy proves that he is not altogether so unmanageable by a sensible woman as might be supposed. . . . His spirits are good, except when he speaks of Shelley and Williams. He tells me he has not made one voyage in his yacht since their loss, and has taken a disgust to sailing."

Medwin did not connect Byron's eagerness to leave for America or Greece with any weariness in the domestic relation with Teresa, but neither Hunt nor Medwin saw the whole of Byron's character and motivations. His fondness, his kindness and attention, as observed by Medwin, were not a pose. Neither was the boredom observed by Hunt. Both feelings were genuine, and they made his inner conflict more poignant and the urge to escape more pressing and harder to indulge.

Medwin noted that Byron had become more indolent and had abandoned some of his spartan habits, while cultivating others to an extreme. "He has almost discontinued his rides on horseback, and has starved himself into an unnatural thinness; and

his digestion is become weaker. In order to keep up the stamina that he requires, he indulges somewhat too freely in wine, and in his favourite beverage, Hollands, of which he now drinks a pint almost every night.

"He said to me humorously enough—

"Why don't you drink, Medwin? Gin-and-water is the source of all my inspiration. If you were to drink as much as I do, you would write as good verses: depend on it, it is the true Hippocrene.'" "

While Byron was in the throes of his preparations for leaving Pisa, Hobhouse arrived in Milan with his two sisters and notified him of his presence in Italy. Byron replied: "I am in all the agonies of hiring feluccas, and packing furniture, &c, &c., for *Genoa* . . . and I have not a chair or table, and hardly a stool to sit on, besides the usual confusion attending such operations." "

Hobhouse arrived in Pisa on September 15. He had not seen Byron since they parted in Venice in January 1818. Teresa, whom Hobhouse had never seen, and whom he described condescendingly as "a tolerably good looking young woman," recalled Byron's reaction when Hobhouse was announced: "The slight shade of melancholy diffused over Lord Byron's face gave instant place to the liveliest joy; but it was so great, that it almost deprived him of strength. A fearful paleness came over his cheeks, and his eyes were filled with tears as he embraced his friend. His emotion was so great that he was forced to sit down." "

Although Byron had told Medwin: "Hobhouse is the oldest and the best friend I have," " it was difficult at first for them to get back on their old footing. The fact that Leigh Hunt joined them shortly did not help to decrease Hobhouse's stiffness, for he disapproved of Byron's alliance with Hunt, whom, he said, Byron described as "a legacy" left him by Shelley. At the end of the day he recorded: "I endeavoured to persuade Lord B. that he had better not engage in any such partnership and it appears Lord B. has managed to give up the scheme." "

As Byron was going for his ride, Hobhouse left him, noting: "He is much changed—his face fatter and the expression of it injured—For the rest I saw little difference—we were both a little formal." " It was perhaps during this visit that Byron turned

on Hobhouse suddenly and said: "Now, I know, Hobhouse, you are looking at my foot." Hobhouse, knowing his sensitivity, retorted: "My dear Byron, nobody thinks or looks at anything but your head." "After dinner he went again to see Byron and spent the whole evening. The ice began to thaw when they were alone together, and Byron told his old friend about his activities in the Carbonari in Ravenna, and much concerning his relationship with the Countess Guiccioli.

The next afternoon he and Hobhouse went riding together outside the city and were caught in a thunderstorm. They took shelter in a vineyard cottage, where, Hobhouse cryptically recorded, "an adventure occurred which gave me no high notion of the morals of the contadine." "After another day's ride and evening talk, Hobhouse recorded that "It seemed to us both that we had not been separated for more than a week—we talked over old times, & present times in the same strain as usual—B. told me he had been against me at my election at first because he knew nothing about the matter [;] now he was anti-Whig. He was much hurt at the late article against him in the Edinburgh Review—He also told him [me ?] that my letter to him against Cain had made him nearly mad. Me. Guiccioli confirmed this—but B confessed I was right—He read to me something against Wellington in some new cantos of Don Juan & he told me he has written against Castlereagh. I recommended him to be cautious how he touched on his death—He did not quite agree with me—Carvella called this day." "

This last sentence referred to the young Greek patriot Nicolas Karvellas, who with his brother had first visited Byron and Hobhouse at Diodati, and whom they had seen again in Milan and Venice. His presence at the moment no doubt stirred Byron's already growing interest in the Greek revolution and strengthened his desire to join the Greek forces. Karvellas fanned a fire that was already burning in Byron.

Trelawny observed: "The under-current of his mind was always drifting towards the East; he envied the free and independent manner in which Lady Hester Stanhope lived in Syria, and often reverted to it. He said he would have gone there if she had not forestalled him.

"Then his thoughts veered round to his early love, the Isles of Greece, and the revolution in that country—for before that time he never dreamt of donning the warrior's plume, though the peace-loving Shelley had suggested and I urged it." "

Among the "scherzi" of Byron's conversation, Hobhouse recorded the witticism that "Cain was right to kill Abel that he might not have the bore of passing 200 years with him." "

The evening of September 20, Hobhouse's last in Pisa, they talked until between one and two in the morning. Byron grew serious again. "He talks of coming to England in the spring—told me he wished I had not come to go so soon—we parted on most friendly terms, but during my whole visit I could see that we were not as before quite. We had two or three mutual accusations half in joke, & I tried to break to him that he should write less and not think the world cared so very much about his writing or himself. . . . He told me he found he had less feeling than usually in his younger days." "Despite these indications of the distance the years and varying experiences had put between them, Byron parted with his oldest friend with emotion. The next morning Hobhouse left for Florence, and Byron wrote to Kinnaid: ". . . these glimpses of old friends for a moment are sad remembrancers." " And then he turned to business.

Inspired partly by the desire to save money, and more perhaps by the feeling that he was being imposed on, he complained to Trelawny of the expense of maintaining the *Bolivar*: "In all 227 Scudi—I have paid it however but I trust that it will be the last of the kind—for I really cannot afford it—& would rather lay her up at once." "

Roberts, who had been busy salvaging some of the things found on the *Don Juan*, which had been raised and brought ashore, wrote to Trelawny that he had turned over most of these things to Byron, but, he said, "The letters, private papers, and Williams's journal, I left in charge of Hunt, as I saw there were many severe remarks on Ld. B."

"Ld. B. has found out that you left at Genoa some of the ballast of the 'Bolivar,' and he asked me to sell it for him. What a damned close calculating fellow he is. You are so bigoted in

his favour that I will say no more, only God defend me from ever having anything more to do with him."¹

When the actual time for moving came, Byron was not in a very happy mood. Everything had gone wrong and he felt old. The bust that Bartolini had finally completed was a great disappointment. He told Murray: ". . . it may be like for aught I know, as it exactly resembles a superannuated Jesuit."² Trelawny had agreed to convoy Byron and Hunt in the *Bolivar* on their half-aquatic journey. He was amused at the confusion that reigned at Byron's palace. "If the Casa Lanfranchi had been on fire at midnight it could not have been worse, nor I more pleased at escaping from it, as I did, under the plea of getting the flotilla ready at Leghorn."³

Byron left by land, in the Napoleonic coach that had carried him to Italy in 1816, accompanied by two other carriages. Hunt and his family came in another as far as Lerici,² and Byron's servants and freight in a felucca from Leghorn.³ Trelawny con-

¹ Trelawny: *Recollections*, p. 147. Roberts had another opportunity to observe what he considered Byron's miserliness when he dismissed two of the sailors on the *Bolivar* and made them turn in the clothes which had been furnished them. It was not, however, so much miserliness as irritation at their behavior which caused him to treat them thus. He wrote Roberts on September 29: "Frost behaved *dishonestly* to Mr. Trelawny and Bees *insolently* to myself, I therefore did not consider either of those persons entitled to any regard on my part." (Quoted, Morrison Sale, Sotheby's, Dec. 9, 1918.)

² Byron had delayed the moving and made other arrangements for Hunt when he found that the carriage he intended to hire for him would cost an exorbitant sum. He wrote to Hunt on September 15:

"I have decided to 'shame the rogues'—and stay a day longer. . . . For whatever money you want apply to Lega—I never have any about me—in pocket for I love it in a casket, but not in a purse. Pray do not deem this out of the way—for when I have occasion for a sixpence—I send after it to him—and he is [a] damned rascal." (Unpublished letter, Berg Collection, New York Public Library.)

On September 18 the Hunts moved to an inn while the packing went on at the Casa Lanfranchi. Mrs. Hunt wrote in her diary on that day: "This day rec[eive]d 80 crowns of Legare [Lega]." And the next day she wrote: "What a pity it is the good actions of *noblemen* are not done in a *noble manner*! Aye princely I would have them be. How Mr. Shelley knew how to do a favor! As *well* as my Henry. Actions really admirable, are often spoilt in the doing; from mere manner." (*Bulletin and Review of the Keats-Shelley Memorial*, No. 2, p. 72.)

tinued: ". . . as Byron never sold or gave away anything he had acquired, there was all the rubbish accumulated in the many years he had lived in Italy, besides his men, women, dogs, and monkeys, and all that was theirs. In the 'Bolivar' I had only a few things, such as plate, books, and papers; we put into Lerici, and there all met again. I took Hunt to the Villa Magni where Shelley had lived." ³

With his men, women, and animals, Byron proceeded more slowly. He had acquired three large geese, which he intended to eat on Michaelmas Day (September 29), "otherwise the year would be fatal." ³ These swung in a cage behind his carriage to complete the traveling menagerie. Teresa's father and brother joined the caravan at Lucca," and the whole party met the Hunts and Trelawny at Lerici. Trelawny recalled that "Byron came on board the 'Bolivar,' we had a sail and a swim. . . ." ³ Trelawny recognized that Byron was a good swimmer, but, as he seldom now had the opportunity to swim, he overexerted and suffered from it. Trelawny also observed how sensitive Byron was to being beaten, and, according to his own story, had the magnanimity to give in. It was probably at Lerici that the swimming contest occurred which Trelawny described elsewhere in his *Recollections*:

"He had a misgiving in his mind that I was trifling with him; and one day as we were on the shore, and the Bolivar at anchor, about three miles off, he insisted on our trying conclusions; we were to swim to the yacht, dine in the sea alongside of her, treading water the while, and then return to the shore. It was calm and hot, and seeing he would not be fobbed off, we started. I reached the boat a long time before he did; ordered the edibles to be ready, and floated until he arrived. We ate our fare leisurely, from off a grating that floated alongside, drank a bottle of ale, and I smoked a cigar, which he tried to extinguish,—as he never smoked. We then put about, and struck off towards the shore. We had not got a hundred yards on our passage, when he retched violently, and, as that is often followed by

³ Origo, p. 325. Teresa says that when it came time to kill the geese, Byron would not give the order, deciding to keep them, "to test the theory of their longevity."

cramp, I urged him to put his hand on my shoulder that I might tow him back to the schooner.

"Keep off, you villain, don't touch me. I'll drown ere I give in."

"I answered as Iago did to Roderigo,

"'A fig for drowning! drown cats and blind puppies.' I shall go on board and try the effects of a glass of grog to stay my stomach."

"Come on," he shouted, "I am always better after vomiting."

"With difficulty I deluded him back; I went on board, and he sat on the steps of the accommodation-ladder, with his feet in the water. I handed him a wine-glass of brandy, and screened him from the burning sun. He was in a sullen mood, but after a time resumed his usual tone. Nothing could induce him to be landed in the schooner's boat, though I protested I had had enough of the water.

"You may do as you like," he called out, and plumped in, and we swam on shore. . . . He was ill, and kept his bed for two days afterwards."

Byron's own account was that he was confined to his bed for four days "in 'the worst inn's worst room,' at Lerici, with a violent rheumatic and bilious attack, constipation, and the devil knows what: no physician, except a young fellow, who, however, was kind and cautious, and that's enough."

Trelawny said: "On my visiting him and questioning him as to his ailments, he said he was always 'bedevilled for a week after moving.'"

"No wonder," I answered, "if you always make such a dire commotion before it."

He asked Trelawny to look for a prescription in a medical book Murray had sent him.

"For what? what is your complaint?" I said, "How do you feel?"

"Feel! why just as that damned obstreperous fellow felt chained to a rock, the vultures gnawing my midriff, and vitals too, for I have no liver." As the spasms returned, he roared out, "I don't care for dying, but I cannot bear this! It's past joking, call Fletcher; give me something that will end it—or me! I can't stand it much longer."

"His valet brought some ether and laudanum, and we compounded a drench as prescribed in the book, with an outward application of hot towels, and other remedies. Luckily, the medico of Lerici was absent. . . ."

On the fifth day Byron was well enough to go on. To avoid the land journey over the rougher Apennines, they went by boat, Byron and Teresa in one, the Hunts in another, and Trelawny cutting along in the *Bolivar*. They landed at Sestri, about half the distance between Lerici and Genoa, from which they proceeded again in the carriages that had been brought on board the feluccas. Byron's spirits rose as they crossed the gulf. "The Sea revived me instantly," he wrote; "and I ate the Sailor's cold fish, and drank a Gallon of Country Wine, and got to Genoa the same night after landing at Sestri. . . ."

It was late at night when the carriage, with the cackling geese hanging in a cage behind, rolled into the yard of the palatial Casa Saluzzo on a hill in Albaro which commanded a fine view of the harbor of Genoa. Weary and still weak from his illness, Byron was beginning a new life in Italy, his fourth and last residence there.

Trelawny felt that something which had lifted Byron to the highest plane of his personality in Pisa had left him in this new environment. He said: "All that were now left of our Pisan circle established themselves at Albaro—Byron, Leigh Hunt, and Mrs. Shelley. I took up my quarters in the city of palaces. The fine spirit that had animated and held us together was gone! Left to our own devices, we degenerated apace. Shelley's solidity had checked Byron's flippancy, and induced him occasionally to act justly, and talk seriously; now he seemed more sordid and selfish than ever." But this was written many years later. It should be read in the light of Trelawny's subsequent relations with Byron in Greece and of his increasing hostility to him.

Another cynical observer, the spy Torelli, recorded in his diary when Byron left Pisa: "Lord Byron has finally decided to leave for Genoa. It is said that he is already sated or tired of his Favorite, the Guiccioli. He has, however, expressed his intention of not remaining in Genoa, but of going on to Athens in order to make himself adored by the Greeks. . . ."

CHAPTER XXVI

1822-1823

Genoa—Casa Saluzzo

THE CASA SALUZZO stood on a hill in the suburb of Albaro overlooking the city and the bay of Genoa. The back rooms looked out on a walled garden. It was a tall square stone building with a four-sided roof, a high-ceilinged drawing-room, and enough space so that the Gambas could have an apartment separate from Byron's though under the same roof." And for it he paid only £24 a year," an item of importance in his economizing mood. Fortunately, the Hunts were to share with Mary Shelley the forty-room Casa Negroto, in the same suburb but about a mile down the hill from Byron's palace, and Byron and Teresa were spared the strain of seeing daily the moral Marianne and her uninhibited children. Byron had proposed leaving the Hunts in Pisa, but Hunt, fearful of losing Byron's support for *The Liberal* as well as the availability of his patron's purse, insisted on following him to Genoa."

Shortly after arriving, Byron wrote Mary that he had purchased a sofa that had belonged to Shelley in Pisa. "I have a particular dislike to anything of Shelley's being within the same walls with Mrs. Hunt's children. They are dirtier and more mischievous than Yahoos. What they can't destroy with their filth they will with their fingers. . . .

"With regard to any difficulties about money, I can only repeat that I will be your banker till this state of things is cleared up, and you can see what is to be done; so there is little to hinder you on that score. . . . Poor Hunt, with his six little black-

guards, are coming slowly up; as usual he turned back once—was there ever such a *kraal* out of the Hottentot country.”ⁿ

Before he had been a week in his new house, Byron could announce to Murray that he had completed the tenth canto of *Don Juan* and had begun the eleventh. He had now carried *Don Juan* to England, and that gave him renewed enthusiasm for the poem. Despite his quarrel with Murray, he still hoped that some arrangement could be made for its publication. But Murray was already upset and chagrined by the order Byron had given to turn over his manuscripts to John Hunt, Leigh’s older brother, publisher of *The Liberal*, who had apparently taken some liberties at Murray’s on the authority of his new alliance with Byron.

In this situation Byron saw less of Hunt, and when he did it was at the Casa Saluzzo, where he would not have to exercise politeness or restraint in the presence of Mrs. Hunt and her children. Hunt could never quite strike the right note with Byron. He was either attempting to show his independence by some forced jocosity or familiarity, or he was too stiff and deferential. Hunt had recalled Shelley’s advice to address Byron by his title, but Byron was made more uneasy by Hunt’s return to formality than by his familiarities. “He was so annoyed one day at Genoa,” Hunt wrote, “at not succeeding in bantering me out of my epistolary proprieties, that he addressed me a letter beginning, ‘Dear Lord Hunt.’”ⁿ

In the first weeks in Genoa, however, both Byron and Hunt had tried to establish a cordiality which could not last. In the first place, Hunt attempted to cover his embarrassment in asking for money by a tactless mock-arrogance. On October 24 he wrote: “I must trouble you for another ‘cool hundred’ of your crowns, & shall speedily, I fear, come upon you for one more; after which, I trust, we shall have received good accounts of our ‘realizing,’ which will be followed by as good ones of my borrowing.”ⁿ

And when Byron addressed him on occasion as “My dear Leigh,”ⁿ Hunt could not resist descending to the bathos of familiarity: “You make me affectionate when you call me Leigh, & so I feel lady-like, & insist upon your coming to *my* house.”ⁿ

The first number of *The Liberal* was published on October 15. *The Vision of Judgment*, which appeared at the front of the periodical, had been published without the preface in which Byron gave his reasons for attacking Southey. Encouraged by the Hunts to think so, Byron was ready to believe that Murray had from malice or jealousy failed to deliver the preface when he turned over the manuscript of the poem to John Hunt. He wrote in anger to Murray: "If you have (as seems apparently to be the case) purposely kept back the preface to the *Vision*, I can only say that I know no words strong enough to express my sense of such conduct." "Two days later he followed this up with even more severe strictures on the publisher's conduct.

But before he mailed the letter he received one from Murray that once more dissolved his spleen. In the meantime, however, Murray had been deeply offended by a previous letter of Byron's and wrote to Kinnaid: ". . . I will not be the publisher of any work that is accompanied by a condition so degrading to my feeling & character as that contained in Lord Byron's Letter." "

This time Byron determined to be through with Murray for good as a publisher and to withdraw all his manuscripts, even those of *Werner* and *Heaven and Earth*, the publication of which had been delayed for some months. On October 31 he wrote to John Hunt making a tentative offer of the six new cantos of *Don Juan*, to be published separately, and the dramas, which might serve for *The Liberal*." And in his next letter he urged Kinnaid to get all his papers out of Murray's hands, except the Memoir, which Moore had sold him. "I am . . . not at all sorry to be rid of him, for he was a sad shuffler." "

Leigh Hunt rather gleefully told his brother: "Poor Murray is indeed in a deplorable state. . . . He writes to Lord B. how delighted he should be, if his Lordship would but be 'so nobly generous' as to let him publish works of his 'former glorious description' (admire the invincible impudence lurking at bottom of this adulation); and he adds, in another letter, *that he sits of a morning, for hours, looking at his Lordship's picture!* Imagine the languishing bookseller." "

Murray was not slow to let Byron know what was said of the new periodical and his connection with it in England. ". . .

never since I have been a publisher did I ever observe such a universal outcry as this work has occasioned and it is deemed to be no less dull than wickedly intended—finding all this attributed to you and moreover that you were accused of mercenary motives I felt it a duty that I owed to you to read that part of your letter in which you communicate the cause of—and your motives for contributing to this work to every gentleman who is in the habit of visiting at my house. . . . You see the result of being forced into contact w[ith] wretches who take for granted that every one must be as infamous as themselves—Really Lord Byron—it is dreadful to think of yr. association with such outcasts from Society. . . . Mr. Kinnaird sent me the 3 Cantos of Don Juan. . . .” I declare to you they were so outrageously shocking that I would not publish them if you were to give me your Estate—Title and Genius—For Heaven’s sake revise them—they are equal in talent to any thing you have written—it is therefore well worth while to extract what would shock the feeling of every man in the country and do your name everlasting injury—My company used to be courted for the pleasure of talking about you—it is totally the reverse now—and by a re-action even your former works are considerably deteriorated in sale. It is impossible for you to have a more purely attached friend than I am—My name is connected with your Fame and I beseech you to take care of it even for your sister’s sake—for we are in constant alarm but she should be deprived of her situation about Court—Do let us have your good humour again and put Juan in the tone of Beppo.”

Murray had not exaggerated the outcry at the publication of the first number of *The Liberal*, and particularly at *The Vision of Judgment*, which, though anonymous, was known to be Byron’s. *The Courier*, the paper which had published Southey’s scathing letter that caused Byron to send him a challenge, opened the attack: “This *scoundrel-like* publication has at length made its appearance.”

But Byron had heard such things said of him before, and he was not dismayed. After receiving Murray’s letter, Byron replied with considered firmness: “I shall withdraw from you as a pub-

lisher, on every account, even on your own, and I wish you good luck elsewhere. . . .”

But matters did not rest there, for the freedom Murray had taken in repeating to his visitors what Byron had said of Hunt soon caused more trouble between the partners in the new journal. Byron's strictures on Hunt, meant for Murray's private eye, came to John Hunt's son Henry, probably garbled, and he relayed them to his uncle, who was deeply hurt, despite the fact that he knew Byron was in general well disposed toward him and that he blamed Murray for the indiscretion. Byron confessed the major part of what he had told Murray. And poor Hunt had to make the best he could of the situation, for he was dependent on Byron's support in the periodical. With a sick wife and six children he could not afford to be too easily affronted. He could only guard his resentment.¹ For the present he had to minimize it even to his relatives in England.

But Byron never learned discretion. He continued to speak his mind about Hunt to Murray, for the habit of frankness had grown with his long residence in Italy, and, despite his quarrel with Murray and his general annoyance at the publisher's timidity and neglect of him, he could not but recognize that he had a closer understanding with Murray than with Hunt. He scolded Murray, but continued to write to him.

When news came shortly after that John Hunt was being prosecuted for publishing *The Vision of Judgment*,² Byron was quick to lay the blame at Murray's door, but at the same time he reiterated his feelings about Leigh Hunt. He upbraided Murray again for showing his letter about Hunt, but he added: “. . . I confess I did not see anything in the letter to hurt him, unless I said he was ‘a bore,’ which I don't remember. . . . As to any

¹ Hunt's stored-up resentments against Byron found expression in his *Lord Byron and Some of His Contemporaries*. In his *Autobiography*, written in his later life, Hunt admitted his jaundiced view in the earlier book and made partial amends for some of the harsh things he said there of Byron.

² The charge against John Hunt, brought by Charles Murray of Bridge Street, an officer of The Constitutional Association, was that of publishing a “gross, impious, and slanderous” libel on George III “calculated to destroy the comfort and happiness of his present Majesty.”

community of feeling, thought, or opinion, between L.H. and me, there is little or none: we meet rarely, hardly ever; but I think him a good principled and able man, and must do as I would be done by. . . . Alas! poor Shelley! how he would have laughed had he lived, and how we used to laugh now and then, at various things, which are grave in the Suburbs!

"You are all mistaken about Shelley. You do not know how mild, how tolerant, how good he was in Society; and as perfect a Gentleman as ever crossed a drawing-room, when he liked, and where he liked."

It was no doubt the memory of Shelley that governed Byron's kindness to Mary, for he had little in common with her. To give her employment in her precarious financial situation, he had hired her to make clean copies of some of the new cantos of *Don Juan*. And at her request, Byron had asked Hanson to get in touch with Sir Timothy Shelley's solicitor with a view to securing some provision for the maintenance of Mary and her son." He also sent part of his poetic drama, *The Deformed Transformed*, for her to copy, a task she found agreeable."

When Mary called on Byron shortly after he arrived in Genoa, his voice charmed her, reviving memories of another voice that was stilled, and particularly of their happy association on the Lake of Geneva. She wrote in her journal:

"October 19. . . . I do not think that any person's voice has the same power of awakening melancholy in me as Albè's. . . . when Albè speaks and Shelley does not answer, it is as thunder without rain . . . and I listen with an unspeakable melancholy that yet is not all pain." "And yet Mary confessed to Maria Gisborne that Byron "seldom speaks to me of him [Shelley] without unwittingly wounding & torturing me." "

Mary found it difficult to live with the Hunts; even in so large a house, she was thrown with them more than she could have wished. Though she knew that Hunt did not like her, however, she was quick to take up her pen in his behalf when there was danger of a quarrel between him and Byron.

Byron was chary of using the word "friend" in reference to Hunt, either publicly or privately, much as he might respect his character and literary merit. It was a term to which he attached

a particular significance. He wrote Mary: "As to friendship, it is a propensity in which my genius is very limited. I do not know the *male* human being except Lord Clare, the friend of my infancy, for whom I feel any thing that deserves the name. All my others are men-of-the-world friendships. I did not even feel it for Shelley, however much I admired and esteemed him; so that you see not even vanity could bribe me into it, for, of all men, Shelley thought highest of my talents,—and, perhaps, of my disposition."³

Trelawny had reported on November 1 that Byron was in debt for the expenses of the schooner *Bolivar* "somewhat above 70 *Spanish dollars*," but expressed the hope that since he had heard that *The Liberal* was making a great stir in London, on the strength of what would be realized from it "you may keep us afloat."⁴ But when he found that Byron was not so sanguine about any returns from that source and that he was chafing about the expense of the boat, which he had scarcely used, Trelawny had the captain of the arsenal put her up for the winter and sent the sails and spars on shore for safekeeping.

Byron's anxiety about money filled his letters to Kinnaird through the summer and autumn. After his quarrel with Murray, his hopes for a considerable sum from the new cantos of *Don Juan* had faded. By the end of the year he still had £3,300, saved out of the year's income. "I am living very economically," he told Kinnaird, "have sold five horses, retain four, have laid up my Schooner in the Arsenal, and dismissed some superfluous servants." He calculated that with the £6,465 estimated from the Noel estate and the funds for 1823, he would have nine or ten thousand pounds by the end of the next year. "I will do my best to live on a thousand or twelve hundred pounds per annum, till I have realized. My present ordinary expences do not amount to half that sum. . . . Send me a *good Cocker*, or the best simplifier of Arithmetic. I cast up my household accounts, & settle them daily myself, and you cannot imagine the difference."⁵

³ *LJ*, VI, 175. In this definition Byron seems to equate friendship with the youthful "passion" he felt for some of his school friends. It was not in the same category as his intellectual comradeship with Hobhouse; it was the friendship of Childe Harold rather than that of Don Juan.

Having observed Byron's miserly habits at this time, Trelawny later recalled: "His plea for hoarding was that he might have a good round tangible sum of current coin to aid him in any emergency, as 'money,' he observed, 'is the only true and constant friend a wise man puts his trust in. I can now raise nine or ten thousand, and with that I can buy an island in the Greek Archipelago, or a principality of auriferous soil in Chili or Peru. . . .' I urged him on, for I was bent on travel and willing to go anywhere. He exhausted himself in planning, projecting, beginning, wishing, intending, postponing, regretting, and doing nothing. . . ." "

And so Trelawny started out on horseback for the hunting expedition in the Maremma on which he had intended to accompany Roberts when he first came to Italy." Through the autumn Byron was drifting in even more speculations, plans, and currents than Trelawny had imagined. And yet he was not idle. Don Juan in England absorbed his interest and he turned out the cantos rapidly after arriving in Genoa. The twelfth canto, which he had finished by December 9, began with some stanzas which reflected his current mood:

*Love lingers still, although 't were late to wive:
And as for other love, the illusion's o'er. . . .*

*O Gold! Why call we misers miserable?
Theirs is the pleasure that can never pall. . . ."*

The autumn weather in Genoa had not been as mild as that in Pisa. The first warning of it was a violent storm early in November which Byron described with amused detachment in a letter of November 7 to Augusta. In a bantering tone he continued: "I have also had a love-letter from *Pimlico*, from a lady whom I never saw in my life, for having written 'Don Juan' . . . Do you remember Constantia and Echo and la *Swissesse* and all my other *inamorati*? when I was 'gentle and juvenile, curly and gay,' and was myself in love with a certain silly person. . . ." But I have grown very good now, and think all such things vanities—which is a very proper opinion at thirty-four." "

Apparently after arriving in Genoa Byron had invited Augusta to join him somewhere in Italy or perhaps France. On Decem-

ber 22 he wrote her again: "You will have time to think of the project by spring, and can then decide as you please. You must not believe the nonsense about the Hunts residing with me . . . and if you came to Nice, and I went there, they would be probably in Tuscany: at any rate, not near me." "

During the autumn Byron was reminded of England by two visitors to Genoa. One was the silly and eccentric James Wedderburn Webster, with whose wife Lady Frances, now separated from him, Byron had flirted in 1813. Byron wrote to Hobhouse: "I saw little change in him, except that his countenance rather more resembled his *backside* . . . than heretofore; and that he had gotten a new wig, and says he means to marry, having a wife living, from whom he cannot get divorced." "

It happened that Webster was paying a persistent and unwished-for court to Lady Hardy, wife of Nelson's Admiral Hardy." It was she, and not Byron, who had attracted him to Genoa. She too paid her respects to Byron, having met him in London in 1814. He was delighted to meet again an amiable and intelligent English woman with whom he could associate on an equal plane without the necessity of making love.

Apparently Lady Hardy confided to Byron something of the ludicrous suit which Webster was forcing on her, for after her departure Byron wrote: "He is gone post to Leghorn in pursuit of you, having (I presume in consequence of your disappearance) actually (no jest I assure you) advertised for an 'agreeable companion in a post chaise' in the Genoa Gazette. . . . I have always laid it down as a maxim—and found it justified by experience—that a man and woman can make far better friendships than can exist between two of the same sex, but *then* with this condition that they never have made or are to make love with each other. . . . Indeed I rather look on love as a sort of hostile transaction, very necessary to make or to break in order to keep the world a-going, but by no means a sinecure to the parties concerned. Now, as *my* Love perils are I believe pretty well over and yours by all accounts are never to begin, we shall be the best friends imaginable. . . ." "

Byron's frankness to and about Webster was no doubt aggravated by the Chevalier's tactlessness. Trelawny, who was present

when Webster called on Byron, recalled his saying: "‘Byron, how well you are looking!’ If he had stopped there it had been well, but when he added, ‘You are getting fat,’ Byron’s brow reddened, and his eyes flashed—‘Do you call getting fat looking well, as if I were a hog?’ and, turning to me, he muttered, ‘The beast, I can hardly keep my hands off him.’”

Webster’s frank comments may in part have accounted for the thinning regime Byron followed rather strictly during the autumn and winter. He was forced to watch his diet carefully also because he was still suffering from aftereffects of his illness at Lerici. He continued to ride when he could, for he always felt exhilarated on horseback, but the weather remained cold and disagreeable.

It was a rather dreary winter in the stone house with its high ceilings and cold floors. Byron dined occasionally with Mr. Hill, the British Envoy, who, according to Lady Blessington, was "very partial to Lord Byron; but complains that he cannot induce him to dine with him above once in four or five months." A more congenial companion, on whom Byron leaned heavily for both sociability and business arrangements as the months passed, as he frequently did on his bankers (*vide* Hentsch in Geneva), was Charles F. Barry, the Genoa partner of Webb & Co., with whom he had banked in Leghorn. Occasional visitors, sent to him by friends, were usually boresome to him, for he hated meeting new people, strangers with whom he had nothing in common.

His relations with Teresa were not strained, but she must have sensed a certain aloofness in him that gave her occasional pain. She did not intrude upon him except by invitation, and he preferred to eat alone, especially when he was dieting. The two households were as separate as if they had lived in different houses. When the weather permitted, they walked together in the garden, where their conversation might be interrupted by the cackling geese.

Occasionally they would wander beyond the confines of the garden wall, though walking was always painful to Byron. "Once, at Genoa," Teresa recalled, "he walked down the hill of Albaro to the sea-side with me, by a rugged and rough path. When we had reached the shore he was very well and lively.

But it was an exceedingly hot day, and the return home fatigued him greatly. When home I told him I thought he looked ill. 'Yes,' said he, 'I suffer greatly from my foot; it can hardly be conceived how much I suffer at times from that pain,' and he continued to speak to me about this defect with great simplicity and indifference." "

There may have been times when Teresa could have wished for a more active life. She was still only twenty-three, but her Byron was nearing thirty-five, and in experience felt himself seventy. Teresa had made her choice, however, and was not sorry for it. She fitted herself into his routine and saw him when he wished, usually for an hour or two in the evening. She even made a virtue of his life of habit.

But it seemed that some fate was always disturbing the equanimity of Byron's existence. In December he was upset by the gossip about the funeral of Allegra which had got into the papers in London, and which, in his irritation with Murray, he was willing to believe the publisher had allowed to be spread. The *Morning Herald* reported that "a Noble Exile, of great poetical fame. . . . consigned, from Italy, to a certain Bibliopolist in London, three cases, in which were preserved the heart, the intestines, and the body of an infant, dear to his lordship, with a request that their remains should be deposited in Harrow church. . . . The most extraordinary injunction was, that the *hic jacet* should be placed on the wall, in the front of, and immediately opposite to a pew, which is regularly frequented by the Lady of the Poet." "

In great indignation Byron wrote to Murray to upbraid him for "the calumnies you have allowed to circulate in the papers on the subject of the funeral of Allegra. You *knew* and *know* how desirous I was that the funeral might be private, and you also knew, or might have known, that I had not the most distant idea that Lady B. was a frequenter of Harrow Church, and, to say the truth, though I have no reason to believe her a woman of much feeling, I should have thought it the last place she should have frequented, as every part of Harrow must have reminded her of one whom it had been better she should forget. However, had I known it, the infant would not have been buried there,

nor would *I* myself (though it is the spot where I once and long wished to have had my ashes laid) now rest in my grave, if I thought this woman was to trample on it. It is enough that she has partly dug it.”ⁿ

In the meantime, despite his near quarrel with Byron, Hunt had sent off early in December the copy for the second number of *The Liberal*. He was not yet sure what Byron’s contributions would be, aside from his translation of the *Morgante Maggiore* of Pulci, which Byron insisted should be printed with the Italian on the opposite page, to show how closely he had followed the text. Byron had ordered Murray to deliver all manuscripts still in his hands to John Hunt, but that wily publisher, who wished if possible to outwit John Hunt, had held back because he feared that in *Heaven and Earth* he would have another *Cain* on his hands, and then printed seven thousand copies of *Werner* alone. He had already printed two thousand copies of the two poems together, as Byron had requested, but he sacrificed these and let Kinnaird turn the more dangerous poem over to Hunt for *The Liberal*.ⁿ On November 22, Kinnaird reported: “This day *Werner* is out. Murray has a Sale, & a Dinner, & ere this has probably sold some thousand Copies.”ⁿ Four days later he wrote again: “Murray—whom I saw yesterday—says he has sold Six Thousand Copies of *Werner*.”ⁿ

Byron was indifferent—at least he would get some money eventually from Murray, while it was doubtful that he would get anything if he gave the drama to *The Liberal*. Before the end of the year Byron had reluctantly committed *Don Juan* to John Hunt, but Leigh cautioned his brother “against being over sanguine or taking any things whatsoever, for granted, in any connexion you may have with him. . . . I still believe his actual disposition to be as good, as his talents are undoubted. . . . Lord B. by the bye said to me the other day that he did not mean to call upon us for his money in the *Liberal*, till we had realized a good deal. . . .”ⁿ

Murray had been tactless enough to send Byron a copy of the *Quarterly Review* containing an article on his dramas, in which the writer (Bishop Heber) condemned *Don Juan* as more wicked than *Cain*.ⁿ Byron replied to Murray: “*Don Juan* will be

known by and bye, for what it is intended,—a *Satire* on *abuses* of the present states of Society, and not an eulogy of vice: it may be now and then voluptuous: I can't help that.”ⁿ

While Byron tried to maintain a correct and friendly attitude toward the Hunts, he unburdened himself more frankly to Hobhouse: “Henry Hunt⁴ is out of prison, and John Hunt is in a fair way of going into it, by what I hear; all you predicted has come to pass. I have gotten myself into a scrape with the very best intentions (*i.e.*, to do good to those Sunday paper patriots).”ⁿ

His discontent was increased by the fact that his health did not improve. “I have within this last month,” he told Kinnaird on December 19, “had eruptions, and the devil knows what besides. . . . I should think that it was the itch, but that it don't infect anybody, and I might think that it was something else, were it not for the same reason. I am as temperate as an Anchorite, but I suspect that temperance is a more effective medicine at twenty, than at thirty, and—almost five.”ⁿ

To cap his annoyances, at the end of the year Byron received a disturbing letter stirring up a part of his past that he had wished to forget. Mrs. Mason (Lady Mountcashell), the friend of the Shelleys in Pisa, who had taken a particular interest in Claire Clairmont and encouraged her wild schemes to recover Allegra, had recently learned that Claire had lost her place in Vienna because of rumors connected with her past.

At this point Lady Mountcashell conceived the notion of appealing to Byron for some support for Claire. She wrote him on December 28 from Pisa: “Your Lordship intended to make a provision for the Child, of which a small part would redeem your honour, by giving sufficient independence to the Mother, whose claim on you is undeniable—I am aware that you have had cause of irritation; but surely a mind like yours must soon forget such offences. . . .”ⁿ

Byron, never reasonable on the subject of Claire, could not resist addressing some caustic remarks to this meddlesome

⁴ Byron referred to “Orator Hunt,” the radical demagogue who had been imprisoned for inciting the populace to riot at the time of the Peterloo Massacre.

woman, nor could he resist telling Mary Shelley about it. But he had, it seems, some twinges of conscience. Mary wrote to Jane Williams on January 12: "L[ord] B[yrone] has complied with her request—he has not yet I believe made up his mind as to the amount, but by this means she will be put out of the fea[r of] want. . . ."

But Mary had spoken too soon. Mrs. Mason's further entreaties on Claire's behalf only aggravated Byron's feelings against her. The thought of encouraging any correspondence with Claire, or bringing on himself unwanted gratitude from that quarter, was too much for him. Moreover, the tone of Mrs. Mason's appeal to his "better nature" and her emphasis on his obligations and duties rubbed him the wrong way. Yet he felt that he must explain his position to this stranger who had volunteered to be his conscience. He wrote her a long letter upon which Mrs. Mason later commented to Mary: "as to Lord B.—You know that I have reason to know him tolerably well—he sent me his picture in 8 or 9 pages. . . ."

After sending fifteen napoleons to Claire, Mary wrote to Jane Williams in February: "He [Byron] salves it over to his own conscience I believe (& for the sake of human nature, I trust) with the idea of repaying me when I want it—& of that he has made frequent offers—but it will be a peculiar & most temporary necessity indeed that would make me *borrow* from him—For there after all is the string—it is a loan to me, a gift to C—" "

Byron was no doubt unaware of Mary's feeling about him, for he believed he had taken care to do her service in every way possible. He probably thought she understood his desire not to act directly in anything involving Claire. His readiness to reimburse her seemed to him sufficient evidence of his generosity. He was aware that she would be in possession of an income equal to if not exceeding his own on the death of Sir Timothy Shelley. In the meantime, he was willing to supply her with whatever funds she needed; he would not lay a burden upon her independence by offering her money except in the guise of a loan. And certainly he would not have pressed her more than he had numerous other friends to whom he had given money in the past, or than he did Hunt.

It may be that the psychological crux of Mary's pique, the unacknowledged basis of her feeling that Byron was "heartless," was that in her deepest being she wished that he might have been to her something more than a friend. This may account for the somewhat condescending pity with which she viewed Byron's enslavement to Teresa. Mary wrote to Jane Williams in December: "He is kept in excellent order, quarrelled with & hen pecked to his heart's content." " Perhaps if Mary had had less of this feeling she would have been more willing to call on Byron for help and less touchy concerning the manner in which it was offered. Certainly her letters to him were in a quite different tone from the occasional complaints in her correspondence with Jane Williams.

Mary sought Byron's sympathy and advice when Sir Timothy expressed a willingness to provide for Shelley's child only if it were separated from its mother." Byron immediately offered her whatever money she would require if she found it necessary to go to England. And he gave her some advice which upset her considerably, but even in writing to Jane Williams she did not blame him. He counselled her to accept Sir Timothy's proposal about the child. She confessed to Jane: ". . . I literally withered under the idea that one so near me should advise me to a mode of conduct which appeared little short of madness & nothing short of death." "

But Byron had other things to think of than Mary Shelley, whose slightly prim character often rubbed him the wrong way. He had enough to do to keep Teresa on an even keel and moderately satisfied. When he went out at night she worried about him and he wrote her reassuring notes on his return. Byron was, he felt, not less loyal or devoted, but the cooling fires of middle age left him little ardor. His thirty-fifth birthday brought only sobering reflections and was attended by illness and abstinence. When Teresa's younger sister Carolina died suddenly in Ravenna, instead of rushing to the bereaved Teresa, Byron sent her a rather conventional note of condolence—he could not stand her tears."

If Byron thought wistfully from time to time of past pleasures, he was rather glad than sorry that the drive to indulgence

had largely left him. On the 18th, four days before his thirty-fifth birthday, he wrote to Kinnaid: "I always looked to about thirty as the barrier of any real or fierce delight in the passions, and determined to work them out in the younger ore and better veins of the mine, and I flatter myself (perhaps) that I have pretty well done so, and now the *dross* is coming and I *loves lucre*. For we must love something. At least if I have not quite worked out the others, it is not for want of labouring hard to do so." "

Dr. James Alexander, the English physician, who, according to his own account, used for a long time to visit Byron every other day, noted the poet's disconsolate and melancholy temper during the winter. His morbid sensitiveness to his lameness had never subsided, and in his unsettled state of mind it added to his touchiness. Once at the British Consul's in Genoa, Byron had stretched out his legs, placing his lame foot uppermost. But when Dr. Alexander happened to glance at it, Byron's face flushed and his eyes gleamed with irritation as he withdrew the foot. But at another time he confided in the Doctor and discussed his own deformity, saying: "That foot has been the bane of my life." He also told Dr. Alexander that he had once gone to London, probably while he was a boy at Harrow, to have his foot amputated, but the surgeon refused to perform the operation and he gave up the idea.

Perhaps it was only a romantic gesture which caused him to ask one day: "Which is the best and quickest poison?" But Dr. Alexander observed Byron's deep-seated dissatisfaction with his life, which the doctor believed to be rooted in a physical cause, his inactivity. Byron used to say that "a man ought to do something more for mankind than write verses." "

Adding to his general causes for discontent, his affairs in England were going wrong once more. Negotiations for the sale of the unlitigated part of the Rochdale property seemed to be coming to naught. And his earnings from his pen, which had averaged as much as £2,500 a year since he had been abroad, had now vanished, though he continued to write. In January, Leigh Hunt was preparing the third number of the periodical, and Byron tried to supply him some material for it.

On the 10th he wrote: "I have sent to Mrs. S[helley], for the benefit of being copied—a poem of about seven hundred and fifty lines high—the Age of Bronze—or Carmen Seculare et Annus mirabilis. . . . It is calculated for the reading part of the Million—being all on politics &c. &c. &c. and a review of the day in general—in my early English Bards style—but a little more stilted and somewhat too full of 'epithets of war' and classical & historical allusions." ⁿ Shortly after, Byron began another poetic drama, *The Island; or, Christian and his Comrades*, based on accounts he had read of the mutiny on the *Bounty*, and savoring of his earlier romantic tales.

Byron was already wishing that he could in some honorable way withdraw from *The Liberal* when he received from Thomas Moore a letter which served to stir up still further his dissatisfaction with the unhappy alliance. Moore said: "I would *not* become a partner in this sort of miscellaneous '*pot au feu*,' where the bad flavour of one ingredient is sure to taint all the rest. I would be, if I were *you*, alone, single-handed, and, as such, invincible." ⁿ

But, much as he would have wished to cut the tie, Byron could not help seeing Hunt's helpless situation. He replied to Moore: "You would not have had me leave him in the street with his family, would you?" ⁿ

Nevertheless, Moore's words did take root in Byron's mind, and only a week later he wrote to Kinnaird, who had warned him that he had heard no good of *The Liberal*: "As to the D[on] J[uan]'s, they must be published and take their chance. I wish the 'Age of Bronze' to be published *alone* and *immediately*, and on *no* account to go into 'the Liberal.' . . . I wish also that you would state to Mr. J.H. that as long as I thought 'the Liberal' could be of service to him and to his brother, I was happy to conduce to it, though I *opposed* it from the beginning, knowing how it would end, but that as it answers little to them, and is highly injurious to me in every way, I wish to retire from it." ⁿ

The Hunts were not easily convinced by this rationalization, for they still believed that the journal could not stand without Byron's contributions. Even if he was attacked, he was read.

But in sending John Hunt "The Blues" for the next number, Byron pursued the same argument: "I still retain my opinion that my connection with the work will tend to any thing but its success." "

John Hunt saw that *The Liberal* was doomed and that all he could hope for was to salvage what he could from the works Byron permitted him to publish. He then proposed what Byron had before suggested, a "*Literary Companion*" to the *Examiner*, and added: "My belief is, that such an undertaking would succeed—and if your Lordship could now and then favour it with an article from your 'unpopular' pen, I should have no doubt of its success." He proposed publishing three thousand copies of the forthcoming *Liberal*." Two weeks later Hunt reported: "There are scarcely any left of the 500 copies last printed of the *Age of Bronze*, and another 500 will therefore be struck off, which will make 3000." "

But Byron's opinion was not changed, either of his own unpopularity or of the desirability of parting with the Hunts as soon as that was practicable and would not work them a real injury. He wrote to Moore: "I really act upon principle in this matter, for we have nothing much in common; and I cannot describe to you the despairing sensation of trying to do something for a man who seems incapable or unwilling to do any thing further for himself,—at least, to the purpose. It is like pulling a man out of a river who directly throws himself in again." "

But Hunt, like Mrs. Shelley, persisted in staying in Italy, and while they were there Byron could not help feeling responsible for them. However philosophically hardheaded he might be, there was a softness in his nature which was forever getting him involved in the lives of others. During the winter Wedderburn Webster had returned to Genoa. Having failed in his pursuit of Lady Hardy, Webster was bent on a reconciliation with his wife, who remained at Paris with her children. Byron regarded his friend's ludicrous libertinism flavored with sentiment with mingled cynicism and kindly tolerance. It was ironic that Byron should be called upon as mediator, but he acquiesced and entered into the business with all the tact he could muster. A



» THE PALAZZO GUICCIOLI, RAVENNA



melancholy recollection of his own flirtation with the lady in his youth spurred him on to this doubtful service to his old friend. A picture of Lady Frances which Webster showed him made him aware that sad changes had affected her features."

Lady Frances, however, still looked upon Byron as the chivalric hero she had always conceived him to be since he had "spared" her in 1813. As she wrote, her sentiments grew warmer toward Byron than toward her husband. Byron ignored her flattery and replied with seriousness and frankness. But, as he had anticipated, his efforts were unavailing. The unpredictable Webster was back in Genoa in March, but soon left again. His subsequent escapades Byron described to Lady Hardy some weeks later: "Your Chevalier whom you do not again allude to, has not closed his career yet. He has been to Paris, ran away with one of his wife's children (by mistake it is supposed for one of his own), has been taken by the police. . . . I endorsed two bills for him here to enable him to get away. My banker here says that they were protested by his banker and of course I have had to pay them. All this has somewhat stirred my meekness."

The routine of Byron's life was interrupted only occasionally by conviviality, and when it was he usually regretted it, for in his skeleton-thinness he could not stand much strain upon his constitution. He was content to spend his evenings at his desk. By the end of March he had finished and sent to Kinnaird the fifteenth canto of *Don Juan*, making ten new ones in all, which he stipulated were to be published immediately. "I care nothing for what may be the consequence, critical or otherwise. All the bullies on earth shall not prevent me from writing what I like, or publishing what I write, 'coute qui coute.' " "

On March 31, Byron had an English visitor who delighted him and recalled the many happy hours he had spent at Holland House in his days of fame. "I have . . . seen Henry Fox, Lord Holland's son," he wrote Moore on April 2, "whom I had not looked upon since I left him a pretty, mild boy. . . . I always liked that boy—perhaps, in part, from some resemblance in the less fortunate part of our destinies—I mean, to avoid mistakes, his lameness. But there is this difference, that *he* appears a halting angel, who has tripped against a star; whilst I am *Le Diable*

Boiteux,—a soubriquet, which I marvel that, amongst their various *nominis umbræ*, the Orthodox have not hit upon.”⁴

Byron “talked a great deal about Lady Byron,” Fox recorded, “and asked if I knew anything about her or the child. He said it was an odd fact, and perhaps one I should not believe, but that his recollection of her face is so imperfect that he is not sure he should know her again.” Fox concluded: “The tones of his voice are as beautiful as ever, and I am not surprized at any woman falling in love with him.”⁵

Some other English visitors arrived in Genoa about the same time as Henry Fox, but stayed much longer and succeeded in stirring Byron from the lethargic routine into which he had fallen during the winter. These were “the most gorgeous Lady Blessington,” née Margaret Power, and her train, consisting of her husband, the wealthy dilettante Earl of Blessington, her sister Mary Ann Power, and their handsome young friend and traveling companion, the Count D’Orsay. The Countess, a year younger than Byron, was in the prime of her life. Without apparent warping of her personality, she had triumphed over

⁵ *The Journal of the Hon. Henry Edward Fox*, ed. by the Earl of Ilchester, pp. 161-3. It is probable that Fox saw Byron only the one time that he records in his journal. By April 4 he was in Pisa. He did not apparently see the Countess Guiccioli on that occasion, but the following year he met her in Rome, after Byron’s death, when she was attempting to recapture something of her lost youth. On December 30, 1824, he wrote in his journal: “Dined with Lady Davy to meet the Guiccioli, Lord Byron’s mistress. She is coarse, and far from being, to my taste, the least attractive. Her hair is nearly red, her figure squat, and her eyes have no expression but what with study and affectation she contrives to throw into them. Her manner of articulating English is agreeable, and those who know her say she is no fool, although she looks so.” (Fox: *Journal*, p. 202.)

This was Teresa as she seemed to a young and cynical Englishman. But this “halting angel” appealed to her, probably because he resembled Byron both in his lameness and in his hauteur. Soon he was taking “sentimental walks” with Teresa, and he confessed to his journal: “I was not prepared for the extreme facility of the conquest, which (such is the perverseness of one’s nature) scarcely gave me pleasure. She is too gross and too carnal. . . . She tries and believes she is in love for a short time, but it is alarming when she talks and expects a constancy of five years. She has a pretty voice, pretty eyes, white skin, and strong, not to say *turbulent* passions. (Fox: *Journal*, pp. 214-15.) Within a few weeks he was writing: “With T.G. I had various quarrels and hysterics: she is jealous and exigeante and troublesome. Poor Ld Byron! I do not wonder at his going to Greece.” (Fox: *Journal*, p. 216.)

the poverty and brutalizing environment of her childhood and early youth, and by sheer beauty, grace, and intellectual charm had won a place in London society that made her house at 10 St. James's Square a rival of Holland House in drawing men of ability and wit. The painter Lawrence had heightened his own fame with a portrait of her that was the sensation of the Royal Academy Exhibition of 1821. The portrait had given currency to the phrase "most gorgeous," first applied to her by the famous Dr. Parr, one of the frequenters of the Blessington salon."

Her personality is perhaps best understood if one accepts the supposition of her biographer, Michael Sadleir, that the horrible experience of her early marriage in Ireland to Captain Farmer, to whom her father literally sold her at the age of fifteen, "permanently diverted her sexual impulses into another channel."⁶ But, whatever the effect of this experience had been, it did not detract from her feminine sensibilities, but rather heightened her perceptions and sympathies, while the energies that other beautiful women spent in coquetry she devoted to intellectual pursuits and a detached but not cold observation of life and character. She was not devoid of sentiment, and could even indulge in very feminine tears, but on the whole she was a "man's woman," interested in and capable of understanding matters which chiefly concerned men, particularly men of parts and artistic bent.

It is not surprising, then, that Lady Blessington should have made an impression on Byron, greater perhaps than he would admit, the more so because, despite her humble origin, she had developed in a few years, aided by the wealth and indulgence of Lord Blessington, an aristocratic bearing less self-conscious than Byron's own. He, for his part, could look upon her with

⁶ Michael Sadleir: *The Strange Life of Lady Blessington*, p. 11. Three years after Margaret Power had escaped from Farmer, she was rescued from her drunken father by an easygoing Englishman, Captain Thomas Jenkins, in whose house she lived in Hampshire until the Earl of Blessington discovered her in 1816. It is impossible to know the nature of her relations with Jenkins, but the Earl found him amiably disposed to accept £10,000 for what he had spent on her during their cohabitation. And when Farmer accommodately died, Lord Blessington made her his Countess.

disinterested and unpossessive eyes, for he had passed by another road beyond the need for sexual excitement in a woman, by the route of overindulgence and premature emotional age. And yet he was always attracted by beauty. When it was combined with acute perceptions and womanly warmth without demands upon him, he found it fascinating.

Lord Blessington too he soon came to value for his own sake as well as milady's. Byron had known him slightly in London, but now found him something more than a mere dilettante, for he had taste and judgment and sensitivity.

As for Count Alfred D'Orsay, he had just the qualities of the beautiful boy (he was in his twenty-second year) and of the unaffected dandy to please Byron. Despite the eyebrows that were lifted at the *ménage à trois*, it is probable that the friendship between D'Orsay and Lady Blessington, which continued throughout her life, was as Platonic on Alfred's side as on hers. It is perhaps significant that Byron, who had put horns on a number of husbands and was quick to perceive the situation, did not see any on the Earl.

The "Blessington Circus," as one observer dubbed the elaborate and expensive traveling caravan of the party—even more impressive than Byron's Napoleonic carriage and vast cortege of servants and animals—had covered much of the Continent from Paris to Vienna before descending at the Alberga della Villa at Genoa. On the evening before they arrived Lady Blessington had recorded in her diary: "Desirous as I am to see 'Genoa the Superb,' with its street of palaces, and the treasures of art they contain, I confess that its being the residence of Lord Byron gives it a still greater attraction for me."

They entered the city the night of March 31, and the next day the whole party drove to Albaro and presented themselves at the gate of the Casa Saluzzo. Byron was on his best behavior. While his desire to please was sincere, his manners were over-elaborate and ceremonious. Once the punctilio of the greetings was over and he relaxed into conversational ease, Lady Blessington was disappointed. She had looked for Childe Harold or the Corsair, reserved, haughty, and melancholy; "but nothing can be more different," she concluded; "for were I to point out the

prominent defect of Lord Byron, I should say it was flippancy, and a total want of that natural self-possession and dignity which ought to characterize a man of birth and education." "

As for his dress, Lady Blessington's sharp eyes did not fail to observe the outmoded cut of his clothes, which had been purchased in his gayer days in Venice and no longer fitted him since his rapid reduction in weight. Lately his penurious habits had restrained him from investing in new clothes while the old ones lasted."

Recording her impressions in her diary that evening, Lady Blessington self-consciously exclaimed: "I have seen Lord Byron; and am disappointed! . . . I can imagine the man I saw, as the author of 'Beppo' and 'Don Juan.' He is witty, sarcastic, and lively enough for these works; but he does not look like my preconceived notion of the melancholy poet. . . . His hair has already much of silver among its dark brown curls; its texture is very silky, and although it retreats from his temples, leaving his forehead very bare, its growth at the sides and back of his head is abundant. . . . He is so exceedingly thin, that his figure has an almost boyish air; and yet there is something so striking in his whole appearance, that could not be mistaken for an ordinary person. . . . I do not think that I should have observed his lameness, had my attention not been called to it by his own visible consciousness of this infirmity—a consciousness that gives a *gaucherie* to his movements: yet, even now, I am not aware which foot is the deformed one. . . . His voice and accent are particularly clear and harmonious, but somewhat effeminate; and his enunciation is so distinct that, though his general tone in speaking is low, not a word is lost. His laugh is musical, but he rarely indulged in it during our interview. . . ."

Byron called at the Blessingtons' hotel the next afternoon at two and spent more than two hours in animated conversation, whose frankness rather shocked and titillated the Countess. She was startled by "the perfect *abandon* with which he converses to recent acquaintances, on subjects which even friends would think too delicate for discussion." "She was shrewd enough to observe that Byron's censure of England and the

English was an indication of his nostalgic interest in it. Yet she recorded with gusto his strictures on their mutual friend Moore, and especially on Lady Holland. The Countess found that he was not less frank in his attack on English hypocrisy.

"He on all occasions professes a detestation of what he calls *cant*; says it will banish from England all that is pure and good; and that while people are looking after the shadow, they lose the substance of goodness; he says, that the best mode left for conquering it, is to expose it to *ridicule*, the only *weapon*, added he, that the English climate cannot rust."ⁿ

Byron was already entranced with his new acquaintances. On leaving, he offered to act as their guide in directing them to the best drives and rides about Genoa, which he praised as being free from English residents or "birds of passage." And he made an exception to his usual habits by accepting an invitation to dinner at their hotel on Thursday.

It seems apparent, however, that thus far Byron was as much or more impressed by Count D'Orsay as by the "gorgeous" lady who was so eager to cultivate his acquaintance. After his visit to their hotel, he wrote to Moore that he found Lord and Lady Blessington "very agreeable personages," who were "travelling with a very handsome companion, in the shape of a 'French Count' . . . who has all the air of a *Cupidon déchaîné*, and is one of the few specimens I have seen of our ideal of a Frenchman *before* the Revolution. . . ."ⁿ

His interest in Count D'Orsay was increased by his reading the young dandy's journal, which Lord Blessington sent him. In returning it he wrote: "The most singular thing is, *how* he should have penetrated *not* the *fact*, but the *mystery* of the English *ennui* at two-and-twenty."ⁿ Byron himself had recently satirized English society in the later cantos of *Don Juan*. Recalling his own experience with "English *ennui*," he had written:

*Society is now one polished horde,
Formed of two mighty tribes, the Bores and Bored."*

A temporary check upon the gaiety of the Blessington party, but not upon the growing friendship with Byron, was caused by the arrival, the day after the dinner party, of news of the

death of Viscount Mountjoy, Lord Blessington's only legitimate son and heir, by a former marriage. In the meantime, Byron had another visitor who fired his mind again with thoughts of Greece.

Edward Blaquiere, representing the London Greek Committee, which had been formed to help the Greeks in their war for independence, was on his way to the scene of the fighting to collect information. Hobhouse, one of the active organizers of the Committee, had suggested that Blaquiere call on Byron on his way through Genoa, and had told Byron that he was coming." Blaquiere was accompanied by Andreas Luriottis, a delegate of the Greek government who had arrived in London in January to seek English aid. The Greek Committee had held its first meeting on February 28, at which time Blaquiere, who had written some things on Spain, the Spanish revolution, and the Mediterranean, had volunteered to return to Greece with Luriottis. They arrived in Genoa on April 5 and made their presence known to Byron, who replied eagerly:

"I shall be delighted to see you and your Greek friend, and the sooner the better." The results of that interview were far-reaching. Byron drew the young Count Gamba, whose head was still "hot for revolution," into the conference. Ever since the debacle of the uprising in the Romagna he had been chafing in exile for some outlet for his eagerness to enter the fight for liberty. He had shared Byron's longing to go to America, and when the revolution broke out in Spain, he had wanted to go as a volunteer. Now his Italian patriot enthusiasm overflowed and gave impetus to Byron's rather more sluggish ardor for revolutionary causes.

On April 7, Byron wrote to Hobhouse: "I saw Capt. Blaquiere, and the Greek Companion of his mission, on Saturday. Of course I entered very sincerely into the object of their journey, and have even offered to go up to the Levant in July, if the Greek provisional Government think that I could be of any use."

But there were obstacles to such a plan: one was his health, which had not been good, and another was the uncertainty of his financial status. He still had the feeling that he would have to return to England to end the lawsuit over Rochdale. But he

was aware that Teresa would present the greatest obstacle. He continued: "Also you may imagine that the 'absurd womankind,' as Monkbarns⁷ calls them, are by no means favourable to such an enterprise. Madame Guiccioli is of course, and naturally enough, opposed to my quitting her; though but for a few months; and as she had influence enough to prevent my return to England in 1819, she may be not less successful in detaining me from Greece in 1823."

His immediate concern was to gather up what resources he could for the purpose of fitting out an expedition or in other ways assisting the Greek cause. He had saved £3,000 out of his previous income, and Kinnaid had just invested £1,000 of his current income in Exchequer Bills. "If there were any things which you wished to have forwarded to the Greeks," Byron wrote Hobhouse, "as surgeon's medicines, powder, and swivels, &c., of which they tell me that they are in want—you would find me ready to follow any directions, and, what is more to the purpose, to contribute my own share to the expense." "

Henceforth the Greek scheme absorbed Byron's thoughts more and more. He began inquiries through his banker Charles Barry concerning a vessel to take him to Greece, and he started negotiations for the sale of his Napoleonic snuffbox⁸ and other valuables to raise money for his expedition. But he did not yet have the courage to mention to Teresa the plans that were going forward. As long as the project was tentative he could postpone the scene he was sure it would provoke.

Within less than a week after the news came of the death of Lord Blessington's son, Byron resumed his visits with the family. Lady Blessington was glad to have his aid in consoling her husband. "There is a gentleness," she observed, "and almost womanly softness in his manner towards him, that it is peculiarly pleasing to witness." "

On the 10th they rode out to Nervi for a fine view of the sea, Byron acting as their guide. "He pointed out the spots whence the views were the most beautiful, but with a coldness of expression that was remarkable. Observing that I smiled at this insensibility, he too smiled, and

⁷ A character in Scott's *Antiquary*. Byron was fond of the phrase and repeated it frequently.

said, 'I suppose you expected me to explode into some enthusiastic exclamations on the sea, the scenery, &c., such as poets indulge in, or rather are supposed to indulge in; but the truth is, I hate cant of every kind, and the cant of the love of nature as much as any other.' " "

The Blessingtons and Count D'Orsay at first somewhat overawed Byron, for they possessed a suavity and ease in society which he had never achieved. Lady Blessington still observed him critically and was on her guard against the flippancy of his tongue, which she had already seen in action on absent friends. Despite her wariness the Countess was charmed by Byron's kindness and his attentions. He bought bouquets from the vendors along the road. "He bestows charity on every mendicant who asks it; and his manner in giving is gentle and kind. The people seem all to know his face, and to like him; and many recount their affairs, as if they were sure of his sympathy." "

On the 13th, Byron introduced Count Pietro Gamba to the Blessingtons, and thereafter Pietro frequently accompanied them on their rides. Byron said "that he was one of the most amiable, brave, and excellent young men he had ever encountered, with a thirst for knowledge, and a disinterestedness rarely to be met with. 'He is my grand *point d'appui* for Greece,' said he, 'as I know he will neither deceive nor flatter me.'" Count Gamba they found "devotedly attached to Lord B., and dreaming of glory and Greece." "

Lady Blessington soon discovered that the subject that always turned Byron to seriousness and sentiment was Lady Byron and the separation, a topic to which he recurred at every opportunity. When the Countess twitted him on his lack of reticence on the subject, he became red and then pale with anger." She perceived also his love of mystifying and pretending seriousness to hoax his listeners. But the real key to his inconsistencies, she felt, was his extreme sensitivity to present impressions and his acting on the impulse of the moment and saying what came uppermost in his mind. Knowing his quick temper, Lady Blessington expressed an agreeable surprise when Byron did not take umbrage at one of her scoldings. He smiled and replied: "No man

dislikes being lectured by a woman, provided she be not his mother, sister, wife, or mistress. . . .”ⁿ

It was at this time that Count D’Orsay drew a profile sketch of Byron standing on the balcony with his cane, a loose-fitting frock coat covering his attenuated frame, his rather sharp features standing out from the wing collar topped by grizzled locks that met the receding hairline of his high forehead. Gaiters concealed his lame foot in a small pointed-toe shoe. Trelawny reported that when Byron last weighed himself at Genoa, he was only ten stone and nine pounds (149 pounds),ⁿ which was exceedingly slight for a man of average height.

Lady Blessington shrewdly analyzed Byron’s attitude toward Leigh Hunt, though she did not realize quite all that was involved in it. “I can perceive that he wishes Mr. Hunt and his family away. . . . He gives me the idea of a man, who, feeling himself in such a dilemma, would become cold and ungracious to the parties with whom he so stood, before he had mental courage sufficient to abandon them.”ⁿ And yet she recognized that he was unstinting in his praise of Shelley, the popular view of whom was far more censorious than that of Hunt.

Byron also spoke “in terms of high commendation of the talents and acquirements of Mr. Hobhouse; but a latent sentiment of pique was visible in his manner, from the idea he appeared to entertain that Mr. Hobhouse had undervalued him.”ⁿ The “frankness and unbending honesty” of his friend he could praise with enthusiasm, but still the friendship did not warm him as did others, for Hobhouse was too *unpartial*: “. . . he always told me my faults, but I must do him the justice to add, that he told them to *me*, and not to others.”ⁿ

The Countess, like Trelawny, discovered that Byron was best in a *tête-à-tête* with someone with whom he could “think aloud,” and he liked her because she could “excite the energies of his mind, and awaken sleeping thoughts that wanted to be stirred up.”ⁿ He said: “An animated conversation has much the same effect on me as champagne—it elevates and makes me giddy, and I say a thousand foolish things while under its intoxicating influence: it takes a long time to sober me after. . . .”ⁿ

Byron liked general topics, but also savored personalities.

When the Countess made some deprecating remark about scandal, Byron replied: "All subjects are good in their way, provided they are sufficiently diversified; but scandal has something so piquant,—it is a sort of cayenne to the mind,—that I confess I like it, particularly if the objects are one's particular friends." "

One of his weaknesses, Byron admitted, was "that I am so little fastidious in the selection, or rather want of selection, of associates, that the most stupid men satisfy me quite as well, nay, perhaps better than the most brilliant; . . . the effort of letting myself down to them costs me nothing, though my pride is hurt that they do not seem more sensible of the condescension." "

Byron regaled Lady Blessington with his general and particular ideas and prejudices about women with the same frankness of the moment and the mood that he had displayed on other matters. "Talking of thin women, he said that if they were young and pretty, they reminded him of dried butterflies; but if neither, of spiders, whose nets would never catch him were he a fly, as they had nothing tempting." " On another occasion he said: "Now, my *beau idéal* would be a woman with talent enough to be able to understand and value mine, but not sufficient to be able to shine herself." "

Lady Blessington concluded that "Byron affects skepticism in love and friendship and yet is, I am persuaded, capable of making great sacrifices for both." " But, she observed, he had strange notions of love: ". . . he said that most people had *le besoin d'aimer*, and that with this *besoin* the first person who fell in one's way contented one." "

But after this serious talk, Byron was likely to break out with some sarcasm or cynical remark about women which made Lady Blessington uncertain about his real sentiments. Like many others, she could not believe that he was sincere in both his sentimental and his cynical expressions, that his longings and his ironic recognition of the unideal nature of the world and himself were but two sides of the same coin. "The day after he has awakened the deepest interest, his manner of scoffing at himself and others destroys it," she complained, "and one feels as if one had been duped into a sympathy, only to be laughed at."

She must have expressed something of these feelings to Byron, for on one occasion he said: "People take for gospel all I say, and go away continually with false impressions. *Mais n'importe!* it will render the statements of my future biographers more amusing; as I flatter myself I shall have more than one. Indeed, the more the merrier, say I. One will represent me as a sort of sublime misanthrope, with moments of kind feeling. This, *par exemple*, is my favorite *role*. Another will portray me as modern Don Juan; and a third . . . will, it is to be hoped, if only for opposition sake, represent me as an *amiable*, ill-used gentleman, 'more sinned against than sinning.' Now, if I know myself, I should say, that I have no character at all. . . . But, joking apart, what I think of myself is, that I am so changeable, being everything by turns and nothing long,—I am such a strange *mélange* of good and evil, that it would be difficult to describe me. There are but two sentiments to which I am constant,—a strong love of liberty, and a detestation of cant, and neither is calculated to gain me friends." "

In more particular accounts of his relations with women, Byron was understandably less truthful and less frank. Lady Blessington recorded: "Byron says that the number of anonymous amatory letters and portraits he has received, and all from English ladies, would fill a large volume. He says he has never noticed any of them; but it is evident he recurs to them with complacency." "

The first part of his statement was true (a volume of these letters has now been published, and many are yet unprinted). But he did reply to many of them, and in fact had just sent an answer to one moonstruck girl in London who signed her letter with a pseudonym, Zorina Stanley. The ingenuous schoolgirl tone of her letter intrigued Byron, and he could not refrain from replying. It was the kind of flattery that he most easily succumbed to. She wrote:

"I tremble in addressing you, yet I cannot remain silent. . . . To you I am indebted for almost all the happy hours I have spent, my day-dreams have been full of you—how romantic you would think me, did I tell you all the projects I have formed of which you were the hero." "

This letter was dated March 3, 1823, and, besides the fictitious name, she gave for address only "Mr. West's Post Office, Portland Street, Fitzroy Square." There was no real necessity for him to reply to this effusion from a stranger. Yet youthful freshness could always charm him, even while his reason and experience told him it was nonsense. Then, too, as Moore and others observed, he was punctilious about answering letters, unless they were quite impertinent. He must have written promptly, for her reply is dated just one month after her first letter. The tone of his letter may be gathered from her response:

"You tell me I am deluded by my imagination with regard to the sentiments I bear you. No matter if it be illusion how much more delightful it is than reality. I abjure reality for ever. You wish me soon to discover worthier objects on whom to waste my feelings (it would indeed be wasting them), and you say too I am unconscious of their transient duration." She confessed that, as he conjectured, her name was not Zorina Stanley. ". . . I shall only tell you that my Christian name is Isabel, that I am nearly eighteen. . . ." ⁸ She concluded by offering to send him her picture. This time Byron tried to cajole her into a sensible view of her romantic attachment by emphasizing his age and calling her playfully "my child." But her illusions could not be easily squelched. She replied on May 3, addressing him as "My dear PAPA": "I wish I were indeed your 'child.' . . . I could almost be your slave, yet I do not feel debased by this feeling."

Byron had heard the same sort of thing before, but from such sophisticated women as Harriette Wilson. He knew the danger of kindness to infatuated women, but she was far away and he was going to Greece. Besides, such adolescent ardor was touching. She had asked for a miniature of him. He had none to give her, but he wrote: ". . . a painter of the name of Holmes made (*I think the very best*) one of me in 1815—or 1816—and from this there were some good engravings taken—I enclose you a note to him for one of these." Then he added: "By the way—'Isabel' has been one of no good omen to me—in former times—but at present 'we defy augury.'" And he referred again to the

⁸ "To Lord Byron," pp. 263-4. Letter of April 3, 1823. Her surname was Harvey.

name in a postscript: "The 'Isabel' neither 'died nor was faithless' but she was—*my wife*—Anne Isabella is her name." ⁿ

Byron was swept up by events and did not write again, but Isabel wrote him two more letters while he was in Greece, plaintive notes written in the knowledge that she could not revive his interest. The last one ends: "' . . . Je vous aime avec tout mon cœur and pour toute ma vie.' I could not trust myself with this sentence in English. . . ." ⁿ

By May, Byron was fully occupied with the Greek business. Through April, since his interview with Blaquiére, he had been trying to straighten out his business and publishing affairs. Kinnaird had not been idle. He had sent an agent, Crabtree, to survey the Rochdale property. He agreed with Hobhouse that after the scandals that had come out in the trial of Lord Portsmouth, Byron's affairs ought to be taken out of Hanson's hands. Despite Byron's urging, however, Kinnaird had made no definite arrangement for the publication of *Don Juan* and suggested that he wait until the trial of John Hunt for publishing *The Vision of Judgment* was over or entirely given up (it had been postponed until May). At the moment no publisher would venture to purchase the copyright.

The fact is that Byron himself had been chiefly responsible for the delay in the publication of *Don Juan* because of his continued hope that the copyright might still be sold for something approaching the Murray prices for former cantos. But with all the diversions of his present life and the excitement of his probable departure, undeterred by the uncertainty of publication, he continued with a sixteenth canto, which had reached a hundred stanzas by April 24.⁹

In the meantime, Byron had heard from Captain Blaquiére from Rome. Blaquiére and Luriottis, he reported to Hobhouse, "are anxious for me to go up there [to Greece], and if I can, I will. I have in the meantime ordered about a hundred pounds

⁹ Byron finished the sixteenth canto (123 stanzas) on May 6, 1823. On the 8th he began a seventeenth canto, but wrote only fourteen stanzas before he left for Greece. He took them along, intending to add more as he found occasion, but he wrote no more of the poem, and the manuscript of the fourteen stanzas was found with his papers when he died. These stanzas were first published in E. H. Coleridge's edition in 1903.

Sterling worth of powder, and some hospital supplies to be sent up to the seat of the provisional Government. . . . If I go there I shall do my best to civilize their mode of treating their prisoners, and could I only save a single life, whether Turk or Greek, I should live 'mihi carior' and I trust not less so to my friends." "

May was an exciting month for Byron. Great things seemed to be in the offing. Lady Blessington had noted that Byron was "a person to be excessively bored by the constraint that any change of system would occasion, even for a day," " and that he liked routine and was annoyed by any infringement on his habitual ways of living. But Mary Shelley was more perceptive in seeing that the object before him was now great enough to move him. She told Jane Williams: "I think he will go because he hates Genoa—because Pierino is half mad with joy at the idea—& because Greece has many charms for him, & his pride also will be gratified." " And she wrote to Trelawny on May 10:

"Do you go to Greece? Lord Byron continues in the same mind. The G[uiccioli] is an obstacle—and certainly her situation is rather a difficult one. But he does not seem disposed to make a mountain of her resistance; and he is far more able to take a decided than a petty step in contradiction to the wishes of those about him." "

On April 29, Hobhouse forwarded a letter from John Bowring, the Honorary Secretary of the Greek Committee, announcing that Byron had been elected a member and asking for his suggestions and advice." Hobhouse added: "Your proposition [to go to Greece] was received with unanimous gratitude and delight." "

Byron received Bowring's letter on May 12 and wrote immediately and at length: "My first wish is to go up into the Levant in person, where I might be enabled to advance, if not the cause, at least the means of obtaining information which the Committee might be desirous of acting upon; and my former residence in the country, my familiarity with the Italian language, (which is there universally spoken, or at least to the same extent as French in the more polished parts of the Continent,) and my *not* total ignorance of the Romaic, would afford me some

advantages of experience. To this project the only objection is of a domestic nature, and I shall try to get over it;—if I fail in this, I must do what I can where I am; but it will always be a source of regret to me, to think that I might perhaps have done more for the cause on the spot.”

And still Byron put off from day to day telling Teresa of his plans. She had for some time felt that something was troubling him, and had imagined all kinds of things. She even thought that her *amico* had fallen in love with Lady Blessington. Byron wrote Lady Hardy on May 17 that on account of his riding with the English lady and her party, “‘La mia dama,’ Mde la Comtesse G., was seized with a furious fit of Italian jealousy and was as unreasonable and perverse as can well be imagined. God He knows she paid me the greatest compliment, for what little communication I had with this new Goddess of Discord was literally literary, and besides that, I have long come to years of discretion and would much rather fall into the sea than in Love any day of the week.”

But Byron felt in turn sad and angry that his weakness would not let him speak frankly to Teresa about his desire to go to Greece. He knew from past experience that her tears could melt his resolution. “One day when he was sitting beside her on the terrace which looked out over the bay,” she recalled, “he said, looking at her sadly: ‘I have not even got a portrait of you which is like you. A miniaturist has been recommended to me; will you sit to him for me?’ She could only answer him with her tears. On another day, seeing him go down into the garden, she hurried to follow him, as she often did, but this time he told her to leave him alone. She was going away, when he was afraid of having been rough, and came back again to join her. ‘How worried you look,’ she said, ‘what is the matter?’ He was on the point of telling her everything—but then his courage failed him.”

Finally he left it to her brother to prepare her gradually. Pietro did what he could to soften the blow. “But it was all in vain. To her a death-sentence would have seemed less terrible. She even, in the first moments of her anguish, became unjust towards Lord Byron.”

Byron blew off steam to Hobhouse. He was determined not to be caught in the trap of the emotions again. "There is no obstacle to my going up," he wrote on May 19, "but the 'absurd womankind.' . . . her father has been recalled from his exile (on the late rising account in 1820), but been positively told that he is expected to bring his daughter back with him. Her husband *would* forgive, provided that I (a very reasonable condition) did not continue his Sub-agent (as the Irish call a middle man); and her brother, who is a fine bold young fellow (as he has proved himself more than once), is even more anxious for him and me to go up to Greece, than anybody else, being a thorough Liberty boy. However I hope to prevail upon her to accompany her father to R[avenn]a; but she has, it seems, a due share of 'female punctuation,' as Mrs. Malaprop calls it; and stands out upon Sentiment. . . ." "

Two days later he wrote to Kinnaird in the same vein: "She wants to go up to Greece too! forsooth, a precious place to go to at present! . . . It is a case too, in which interest does not enter, and therefore hard to deal with; for I have no kind of control in that way, and if she makes a scene (and she has a turn that way) we shall have another romance, and tale of illusage, and abandonment, and Lady Carolining, and Lady Byroning, and Glenarvoning, all cut and dry. There never was a man who gave up so much to women, and all I have gained by it has been the character of treating them harshly." "

Byron was perhaps unaware of how callous his whole attitude must seem even to an objective observer, let alone to Teresa herself, who was so deeply involved. With a Swiftian repression of feeling he spoke of this case "in which interest does not enter," but he could never quite believe that a woman could be as disinterested in her love for him as Teresa truly was. His casual reference to the fact that her husband was using all his influence to get her to live with him again would seem to indicate that he was indifferent to that possibility, but that was not quite true, much as he wanted her to acquiesce in his present plans.

His depression of spirits at leaving her was genuine, however, and that she felt. But going back to Ravenna seemed so irrevocable that she fought it with all her strength and obstinacy. As

for Byron's own feelings, he had only half expressed them to Hobbhouse and Kinnaird. On the one hand, he was bored by the life he had been leading and wanted to get away. And the only way to do that, he knew, was to break the ties that had bound him by habit and a factitious domesticity to a woman whose exigent emotional demands he could match only with kindly half-paternal feelings.

On the other hand, he felt a genuine regret, compounded of a nostalgic sense of the loss of the passion he had felt and a knowledge of the devotion she gave him and the pain he must cause her. He could face it only by being brusque and casual, and neither action was suited to his nature. In "talking aloud" to Lady Blessington, he revealed much of what was on his mind and the extent to which he was conscious of doing Teresa an injury that he could not avoid: ". . . I am sincerely attached to her; but the truth is, my habits are not those requisite to form the happiness of any woman: I am worn out in feelings; for, though only thirty-six [*sic*], I feel sixty in mind, and am less capable than ever of those nameless attentions that all women, but, above all, Italian women, require. I like solitude, which has become absolutely necessary to me; am fond of shutting myself up for hours, and, when with the person I like, am often *distract* and gloomy. There is something I am convinced (continued Byron) in the poetical temperament that precludes happiness, not only to the person who has it, but to those connected with him." ⁿ

It was the sense of guilt at leaving Teresa that made Byron again attempt to make some compensation to her by tangible means when all she wanted was the intangible knowledge of his affection. One day he brought her a great bundle of manuscripts, saying: "Here are some of my scribblings, as they came out of my head—Murray has sent them back to me." ⁿ She offered to keep them until he returned, but he said: "Do what you like with them, unless you think they had better be burned. But perhaps some day they may be prized!" ¹

¹ Origo, p. 344. The manuscripts were sold eventually, whether during Teresa's lifetime is not known, for they now repose in the Morgan Library in New York. Teresa, and Byron too, would have been astounded at the

A great upsurge of self-pity was mingled with Byron's remorse at the prospect of leaving Teresa. With his usual frankness, he revealed his state of mind to Lady Blessington, who duly recorded it: "I am bound, by the indissoluble ties of marriage, to *one* who will *not* live with me, and live with one to whom I cannot give a legal right to be my companion, and who, wanting that right, is placed in a position humiliating to her and most painful to me. Were the Contessa Guiccioli and I married, we should, I am sure, be cited as an example of conjugal happiness. . . ."

Before the end of May, Byron's enthusiasm for the Greek venture was considerably dampened by the actions of some of the Greeks themselves and by his failure to hear from either Blaquiere or the Greek Committee, which, despite his repeated offers to serve it, had given him no reply. On the 24th he wrote Hobhouse:

"I mentioned to you some little time ago, that I had heard from Karellas [Karvellas]. . . . I enclose you *both* his letters. The second is a curious one; he says 'that he cannot comply with the request, as he is prevented,' but whether by the Pisan or Tuscan Slaves in office, or by his own people, he does not state. He then concludes by a demand for 100 crowns for *himself*, which would be paying high for *no* news."²

Byron expressed contradictory views of his Greek venture which were puzzling to Lady Blessington. He had first talked in noble terms of it; then he made sport of his own heroic gesture, with a half-serious, half-laughing archness. And frequently he

prices paid for some of them when sold with the famous Jerome Kern collection in 1929 (Anderson Galleries, Sale No. 2307, Jan. 7, 1929). The greatest sum was paid for the manuscript of *Marino Faliero*: \$27,000! The first five cantos of *Don Juan* were not in that sale, but cantos 14 and 15 brought \$20,000 (these are now in the Berg Collection of the New York Public Library).

² *LBC*, II, 261. Karvellas was possibly stopped from giving information by the fact that the internal dissensions among the Greek leaders made it precarious to give information to a Committee which might be dealing with another faction than the one to which he was attached. This was perhaps the first direct indication Byron had of the extent to which the Greeks were divided among themselves, a fact that made him cautious when he first went to Greece.

spoke fatalistically of the expedition, which would probably end his mortal career: "You will think me more superstitious than ever . . . when I tell you, that I have a presentiment that I shall die in Greece. I hope it may be in action, for that would be a good finish to a very *triste* existence, and I have a horror to death-bed scenes. . . ." "

Finally Lady Blessington observed: "Each day that brought Byron nearer to the period fixed on for his departure for Greece, seemed to render him still more reluctant to undertake it. . . . He so often turned with a yearning heart to his wish of going to England before Greece, that we asked him why, being a free agent, he did not go.—The question seemed to embarrass him. He stammered, blushed, and said,—'Why, true, there is no reason why I should not go; but yet I want resolution to encounter all the disagreeable circumstances which might, and most probably would, greet my arrival in England.' " "

This "talking aloud" to Lady Blessington was a satisfaction to Byron which he could not contemplate giving up without acute feelings of loss. His rides with the Blessington party had easily become a necessary part of his existence, and he was much chagrined when they announced their intention to leave at the end of May. He had tried to get them to purchase a beautiful villa, Il Paradiso, near Albaro, which they visited, in order to have them near him, but when the day of their departure was set, Byron's melancholy increased. They had revived for him some of his pleasantest memories of his heyday in England, which he could recall now with the enhancements of time and distance. After comparing English and Italian society to the disparagement of the former, he once confessed: "England was, after all I may say against it, very delightful in my day. . . ." "

As the time neared when the Blessington party was to leave for Naples, the Countess's sentiments overflowed more copiously than Byron's. Much as she prized her Arabian steed Mameluke, she decided to let Byron take the horse with him to Greece. The Countess was somewhat chagrined, however, when, after all his eagerness, he boggled at the price. But she consented to his terms, consoling herself with an entry in her diary:

"A letter from Byron, saying that he cannot afford to give

more than eighty pounds for Mameluke. I paid a hundred guineas, and would rather lose two hundred than part with him. How strange, to beg and entreat to have this horse resigned to him, and then name a less price than he cost!" "

At about the same time Lord Blessington offered to buy Byron's yacht, the *Bolivar*, no doubt at the urging of his lady, who recorded in her diary: "He has written much on board this vessel, which gives it its chief value in my eyes at least." " In this, of course, she was mistaken, for Byron had scarcely used his yacht after spending nearly £1,000 on it. They agreed to let Barry set the price, but Byron at first asked more than Barry thought it was worth. Byron had intended to take the vessel to Greece with him, but his desire for money made him accept the offer of four hundred guineas which was finally made."

Byron saw the Blessingtons for the last time the evening of June 1. "He seemed to have a conviction that we met for the last time," Lady Blessington wrote; "and yielding to the melancholy caused by this presentiment, made scarcely an effort to check the tears that flowed plentifully down his cheeks. . . . and we were all much moved. He presented to each of us some friendly memorial of himself, and asked from us in exchange corresponding *gages-d'amitié*, which we gave him." "

Teresa's account of this last meeting with the Blessingtons differs considerably from that of the Countess. She says that she had early in Byron's acquaintance with the Blessington family extracted a promise from him never to visit them without Pietro, and that her brother was at this farewell party and gave the same report of it as Byron. It was not Byron but Lady Blessington who was seized with "*une véritable crise de nerfs*" and burst into tears." A postscript to Byron's letter of the next day seems to give credence to this version. He wrote Lady Blessington: "I hope your *nerves* are well to-day, and will continue to flourish." "

However sentimental Byron may have been at the farewell, he wrote collectedly enough the next day, having repented giving away a small cameo pin of Napoleon, and offered to exchange for it a chain. And after the "Blessington Circus" had left, Byron wrote rather cavalierly to Lady Hardy concerning the gor-

geous lady and her companions: "Her slight acquaintance with me was of the most decorous description; the poor woman seemed deranged with ennui, entirely bored with her Lord and a little sick of her Parisian Paladin also. . . . I saw very little of them, especially latterly, and now they are gone." "

On the 26th, Byron received a letter of credit for £4,000 from Kinnaird, which, with £2,000 previously sent, would, he thought, be enough for his present purposes." He had already begun to make purchases for the cause. Through Dr. Alexander he bought medical stores "for 1000 men, for two years." "A letter from Blaquiere addressed from Zante arrived on June 8 and fixed Byron's resolution to go as soon as possible to the seat of the war.

Byron had enlisted the help of Barry and Captain Roberts to find a suitable ship for the voyage. And now he felt the need of that old adventurer Trelawny, who had spent his youth in Eastern seas and knew his way about a ship. Byron had already sounded him out through Mary Shelley and found him very willing. After having attended to the placing of a gravestone over the ashes of Shelley in the Protestant Cemetery in Rome, Trelawny had left early in May for Florence, chafing for some new adventure. He had since Shelley's death made a kind of piratical love through correspondence with all the women most closely associated with his poet friend: with Mary, to a certain extent with Jane Williams, and most persistently with Claire, to whom he wrote long letters full of ardor, devotion, friendship, and bad spelling.⁸ And when Claire, living precariously in Vienna, had called his bluff and asked him if he could support her, he was compelled to confess:

"As to my fortune—my income is reduced to about £500 a year—the woman I married having bankrupt me in fortune as

⁸ Trelawny also had indulged in a clandestine romantic flirtation with Gabrielle Wright, the wife of the man who had helped Roberts construct the *Bolivar* and the *Don Juan*. The letters of Mary Shelley and Jane Williams are full of gossip about this affair during 1822 and 1823. Trelawny strangely made confidantes of each of these women concerning his difficulties with the others.

well as happiness.⁴ If I outlive two or three relations—I shall, however, retrieve in some measure my fortunes—so you see, dear Clare, how thoughtless and vain was my idea of our living together. . . .”

About the middle of June, Barry found a vessel in port at Genoa which seemed to suit Byron, possibly because she was English and the master was accommodating. By June 18, Barry had settled for this 120-ton ship, which bore the name *Hercules*. “I have engaged our Northern friend for two months for two Hundred & thirty Pounds,” he wrote. “He promises to make a great many alterations & in fact to do every thing you can wish to have done. . . .” The *Hercules* was already committed to a trip to Leghorn, but would be available as soon as it returned.

Byron had already learned how careful he would have to be to guard against the predatory instincts of the Greeks, especially the hungry exiles, who were even more factional and greedy than their compatriots at home. There was a band of them in Leghorn who were eager to get their hands on any money Byron intended for the Greek cause, for themselves and their particular friends in Greece.

Trelawny was excited by the prospect of accompanying Byron to Greece, but there was pleasant company in Florence, and he lingered until the end of the month, when it was too late to return from Leghorn, as Byron had suggested, on the *Hercules*. He was still there on the 26th, when he wrote to ask Captain Roberts to accompany him, and offered to share his substance with him. “How can one spend a year so pleasantly as travelling in Greece, and with an agreeable party?” On the way to Leghorn the next day, Trelawny felt it necessary to apologize to Claire Clairmont for embarking for Greece with “a man that you disesteem.” He begged her: “forgive me—extend to me your utmost stretch of toleration—and remember that you have in some degree driven me to this course—forced me into an active and perilous life. . . .”

Before Trelawny arrived, Byron had, on the recommendation

⁴ This was Trelawny’s English wife, from whom he was divorced in 1819 just before he went abroad seeking the companionship of poets.

of Dr. Alexander, engaged as physician for the expedition the young Dr. Francesco Bruno, "who had just left the university with considerable reputation." " Trelawny took his time in making the journey to Genoa with his American Negro servant, who spoke French and Italian and understood horses and cooking, and his two "Hungarian cavalry horses, bought from an Austrian colonel." "

Trelawny soon discovered that the Greek Committee had offered no plan and that Byron had formed none. Byron felt that he was bound in honor to go to Zante to meet Blaquiere, and then to trust to chance. It was easy for Trelawny to criticize plans which he had not made, and to think that he might have done better in selecting both a physician and a ship. He was dissatisfied with the *Hercules*, "a collier-built tub of 120 tons, round-bottomed, and bluff-bowed, and of course, a dull sailer, with the bulk-heads, the horse-boxes, and other fittings newly put up, ill-contrived, and scamped by the contractor. The captain, one of the rough old John Bull stamp, was well enough—the mate better, and no fault to be found with the crew, but that they were too few in number. For such an expedition we should have had a well-manned and fast-sailing clipper-built craft, adapted to the light winds and summer seas prevailing in the Greek Archipelago. . . ." " But Trelawny bent to the task of preparations, making up for the ineptness of the willing and enthusiastic Pietro, who had been running errands for Byron all over Genoa.

Before Trelawny's arrival, Byron had occasionally envisioned his journey to Greece as a heroic pilgrimage, despite the unheroic face he put on it to Lady Blessington and others. In that mood he ordered uniforms for himself and his immediate staff appropriate for a landing on Hellenic shores, a resplendent scarlet and gold." He also had three helmets made by Giacomo Aspe in Genoa, one for Pietro Gamba of green cloth in the form of a Uhlan's shako with a figure of Athene on the front, the whole standing on a base of brass and black leather; and for himself and Trelawny two Homeric helmets, gilt with an overtowering plume, under which on his own were his coat of arms and the motto "Crede Byron." "

The romantic "liberty boy" Pietro was no doubt delighted with them, but Hunt, already disgruntled by the prospect of Byron's leaving him to shift for himself in Italy, was not so enthusiastic. "Have you seen my three helmets?" Byron asked Hunt one day, perhaps to divert his mind from other things. But Hunt recalled that the question was asked "with an air between hesitation and hurry. Upon being answered in the negative, he said he would show them me, and began to enter a room for that purpose; but stopped short, and put it off to another time. The mock-heroic was a little too strong for him." "It was Hunt's impression that Trelawny declined the honor of wearing the pretentious costume and Byron reluctantly put aside both the helmets and the uniforms. But Byron took them to Greece with him."

While Trelawny was overseeing the construction of stalls for the horses and other practical matters, Byron was thrown out of humor by the necessity of dealing with the demands of the people who had by circumstances hardly of his wishing come under his protection. Without prodding, it is possible he would have been generous to the end, but Hunt had an unfortunate capacity for reminding him of his obligations not only to himself but also to Shelley's widow. Antagonized in the extreme, Byron said things in anger which Hunt put under his hair shirt to irritate his already chafed sensitiveness.

Mary Shelley herself, while she saw the weaknesses of Byron's character, tried to keep him in a good humor by following his advice. On April 10 she had written to Jane Williams: "[L]ord [B]yron strongly advises my return [to England]—he is still very kind to me & makes offers of a *generous* nature. He will profit by the *will*⁵ & therefore every motive will induce him to keep his word."

Byron probably had every intention of fulfilling his promise, and certainly would have done so if Mary had not waited until he was in the throes of preparation for departure, and if he had not been irritated by Hunt's manner of broaching the sub-

⁵ Byron was left £2,000 by the provisions of Shelley's will, which, however, could not be executed until after the death of Sir Timothy Shelley. Byron was named joint executor with Thomas Love Peacock.

ject. Mary later wrote Jane Williams: ". . . he chose to transact our negotiation through Hunt, and gave such an air of unwillingness & sense of the obligation he conferred, as at last provoked H[unt] to say, that there was no obligation, since he [Byron] owed me a £1000."⁶

The matter came to a head apparently on June 28, when Hunt, as he reported it to his sister-in-law, Elizabeth Kent, "had to discuss a very unpleasant matter with the Noble Bard, to wit, the expenses of Mrs. S's journey to England, which happens to fall on his shoulders, and which he winces under like an intolerable burden."⁷ Hunt, by his own account, tried to soften Byron by getting him to drink an excess of wine.⁸ But all he succeeded in doing was to irritate him with a recital of what he owed to Shelley and his widow. Hunt had already relayed to Mrs. Shelley some of the things Byron had said in irritation, as he had also apparently carried tales in the other direction. Byron was still determined to keep his promise to help Mary Shelley, even if he had to use subterfuge to make her accept his money despite her pique. He wrote Hunt the same day (the 28th), probably not long after Hunt's visit:

"Dear H.—I have received a note from Mrs. S. with a fifth or sixth change of plan, viz., not to make her journey at all, at least through my assistance on account of what she is pleased to call 'estrangement,' etc. On this I have little to say. . . . I will advance the money to you (I desired K [*sic*—P for Parry?]) to pay what would enable her to travel '*handsomely* and *conveniently* in all respects'—these were the words of my note this afternoon to him) on Monday—you can say that you have raised it as a loan on your own account—no matter with whom or how—and that *you* advance it to *her*—which may easily be made the fact if you feel scrupulous by giving me a scrap of paper as your note in hand—thus she will be spared any fancied humiliation. . . . I have one more thing to state,—which is that

⁶ From the MS. letter, dated "July," in the Abinger papers. Part of the letter is printed in *Letters of Mary W. Shelley*, I, 229-30, from *Shelley and Mary*, but the text is not quite accurate. This is a reference to the £1,000 bet which Medwin and Williams recorded that Byron made with Shelley at the Christmas dinner at Byron's house in 1821, that his mother-in-law would outlive Shelley's father.

from this moment I must decline the offer of acting as his executor in any respect, and also all further connection with his family in any of its branches—now or hereafter.

"There was something about a legacy of two thousand pounds which he has left me. This, of course, I decline, and the more so that I hear that his will is admitted valid; and I state this distinctly, that—in case of anything happening to me—my heirs may be instructed not to claim it." "

But Hunt continued to press the matter of Byron's obligations in such a way as to arouse his anger. On July 1, Hunt asked for Byron's "final sentiments" on the subject. "As I know that Mary, however against her inclination on account of his own demands upon him for money, will think herself obliged, under certain circumstances, to apply to Trelawney [*sic*], who offered her (I also know) the use of his purse some time back." "

Byron's rejoinder to what he considered Hunt's cool officiousness is unfortunately not preserved,⁷ but something of its nature may be surmised from Hunt's long and painful reply.

"I have now waited some days in order that I might answer your angry & extraordinary letter in the fittest manner my feelings would allow. . . . I confess it does astonish me, that . . . you could suffer yourself to speak in such a manner of Shelley. . . . not . . . because he was merely my friend, & therefore to be defended at all hazards, but because he was the friend of all the world, and died daily, inch by inch, in their cause."

Hunt then turned to his own situation, which he felt to be equally painful. It was easy to lay the blame for his distress at Byron's door. "Having now done what I thought my duty to my friend (for after the strange things you have said of her and hers, Mrs Shelley finds it impossible to let me discuss that

⁷ After talking with Barry in Genoa in 1826, Hobhouse recorded in his diary (October 3): "Leigh Hunt was insolent enough to write a letter to Byron reproaching him with 'abandoning Mrs. Shelley, the widow of his [Byron's] best friend.' To this Byron returned a short reply, telling Hunt that 'As for Shelley, his name was unnecessarily introduced; that Mrs. Shelley had no claims on him; and that as for him [Hunt], he had only to regret that he had ever communicated so much with him, as he had thereby lost not only his money but his character.' This letter he read to Barry and sent it." (Broughton, III, 153.)

matter any further, & gives up all thoughts connected with it) I am obliged to trouble your Lordship, extremely against my will, with something relating to myself." Hunt asked for £50, to convey his family to Florence. He also asked to be "exonerated" from the debt of £250 which Byron had advanced for Hunt's passage from England. And he requested Byron to discount a bill on John Hunt for £130."

But Byron could not be angry long, and, his better feelings coming to the fore, he sent Hunt a mollifying letter, together with the promise to furnish him with the money necessary to transport him and his family to Florence, or to England if he wished. In replying, Hunt could not help confessing to what had most rankled in Byron's first angry letter: a stinging statement of what Shelley and other friends thought of Hunt's poetry. And he concluded: "Once more, thank you: and once more—Good God! What a number of heats, & mistakes, & impulses, & all sort of things fall among men, some of whom might have walked across the world triumphant as the sun. . . ." "

Teresa, who was grateful for the friendship of Mary during her first melancholy days in Pisa and after, was distressed by this quarrel, for which she blamed Hunt, "For he told her [Mary] that Ld. Byron had an antipathy for her—and even for the memory of Shelley, that her visits bored him—that he was very willing to furnish her the means to make her voyage—but that he would prefer not to see her again. At the instigation of Hunt she addressed a letter to Ld. Byron which estranged him from her." "

Teresa wrote sympathetically, offering to help. But Mary's pride was too deeply wounded to permit her to accept any intercession. If Mary had been less emotionally oriented toward Byron, if she had been less concerned to have his admiration for her not as a friend but as a woman, a reconciliation would have been easier, for she knew his nature well enough to realize that in moments of irritation he frequently said things as harsh about people for whom he really had the most friendly feelings, and that such pronouncements were not the full measure of his basically benevolent disposition. That she would have melted at any overture on his part seems evident from her reply to Teresa's

next attempt to smooth matters over: “. . . if he will show me the least sign of friendship and will again be *glad* to help me, I will feel a renewed obligation to him and be grateful.” ”

But the matter had gone too far, and Byron, preoccupied with the emotional strains of his parting with Teresa and trying to avoid hysterical scenes and reproaches in this quarter, could not be bothered with what he considered the sentimental demands of another of the “absurd womankind.” Count Gamba, Teresa’s father, had already received his passport to return to Ravenna and his family, and he wanted his daughter to go with him. In fact, for her to remain under his protection seemed to him the only way she could regain her allowance from her husband by the terms of the separation. Byron would have urged her to that course also had he not seen that any such suggestion on his part would quickly drive her to distraction, and so he humored her in her desire to remain in the neighborhood until he should return. According to her own story, she “struggled for some time between the idea of shutting herself up in a monastery [convent] at Nice while awaiting the time when her rights would be recognized at Rome—and the project of remaining at Genoa with a respectable lady. Ld. B. even wrote to the Superior of the Convent of the Visitation at Nice (Mother Schlegel to whom he had rendered some services a short while before).” ” But Teresa gave up the idea when she found that it was a cloistered convent and that if she entered it she could not go daily to bathe in the sea as she wished. Byron then recommended her to the Countess d’Yson, a friend of Mr. Hill, the British Minister. But, being only temporarily in Genoa and having an invalid mother in Chambéry to care for, she declined to act as Teresa’s guardian.” Teresa added that Byron “had even for a moment the idea that the Blessingtons could serve as protectors or at least furnish distraction for the first days of the separation to Mme. G[uiccio]li, and it was for this that he insisted on their remaining longer in Genoa.” ” But when these schemes failed, she knew there was nothing left but for her to follow her father to the Romagna. It was then, during his last few weeks in Italy, that Byron was bedeviled by Teresa’s near-hysterical outbursts and letters.

Teresa was not exaggerating when she told Moore that "Every person who was near him at that time, can bear witness to the struggle his heart underwent (however much he endeavored to hide it) as the period fixed for his departure approached." "It was easy for him to slip back into the mood in which he had parted with her in the days when his passion was young, when she left him in Venice, or again when she was forced to leave the Romagna. There was something more than mere expediency in his solemn promises to return to her, for at least half his nature longed for what he promised. Teresa wanted to believe, but she also had premonitions that she would never see him again.

It was in fact Byron's intention at this time to make a reconnoitering expedition to the Ionian Islands, and perhaps also to the mainland, and then to return in a few months. He did not, however, rule out the possibility of staying longer if he were welcomed by the Greeks and could be of any real service to them. Hobhouse urged him to make it only a voyage to seek information for the Committee and to give the moral support of his prestige and reputation to the Greek cause.

After Trelawny's arrival, Byron saw no point in waiting longer for word from Blaquiere, who had already left Zante for Tripolitza, the seat of the Greek government in the Morea, and he was eager to get started. On July 7 he wrote to John Bowring, the Honorary Secretary of the Greek Committee: "We sail on the 12th for Greece." And he suggested that a remittance of £10,000 would be of the greatest service to the Greek government, at the same time strongly recommending an attempt at a loan. "For my own part, I mean to carry up, in cash or credits, above eight, and nearly nine thousand pounds sterling, which I am enabled to do by funds which I have in Italy, and credits from England." "

In the last hectic days of preparation, Byron had much to be thankful for in his bankers, Douglas Kinnaird in England and Barry in Genoa. On June 3, Kinnaird announced that Hunt's trial had been put over until next term. The publication of *Don Juan* was going forward." In addition to overseeing all the practical details of outfitting the *Hercules* and getting supplies aboard,

Barry acted as a buffer between Byron and the Greeks, who, both at Leghorn and at Genoa, increasingly looked upon him as a kind of super Santa Claus.

His hatred of moving complicated Byron's other emotions and made the disruption of his life in Italy the harder. Teresa, in a constant feverish state of excitement and sorrow, did not help to keep Byron's spirits up. On the 10th she felt a need for sympathy, and, as Byron was occupied with his preparations, she called on Mary Shelley. Finding her out, she wrote her on returning home: "Perhaps it was better for you, my dear, my company was never worth much, and now must be unbearable. My feelings are such as cannot be described, and at best can only arouse compassion." "

Byron entered while she was writing and asked her to enclose a note of his own having to do with "business which was no concern of his." He also sent word to Hunt that "he had left detailed orders about his affairs with [Barry]," "and "that he sent him cordial greetings, believing that he would excuse him from saying goodbye." And he asked her to send his greetings to Mary, saying that "he had no feeling of enmity for her." Byron departed again and Teresa continued:

"I fear that the letter I enclose may distress you—I dare not open it. But Ld. Byron's tone as he gave it me, made me anxious.—And yet I *must* send it. . . . Now he has gone back to his own room—and he, too, is very sad. What a world, my God!" "

It was apparently Byron's intention to leave money with Barry for the voyages of both Mary and Hunt." But what Mary did not tell Byron, and what he apparently found out later, probably to his chagrin and annoyance, was that in the meantime she had appealed to Trelawny, who wrote her on the 12th: "Will you tell me what sum you want, as I am settling my affairs? You must from time to time let me know your wants, that I may do my best to relieve them. You are sure of me, so let us use no more words about it." "

Byron kept his promise to furnish Hunt with the means to move to Florence, albeit he cut down, possibly with Barry's advice, Hunt's generous estimate of £50. Just after Byron's de-

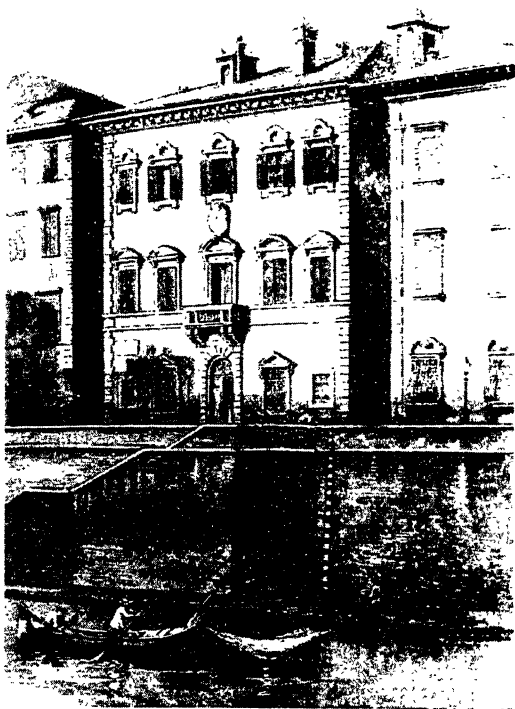
parture Barry wrote: "I have sent Giraud to Hunt to ask him in what money he wishes to receive the 30£ & it will be paid to him this Evening." "

Whether Mary finally refused the money because it was offered without an apology, or whether Byron flared up when he learned that she had called on Trelawny and thereupon canceled his order to Barry to pay her, it is impossible to say. But we have Trelawny's word for it that, after he cooled down on the voyage, Byron considered the debt his own and attempted to repay Trelawny, saying: "Tre, you did what I should have done, let us square accounts tomorrow; I must pay my debts.' I merely observed, 'Money is of no use at sea, and when you get on shore you will find you have none to spare;' he probably thought so too, for he said nothing more on the subject." "

So much has been said by Trelawny, Hunt, and others about Byron's niggardliness that it is only fair to recall that Trelawny was taking advantage of Byron's prestige to launch himself upon some private adventure of his own when he got there, and that Byron, in addition to being the unthanked banker of Hunt and the willing supplier of Mrs. Shelley (had not Hunt fouled the lines of his generosity by his ineptitudes), had left money with Barry to pay a monthly pension to the wives of his coachman and his groom, an unostentatious charity which he could easily have avoided."

In the last hours before Byron and his companions went on board the *Hercules*, Teresa, half delirious with sorrow and despair, waited patiently in her apartment for her lover to come to her. On the 12th, when he had intended to sail, the wind was so feeble that they put it off for another day." Byron spent the time receiving various callers and settling his affairs and left Teresa alone on her sofa. She wrote to Mary Shelley: "I have not seen L.B. at all today, but from Lega I have just heard that perhaps he will not get off tomorrow. Only a few hours more!—and yet, since that moment, I have breathed a little more freely." "

But on the 13th, Byron was ready to leave the Casa Saluzzo. "The fatal day arrived," Teresa recorded. "He must sleep on board in order to set sail the following morning. At 5 o'clock he was to leave Albaro. From 3 to 5 he did not leave Mad^{me} G.



❖ THE CASA LANFRANCHI, PISA. BELOW: BYRON AFTER HIS
DAILY RIDE AT PISA



»» EDWARD JOHN TRELAWNY

He did not wish to leave her alone at the moment of his departure and he had asked Mrs. Shelley to be with her at 5 o'clock. She arrived at the very moment Lord Byron was leaving." Mary tried to console Teresa and keep up her courage, but she knew it was useless. "Hope had gone too far from her soul for her to be able to show its image easily to others." "

In the evening, after Mary had gone, Teresa sat alone and tried to relieve her feelings by writing in a little notebook in which Byron had kept his accounts since the year she met him in 1819. Through the open window came a mournful sound that echoed her thoughts: "I hear a flute," she scribbled in the notebook. "What sadness fills me! God help me!" "

At dawn the next morning she was helped to her father's carriage by the "excellent Mr. Barry," who offered her his greatest sympathy while she gathered all her remaining strength to look at the sky and observe the direction of the wind, "to draw from them some presage for the voyage of him who was carrying away her entire soul." "

Byron had gone on board with Trelawny, Count Pietro Gamba, the young Dr. Bruno, and Constantine Skilitzy (Schilizzi), whom he had promised passage back to Greece." In addition to other livestock, they took four of Byron's horses and one of Trelawny's, the faithful bulldog Moretto, and a huge Newfoundland called Lyon, which had been given Byron in May by the retired naval lieutenant Edward Le Mesurier." Five or more servants helped to crowd the small vessel."

They had taken on board arms and ammunition for their own use and the two one-pounder cannon from the *Bolivar*, despite Barry's protest that Lord Blessington, who had agreed to purchase the boat, might object to their removal." According to Count Gamba, Byron "had ten thousand Spanish dollars, in ready money, and bills of exchange for forty thousand more. There were, likewise, some chests of medicine for a thousand men for a year." "

Byron would never have embarked when he did had it not been for the faithful Barry, who had promised to take care of everything at Albaro. He undertook to sell the furniture Byron left behind as well as his books and three carriages." And just

before he left, Byron asked him to take particular care of the three geese he had brought from Pisa and which he was too softhearted to have slaughtered for Michaelmas dinner."

By ten o'clock of the 14th they were ready to sail, but there was a dead calm. They all went on shore again and headed for Albaro. But when Barry met Byron and told him that Teresa had already left, he had not the heart to return to the empty palace, and directed the party instead to Sestri and the Villa Lomellina, where he had ridden so often with Lady Blessington. Barry, Trelawny, and Pietro Gamba were with him. They dined on cheese and fruit in the Lomellina garden and then returned to sleep on board."

But the wind failed to arrive, and at dawn they were still in the harbor of Genoa. Trelawny's account of the day was picturesque as usual: ". . . on the 15th we weighed anchor at daylight, several American ships in compliment to Byron, sending their boats to tow us out of the bay, but made very little progress; we lay in the offing all day like a log upon the main under a broiling sun,—the Italians skipping about, gesticulating, and chattering like wild monkeys in a wood. The Pilgrim sat apart, solemn and sad,—he took no notice of anything nor spoke a word. At midnight the sea breeze set in and quickly freshened, so we shortened sail and hauled our wind. As soon as the old tub began to play at pitch and toss, the noisy Italians, with the exception of the Venetian gondolier, Baptista ["Tita" Falcieri], crept into holes and corners in consternation. The horses kicked down their flimsy partitions, and my black groom and I had to secure them, while the sea got up and the wind increased. I told Byron that we must bear up for port, or we should lose our cattle—'Do as you like,' he said. So we bore up, and after a rough night, re-anchored in our former berth; as the sun rose the wind died away, and one by one the land-lubbers crawled on deck. Byron having remained all night on deck, laughed at the miserable figure they cut. . . ."

While Trelawny remained to oversee the repairs of the damaged stalls, the others went ashore again. This time Byron wanted to visit the Casa Saluzzo once more. A deep despondency settled on him as he climbed the hill with Pietro. "His con-

versation was somewhat melancholy on our way to Albaro," Gamba recalled; "he spoke much of his past life, and of the uncertainty of the future. 'Where,' said he, 'shall we be in a year?'" "Barry later told Hobhouse that when Byron had been driven back by the storm, "he confessed to him that he would not go on the Greek expedition even then but that '*Hobhouse and the others would laugh at him.*'" "

But the die was cast. The weather continued fine, and the only delay was that caused, as Trelawny complained, by the bad sailing qualities of the vessel." They made little better than twenty miles a day, and took five days to reach Leghorn. "We all messed and most of us slept, on deck," Trelawny wrote. "Byron unusually silent and serious, was generally during the day reading Scott's 'Life of Swift,' Col. Hippesley's 'Expedition to South America,' Grimm's 'Correspondence,' or 'Roche-foucault.'" "

As Byron departed from Italy, there was much that weighed upon his mind. Childe Harold was on his pilgrimage again. And those left behind were not indifferent to his leaving. Mary Shelley, chagrined and embittered, wrote sourly to Jane Williams: "His unconquerable avarice prevented his supplying me with money, and a remnant of shame caused him to avoid me. . . . They sailed together; Lord Byron with £10,000, Trelawny with £50, and Lord Byron cowering before his eye for reasons you shall hear soon. The Guiccioli is gone to Bologna. . . . He talks seriously of returning to her, and may, if he find none of equal rank to be got as cheaply; she cost him nothing, and was thus invaluable." "

But Barry was inconsolable at losing a friend who had treated him with the utmost kindness and never with condescension. On the evening Byron finally sailed, the banker wrote: "You said that I should be glad when you got off but I hope you don't think so, believe me, My Lord, I am too proud of having known you not to regret most unfeignedly your absence. I cannot cry like the Tailor's boy but I feel the loss as acutely as if I did & most sincerely do I hope that your return to Genoa will not be at a very remote period. . . ." "As Lady Blessington prized the *Bolivar* because it had been in Byron's possession, so

Barry bought some of Byron's furniture and books. And Byron had presented him with some valuable literary autographs, including letters of Walter Scott, Moore, and Rogers, and also a few of his own manuscripts, saying that "many of them were not fit for publication, being written in anger." "

And Teresa did not forget her Byron. The farther she proceeded on her journey, the greater grew her distress. She wrote in the little notebook that had been his: "I feel the pain becoming more acute at every step which brings me closer to Bologna—My God!" And the final entry was most agonizing: "I hoped to have the strength to bear this misfortune without dying—but the pain grows every moment and I feel as though I were dying. Send after me Byron—If you would still see [me] in life—Oh that I might flee madly and come at whatever risk. . . ." "

But Byron had made his irrevocable commitments, and he could not return.

CHAPTER XXVII

1823

Cephalonia

WHEN the *Hercules* glided slowly into the port at Leghorn on a light breeze late in the afternoon of July 21, Byron and his entourage were greeted by a salute of thirteen guns from an Ionian vessel. Its commander, Captain George Vitali, had already asked and been granted passage to his homeland by Byron, and he now came immediately on board the *Hercules* with several Greek merchants, who, according to Pietro Gamba, called themselves his intimate friends, but who later "began to accuse Sig. V. with being a desperado and imposter, capable of selling us to the Turks." "

But Byron knew the Greeks well enough not to be unduly upset by such gossip. He had already heard enough from the Greeks at Leghorn to know that they would have contradictory stories." It was perhaps for that reason that he went ashore as little as possible during the two days at Leghorn.

From the *Hercules* in the harbor Byron wrote to John Bowring, secretary of the London Greek Committee: "The Archbishop is at Pisa, but has sent me several letters etc. for Greece. What they most seem to want or desire is Money, Money Money." "The "Archbishop" was the Metropolitan Ignatius of Arta, a venerable Greek patriot in exile at Pisa, who had a considerable influence over the best of his countrymen, and who was in close correspondence with the most responsible leaders in Greece. In wishing him a prosperous voyage, Ignatius warned Byron that he would find confusion and disorder, but, he said, ". . . your

goodness will know how to excuse them." And he concluded: "I must recommend to you particularly the brave Marco Botzaris and his Suliotes." *

Constantine Mavrocordatos had written Byron at the request of Mr. Barry to give the poet advice on the best place to land, and he too advised an alliance with Marco Botzaris: "one of the bravest and most honest of the Greek captains." And Mavrocordatos was apparently the first to recommend the strategic importance of Missolonghi."

While the *Hercules* was at Leghorn, Byron was busy with final arrangements: writing letters, interviewing some of the Greeks, and getting useful information. On the 22nd, Pietro wrote to Teresa. Byron added only a hasty line in English, which Teresa was just beginning to learn when they parted:

My dearest Teresa—

I have but a few moments to say that we are all well—and thus far on our way to the Levant—Believe that I always *love* you—and that a thousand words could only express the same idea.—

ever dearest yours

N.B."

Trelawny, stimulated by thoughts of new adventure and flattered by the friendly attention of Byron and the reliance the famous noble poet placed upon him in all practical matters, was a bundle of activity. He wrote heroically to Claire Clairmont on July 22: "I have no other prospect or excitement (whatever others may) but the Cause. . . ." Knowing her attitude toward Byron, he continued in an apologetic tone: "We have horses, arms, money and medicine to employ in their service—this insures me a better reception and consequently a better field to commence under—than had I gone alone, a powerless stranger. . . ." And to Roberts he wrote: "Lord B. and myself are extraordinary thick, we are inseparable; but mind, this does not flatter me. He has known me long enough to see the sacrifices I make in devoting myself to serve him. This is new to him, who is surrounded by mercenaries. I am no expence to him, fight my own way, lay in my own stock &c." *

That Trelawny was not ashamed of his association with Byron,

however, is indicated by his desire to get a little publicity by having his name coupled with Byron's in print. He wrote to Mary Shelley: "Ask Hunt to mention the facts of our embarkation & sailing in the Examiner with dates &c as I wish my friends to know where I am." "

James Hamilton Browne, a Scotsman who had been dismissed from service in the Ionian Islands because of his Hellenic sympathies, had asked to join Byron's expedition. He spoke Italian and Romaic, and knew much about the English residents in command of the Ionian Islands. It was on his recommendation that Byron decided to change his first destination from Zante, which had been recommended by Blaquiere, to Cephalonia, then in command of Colonel Charles James Napier, the only English Resident markedly favorable to the Greek cause."

Browne was captivated as soon as he came on board by Byron's unaffected courtesy and attention. "His Lordship's mode of address was peculiarly fascinating and insinuating," he later recalled. "All who ever saw Byron have borne testimony to the irresistible sweetness of his smile, which was generally, however, succeeded by a sudden pouting of the lips, such as is practised sometimes by a pretty coquette, or by a spoiled child. . . . In conversation, owing to a habit he had contracted of clenching his teeth close together, it was sometimes difficult to comprehend him distinctly; towards the conclusion of a sentence, the syllables rolled in his mouth, and became a sort of indistinct murmur. . . . He invariably paid the most scrupulous attention to cleanliness, and had a certain fastidiousness in his dress, strongly savouring of dandyism. . . ." "

They were ready to sail on the 23rd, but did not actually get under way until the next day, perhaps because Byron was eager to get a mysterious insured packet which Barry had told him was being forwarded from Genoa." The packet, which arrived on the 24th, contained some effusive German stanzas addressed to Byron by Goethe, sent by a young Mr. Sterling, who had passed through Genoa on his way to Germany and had carried Byron's compliments to "the illustrious Goethe." " This was the first direct communication between the two poets, who, though imperfectly acquainted with each other's work, had shared a mutual admira-

tion for some years.¹ Byron dashed off just before sailing a flattering letter addressed "A Son Excellence Le Baron von Goethe:" ". . . if ever I come back, I will pay a visit to Weimar, to offer the sincere homage of one of the many millions of your admirers." "

The now much overcrowded vessel pulled out of the harbor of Leghorn and headed south for the Strait of Messina. The additional passengers included Browne and two Greeks: Vitali and Mavrocordatos's kinsman Prince Skilitzy. The weather was fine, and all were on deck. This was Byron's final farewell to Italy, where, he could now feel, despite his aimlessly drifting course, he had spent some of the happiest, and certainly the most productive, years of his life. He was being swept away toward Greece and an uncertain goal, partly by the inward compulsion of his own dissatisfaction, but more perhaps by the inevitable demand of circumstances and his own fame, which had combined with his weakness to drive him to do what was expected of him.

And yet Byron had not cut all bridges behind him. He had added a postscript to his last letter to Barry: "You had perhaps better sell the horse, if any opportunity offers; as for the other things, you had better wait till you hear from me further. I particularly recommend to your care my own travelling Chariot, which I would not part with for any consideration." " Was he dreaming of a triumphal return to England in his Napoleonic carriage?

But as they passed the white houses and the villas on the coast, he grew melancholy and remained so for several days. Perhaps he could see through the olive trees on the hill at Montenero the salmon-colored Villa Dupuy, where he had once sat watching the lights of Leghorn with Teresa. Fortunately he had his own cabin, and unless he wanted company the others respected his favorite spot under the awning on deck. In outward bearing he was companionable enough, though sometimes moody.

¹ Goethe's admiration was abiding, for when Henry Crabb Robinson saw him in 1829 he found him full of superlatives concerning Byron. Goethe told him: "Byron should have lived to execute his vocation. . . . To dramatise the *Old Testament*. What a subject, under his hands, would the Tower of Babel have been!" (Robinson, I, 372.)

Browne observed that during the passage Byron chiefly read the writings of Dean Swift, and supposed that the poet was thus preparing to write another canto of *Don Juan*. But, except for occasional letter-writing, Byron's pen was still now. Browne also noted that he read Montaigne, Voltaire, Grimm's *Correspondence*, and La Rochefoucauld. Byron's dinner, which he usually ate by himself on deck, consisted, Browne wrote, "of a considerable quantity of decayed Cheshire cheese, with pickled cucumbers or red cabbage, which he quaffed down by drinking at the same time either a bottle of cider or Burton ale, of which articles he had procured a supply at Genoa." "He sometimes joined the others in drinking wines or liquors after the siesta, and then he was in a jovial mood until some painful recollection seemed to cloud his eyes and, overcome by emotion and sometimes tears, he would quit the company.

The *Hercules* passed between Piombino and Elba, and, following along the tree-fringed coast, crossed the muddy mouth of the Tiber within sight of the landmarks of Rome. When they neared the island of Ponza, on which the reactionary Neapolitan government had imprisoned many of the persons who had taken part in the abortive revolution of 1821, which Byron himself had wished to join, he "gave vent to his ire, uttering the most tremendous invectives against Austria. . . ." "Seeing him roused, Trelawny tried to sting Byron into writing a poem on the occasion. But after trying for a while, Byron said: "Extemporising verses is nonsense; poetry is a distinct faculty,—it won't come when called. . . . You might as well ask me to describe an earthquake, whilst the ground was trembling under my feet."

They approached Stromboli on a clear night. Byron sat most of the night watching it, exchanging with Trelawny and Browne ghost stories suggested by the strange phenomenon. Though Browne noted Byron's penchant for superstitions, Trelawny was inclined to think that this was only a pose. He recorded that "he took such pains to convince me he was superstitious—that I am convinced he was not." "As Byron went down to his cabin in the morning, he said to Trelawny: "If I live another year, you will see this scene in a fifth canto of *Childe Harold*."

By the time the *Hercules* reached the Ionian Sea, Byron's

spirits had improved considerably. He easily established a camaraderie that was pleasing to his shipmates, particularly to Trelawny and to Browne. There was no condescension in his manner. In calm or storm he was always on deck. Trelawny complained that the ship was "built on the lines of a baby's cradle, and the least touch of Neptune's foot set her rocking." Byron, however, "was not at all affected by the motion, he improved amazingly in health and spirits, and said, 'On shore when I awake in the morning, I am always inclined to hang myself, as the day advances, I get better, and at midnight I am all cock-a-whoop. I am better now than I have been for years.'" Trelawny concluded: "I never was on ship-board with a better companion than Byron, he was generally cheerful, gave no trouble, assumed no authority, uttered no complaints, and did not interfere with the working of the ship; when appealed to, he always answered, 'do as you like.'"

Byron varied the monotony of shipboard by boxing with Trelawny or fencing with Pietro Gamba. Pistol-shooting was a sport he was even more attached to, and at which he had had more recent practice. Trelawny recalled: ". . . empty bottles and live poultry served as targets; a fowl, duck or goose, was put into a basket, the head and neck only visible, hoisted to the main yard-arm: and we rarely had two shots at the same bird." Browne observed that Byron could be cool under fire, for one day the Greek Skilitzy, being unacquainted with the hair-trigger guard on an English pistol, accidentally discharged a ball close by Byron's temple. "He betrayed no tremor, but taking the pistol out of Schilizzi's hand, pointed out to him the mechanism of the lock. . . ."

Every day at noon, Byron and Trelawny, in calm weather, jumped overboard for a swim without fear of sharks, which were not unknown in those waters. And occasionally their exuberance found outlet in boyish horseplay. Once, according to Trelawny, they let the geese and ducks loose and followed them and the dogs into the water, each with an arm in the Captain's new scarlet waistcoat, to the annoyance of the Captain and the amusement of the crew."

It may in part have been the spectacle of such rough practical

jokes, and in part also Byron's occasional outbursts of temper, that frightened the young Dr. Bruno during his first days on board. Gamba recorded that Dr. Bruno confessed later to him that "for the first fifteen days of our voyage he had lived in perpetual terror, having been informed that if he committed the slightest fault, Lord Byron would have him torn to pieces by his dogs, which he kept for that purpose; or would order his Tartar to dash his brains out." " This "Tartar" was, of course, the ferocious-looking but perfectly harmless and loyal "Tita" Falcieri.

Byron had a genuine liking for the bluff old Captain Scott, though on occasion he continued to plague him. Trelawny, like Byron, delighted in diverting himself at Scott's expense. According to Browne, Byron's "first question to him [Scott], on coming on deck in the morning, was, 'Well, Captain, have you taken your meridian?' which meant a stiff tumbler of grog; if he had, he never objected to a second, and Lord Byron almost invariably joined him in it." "

Of his tried and true servants, Byron had brought along three whom he particularly valued. These were the Venetian Gondolier Tita, who had so frightened Dr. Bruno; the English valet Fletcher, who had been with Byron on his first journey to Greece; and Lega Zambelli, his steward, whom he had won over from Count Guiccioli in Venice. Browne says that Byron "sometimes spoke in terms of unqualified praise of the extremely careful and penurious character of old Lega, his Maestro di Casa. This man, he said, guarded his treasure like the Dragon watching the golden fruit in the garden of the Hesperides, and viewed his monies with the same self-satisfaction as if they were his own property, grumbling and murmuring at making the most trivial disbursement on Lord Byron's own order, and sleeping on the boxes of specie, yet was strictly honest." "

According to Trelawny, Byron acquired another servant during the passage. He says: "In our voyage from Italy, Byron persuaded me to let him have my black servant, as, in the East, it is a mark of dignity to have a negro in your establishment." "

Fletcher, who remembered the discomforts of Greece, thought his master a little mad for wanting to return there. Trelawny recalled his outspoken protest, and Byron's comment on over-

hearing it: "It's very true—with those who take 'a hog's eye view of things!'" Trelawny observed: "After a considerable pause—he continued 'I was happier in Greece—than I have ever been before—or since and if I have ever written [well?] (as the world says I have—but which they will pardon my doubting)—it was in Greece—or off [of?] Greece—or if I have ever acted wisely—it was leaving that cursed Italy.'"²

Trelawny also recorded another anecdote of the voyage of which there is no other contemporary account. In his later years he wrote to William Michael Rossetti that he had thrown on the deck a green braided military jacket which did not fit him. Byron tried it on. "Fletcher said, 'It fits you exactly, and you never had anything so well made.' Byron thought so too; He landed with it in Greece, and never wore anything else."³

It is a fine story, which shows Trelawny's generosity and at the same time displays Byron in the embarrassing act of accepting secondhand clothes. But, like so many of Trelawny's stories, it must be modified by other evidence. While it is possible that Byron did accept a military jacket from Trelawny, it is very improbable that he "never wore anything else." He had provided an extraordinary wardrobe for the spectacle of his own military glory.²

In the isolated world on board the *Hercules*, Byron easily became confidential, embarrassingly so it seemed at times to Hamilton Browne. Of course, it required no shipboard isolation to make him so, as Lady Blessington had discovered. This brief

² An inventory of Byron's property made by Fletcher after his death lists among other items of "Military Wardrobe & Equipage": "Two Braided Plaid Jackets, 4 pair of Trowsers, Red Cloth Jacket braided with Black, Red Cloth Jacket trimmed with Gold Lace, Four Full Dress Uniform Coats trimmed with Gold Lace, Two Pair blue Trowsers trimmed with Gold Lace, A Green Jacket trimmed, Braided Jacket, A Case containing a Suit of blue Coat & Trowsers, Gold Lace Shoulder & Sword Knots & [Tapeles?], Pair of Gold Lace Epaulets & 2 Bands, Military Cap with Silver Ornament, 4 Silk Waist Sashes, 2 Helmets with Gilt Ornaments, Oil Skin Caps & Cases, 4 Dress Hats with Gilt & Silvered Ornament & Feathers, Six Pair of Gold Lace Epaulets, One Pair of Silver Lace Epaulets, 5 Gold Lace Sword Knots," and various guns and equipment including ten swords and a sword stick. (From a manuscript list among the Byron items in the Morgan Library. It is headed: "An Inventory of Sundry Effects the Property of the late Rt. Hon^{ble} Lord Byron Taken July 31st, 1824.")

association with him, Browne said, "produced rather painful confidences, relative to his own family matters, and amatory intrigues, which, if they ever actually took place, he would have shewn more good sense not to reveal. . . ."

As the *Hercules* plowed through the Ionian Sea, Byron's thoughts turned more and more toward the adventures ahead. Browne recorded: "The Greek Schilizzi, by way of flattery, used frequently to insinuate that his countrymen might possibly choose Lord Byron for their King, as a considerable party were in favour of a Monarchical Government; this idea did not displease his Lordship, who said he would perhaps not decline the offer, if made, adding, 'but we shall retain our own monies; and then if our appetite disagrees with the kingly authority, we shall, like Sancho, have the alternative of abdicating.'"³

On August 2 they sighted the islands of Cephalonia and Zante. But though the wind drove them toward Zante, they were determined, on Browne's recommendation, to land on Cephalonia, and so tacked for that island. When Byron sighted the mainland of the Morea, he said: "I don't know why it is, but I feel as if the eleven long years of bitterness I have passed through since I was here, were taken off my shoulders, and I was scudding through the Greek Archipelago with old Bathurst, in his frigate." "That night they got into the shelter of the roadstead, and the next morning anchored near the town of Argostoli, the island's capital."

³ Browne: "Voyage from Leghorn," p. 64. It seems that some of the Greek exiles in Italy had, as early as the middle of April, approached Byron with the offer of the crown of Greece, either seriously or as an inducement to him to donate his money and his services to their particular faction. On April 23, Lord Blessington wrote to Byron in a manner that suggests he had been told of some such offer: "Milor. Hail king that may be or what think you of *Emperor of the Greeks*." (Unpublished letter, Murray MSS.) And in the postscript to Byron's letter of May 19 to Hobhouse there is a similar suggestion: "I would tell you (were it not per the *post*) of some queer things brooding here. I have had some propositions made to me, but I answered, 'You must first show yourselves more capable than you did in the last events, before I can take upon me to answer, either for myself, or for any prospect of assistance from the people of England!' (LBC, II, 259—the date is given as April 19, but it is May 19 in Murray MSS.; Hobhouse proofs.) Although Byron alluded to the offer in a facetious style, he was at least flattered by it and referred to it often thereafter.

The sea voyage had improved Byron's health and spirits. In Pietro's letter to Teresa, written just after their arrival, he described Byron as "in excellent health—and good humour," and added: "If only you could be, too!" Byron appended his usual brief postscript in English, one may suspect at Pietro's request.⁴ Once they had anchored in the harbor, however, the difficulties of those who would help the Greeks soon made themselves manifest. The Captain of the Port, who examined their papers, was a Cephalonian who, according to Gamba, regaled them with "a little truth, and a great deal of boasting and conceit."⁵ But their optimistic hopes were soon dissipated by Captain John Pitt Kennedy, secretary to the English Resident, Colonel Napier, then absent from the island. Kennedy came aboard to welcome Byron and his party in the name of the Resident, who was ready to serve them in any way that would not compromise his orders of strict neutrality in the war between the Greeks and the Turks. He reported that Blaquiere was already at Corfu on his way to England. Byron was much annoyed that this agent of the London Committee, after urging him to come to Greece without delay, had not waited to give him firsthand news of affairs on the mainland. He wrote a hasty note immediately and dispatched a boat with it to Corfu, hoping to catch Blaquiere there.

What determined Byron to remain for the time being at Cephalonia was the news that internal political dissension was rife among the Greeks, that indolence on both sides had almost halted the war, though for the moment it somewhat favored the Greeks, and that the Turks had unobstructed command of the seas surrounding the mainland, while the Greek fleet, consisting mostly of armed merchant vessels, was bottled up in the islands off the east coast. The reports were confused and, as he had reason to believe, biased, so that he could see nothing to be gained by moving farther. He summed up the situation a little later in his journal:

"We here learned . . . that Mavrocordato was dismissed, or had resigned . . . and that Colocotroni, with I know not what or whose party, was paramount in the Morea.⁴ The Turks were

⁴ Alexander Mavrocordatos had been elected the first President of Greece, under the Constitution of Epidaurus, proclaimed New Year's Day (Eastern

in force in Acarnania, etc., and the Turkish fleet blockaded the coast from Messolonghi to Chiarenza, and subsequently to Navarino. The Greek fleet, from the want of means or other causes, remained in port in Hydra, Ipsara, and Spetzas, and, for aught that is yet certainly known, may be there still.”ⁿ

To get more authentic information, Byron wrote to Marco Botzaris, in charge of the Greek forces in Acarnania, then battling the Turks north of Missolonghi. At considerable expense he hired a small boat to run the blockade with the letter.ⁿ In the meantime, he and his party remained on board the *Hercules* in Argostoli harbor, to avoid any embarrassment to the English in charge of the Protectorate. The arrival in Cephalonia of the celebrated poet, whose verses had been read by most of the English officers, made a great sensation.

Byron was an object of curiosity to the English and the natives alike. He soon put his horses ashore and went riding regularly every day, presenting, according to one observer, the figure of a Tartar “with his high feather [perhaps his Homeric helmet] and his silver epaulets.”ⁿ Though restricted to some inconveniences by living in crowded quarters on board, Byron easily established a routine which suited his habits very well. Trelawny records that “every afternoon he and I crossed the harbour in a boat, and landed on a rock to bathe; on one of these occasions he held out his right leg to me, saying,

calendar—January 13 by the Western calendar), 1822, after the early Greek successes, but the government was weak from the first, and the spirit of nationalism was further weakened by later defeats and by the rival claims of chiefs, jealous of their own prerogatives. When the second National Assembly met in February 1823, the members were divided into two parties, one the military party led by Kolokotrones, Ipsilantes, and Odysseus (Ulysses); and the other that of the Primates and the civil leaders such as Petrobey of Maina, Zaimes, Andreas Londos, whom Byron had met in 1809, and Mavrocordatos. Petrobey became President of the Executive Council, and Mavrocordatos accepted the office of Secretary of State. When the Assembly was dissolved in May, it seemed that the civil party had won. The Executive Council and the Senate had fixed the seat of government at Tripolitza. But when Mavrocordatos was summoned in July to preside over the Legislative Council, he was so alarmed by the threats of Kolokotrones, who had again made a show of strength, that he resigned his office and fled to Hydra. (Gordon: *History of the Greek Revolution*, II, 1-11.)

"I hope this accursed limb will be knocked off in the war."

"It won't improve your swimming," I answered; "I will exchange legs if you will give me a portion of your brains."

"You would repent your bargain," he said; "at times I feel my brains boiling, as Shelley's did whilst you were grilling him."

"After bathing, we landed in an olive grove, eating our frugal supper under the trees."

Two days after the arrival of the *Hercules* in Argostoli harbor, Colonel Napier, the British Resident and Governor returned to the island, and was as cordial in the reception of Byron as his officers had been.⁵ Browne had known Napier earlier as an able colonial administrator and an ardent Philhellene, who, like Byron, had a "tempered enthusiasm" for the cause and the people with whom Byron was to link his fate. He knew the Greeks and their foibles and was not less devoted to their liberation. Though he ruled Cephalonia with a firm hand, Napier had gained the respect of the inhabitants by his incorruptible fairness and benevolence. The easygoing islanders were appalled at first by the rigorous life he forced upon them with his road-building and other public works. But, while the benevolent despot would not let them lag at their work, he was quick to relieve distress and to see justice done. The English code of honesty was something new and strange to a people long used to making their way in the world by cheating a conqueror or bribing officials of the master race.

Colonel Napier's realistic sympathy for the Greek cause was not the only thing that cemented his friendship with Byron. He paid deference to the latter's talents and offered him the conversation of a man of the world. According to Trelawny, Napier warmly urged Byron and the members of his party to take up quarters at his own house, and offered them every friendly hospitality." But it may have been his desire for independence and his distaste for moving that kept Byron on the *Hercules*

⁵ Charles James Napier, the future conqueror of Sind, had been through the Napoleonic wars and had distinguished himself in the Peninsula. Appointed in 1819 to a field-inspector's post at Corfu, he was sent in 1820 on a mission to Ali Pasha at Jannina, and the following year to Greece, where he became a warm supporter of the Greek nationalists who were then opening their campaign for freedom from Turkish rule. In 1822 he was appointed Governor and Military Resident of the island of Cephalonia.

as much as his wish to avoid compromising the supposed neutrality of the British Resident.

Colonel Napier found a challenge to his administrative abilities in the wild Suliote warriors who, with their families, sought refuge in Cephalonia in 1822 after being exiled from their home on the cliffs of Southern Albania. Byron had heard of the heroic defense of their rocky stronghold and had paid tribute to them in *Childe Harold*. Finally expelled from their home after many years of fighting and siege in 1803, they had been scattered over the Ionian Islands and the mainland of Greece, and some were serving under Marco Botzaris in the war against the Turks."

Predisposed to like the Suliotes, whom he regarded as the bravest, most faithful and loyal of the tribesmen he had met, judging them by the two Albanians he had taken into his service during his first visit to the East (for the Suliotes were Albanians), Byron was delighted to see his old friends from the mainland at Cephalonia. The sight of their weather-beaten countenances and unique dress carried him back to the happy days of his carefree trek through the Epirus in 1809. Here were the brave soldiers he might be proud to lead. He easily succumbed to their blandishments and hired a mob of them immediately as his personal bodyguard and retainers.

Trelawny wrote of them later: "The instinct that enables the vulture to detect carrion afar off, is surpassed by the marvelous acuteness of the Greeks in scenting money. The morning after our arrival a flock of ravenous Zuliote refugees alighted on our decks, attracted by Byron's dollars. Lega, the steward, a thorough miser, coiled himself on the money-chest like a viper. Our sturdy skipper was for driving them overboard with hand-spikes. Byron came on deck in exuberant spirits, pleased with their savage aspect and wild attire, and, as was his wont, promised a great deal more than he should have done; day and night they clung to his heels like a pack of jackals, till he stood at bay like a hunted lion. . . ."

Count Gamba had discovered that many of the men were neither Suliotes nor Greeks. But it was some time before Byron could give up his illusions or his indulgence of them. In the meantime he was confronted with other annoyances. Neither of

the two correspondents to whom Barry had given him letters of credit could or would honor them. Byron reported that Signor Carridi was unwilling and that Mr. Corgialegno, though willing, was hardly able to cash his bills on the house of Webb and Co.

Among the English on the island with whom Byron formed a friendship which became closer as time passed was Dr. Henry Muir, health officer at Argostoli. It was through Dr. Muir that he met that earnest evangelical medical officer Dr. James Kennedy, who spent long hours trying to convert to Christianity the admirer of Voltaire and supposed leader of the "Satanic School" of poetry.

Dr. Kennedy, then physician to the English garrison, had not yet met Byron when he formed the scheme of demonstrating the truth of Christian doctrines to some of his skeptical colleagues. They agreed to listen. Dr. Muir, at whose house the first meeting was to take place on Sunday morning, called on Byron in the meantime and mentioned the object of the proposed gathering. Though Kennedy does not say so, and was perhaps too lacking in subtlety to perceive it, the probability is that Muir and his friends wanted to enlist the famous scoffer at cant and hypocrisy on their side and so have some sport with Dr. Kennedy. Mingled with Byron's desire to bait a Methodist, however, was a serious curiosity and interest in the arguments that Kennedy might put forth.

Byron had an almost superstitious awe of the sincerely religious mind. Though he was tough-minded enough to reject the shams of religious pretense and theological inconsistencies, he had not the conviction of his skepticism. He had too great and too obsessive a sense of the mysteries of life and the universe to be quite happy in his negative beliefs. He had wrestled with theological and cosmological problems in *Cain*, in *Heaven and Earth*, in *Don Juan*, and elsewhere, with the curiosity of an explorer of hidden mysteries, and had found the thrill of looking behind the images greater than that of merely breaking them. Moreover, though he would not give up his speculations in forbidden realms, nor his castigation of cant, he was a little sensitive at being thought irreligious by his compatriots. He later told Kennedy that he did not like the appellation of infidel; "he said it was

a cold and chilling word." " He expressed a wish to be present at Dr. Kennedy's lecture.

Kennedy may have been a little frightened at the prospect of having Byron at his meeting, and he was even more chagrined perhaps by the presence of Colonel Napier and another officer, who came out of curiosity. Byron was accompanied by Count Gamba, who may have wanted to practice listening to English, and Hamilton Browne. The group had increased to ten persons.

Fortified by "Scott's Bible," "Erskine's Evidence," "Paley and Gregory's," and "Horne's Critical Introduction to the Scriptures," Kennedy held forth without interruption for an hour. Byron had assured him through Muir that he would at least convince him that "if he had not faith, he had at least patience," " but when Kennedy began to read from Scott's "Commentary on the Bible," he and the others grew restive and began interrupting him with comments and questions. Byron said he did not want to hear the opinions of others, but Kennedy's own.

The poet showed a familiarity with the Bible and with the commentaries, even some which Kennedy had not read, that surprised and impressed the guests. "His lordship asked me," Kennedy recalled, "if I thought that there had been fewer wars and persecutions, and less slaughter, misery, and wretchedness in the world since the introduction of Christianity than before." " Kennedy's mention of the scriptural simile of the potter and his clay roused Byron to say "that he would certainly say to the potter, if he were broken in pieces, 'Why do you treat me thus?' " "

The seriousness of Byron's attention, even when he raised objections, and the unaffected courtesy of his manners had already won Kennedy to the belief that he was not merely a scoffer and that there was yet hope for him. Byron as easily won other friends on the island. A week after his arrival, Colonel Napier wrote: "Lord Byron is here, and I like him very much." " Having established a pleasant routine with congenial companions and opportunities for riding, swimming, and intelligent conversation, Byron was contented and in no hurry to move.

While Byron was waiting for letters from the mainland, he expressed a desire to visit Ithaca, the neighboring island to the

north that had long been associated with Homer's Ulysses. He had had no news from England or Italy since leaving Leghorn, but since he had given Zante rather than Cephalonia as his mailing address that was understandable. On the eve of the departure for Ithaca, he wrote to Barry: "There is great uncertainty in the reports, but on the whole they are unfavourable. The Turkish fleet is in sight from the heights of these Islands, and the greater part of the nearest coast in a state of declared and partly efficient blockade. . . .

"Of the Greeks I shall say nothing, till I can say something better, except that I am not discouraged. . . ."

The same day (August 10) Pietro, who was beginning to suspect that Teresa might be contemplating some desperate action such as coming out to join them, as she had suggested before Byron left, wrote her reassuringly. And Byron added his usual not very lover-like postscript in English: "I pray you to remain tranquil and not to believe any nonsense that you may hear. . . ."

Colonel Napier did everything he could to facilitate Byron's jaunt to Ithaca. The party consisted of Byron, Trelawny, Count Gamba, Dr. Bruno, Browne, and several servants." They arose at dawn on the 11th and spent nine hours on muleback in a very hot sun. It was a strenuous voyage, but Byron enjoyed it, for its rigors reminded him of his youthful travels in Greece.

They crossed the narrow channel between the islands from Santa Euphemia in an open four-oared boat, arriving about sunset on the rocky shore of the little island of Ithaca, the two mountainous halves of which are joined by an isthmus. No one was there to meet them, and the capital and principal town was some six miles away over a hilly road crossing the isthmus. Byron was not perturbed. He blithely proposed passing the night in some of the many caves on the coast. But Gamba, always watchful over Byron's health, and with the Continental fear of the "night air," climbed the rock with Browne in a search for some shelter. After an hour's walk they found a house belonging to a merchant of Trieste, who offered them every hospitality.

At daylight Browne and Count Gamba started for Vathy, carrying a letter to Captain Knox, the English Resident. The

Captain immediately sent a boat to a point on the coast on the side of the isthmus not far from the hut in which they had spent the night. On their return, they found that Byron "had sauntered abroad to visit a steep rock embowered in ivy and creeping plants, said to have been an ancient stronghold of Ulysses. . . ." And Gamba "discovered him fast asleep under a wild fig-tree, at the entrance of a cavern; he was mightily incensed at Gamba's arousing him, because he had interrupted some beatific dream or vision he had been enjoying." "

When they arrived at Vathy in the afternoon, they were warmly received by the Resident, and the whole party was invited to dinner at the Governor's house. After dinner an Englishman by the name of Thomas Smith, who happened to have arrived at Vathy shortly before from Corfu, was shown into the dining-room."

Without any introduction, Byron started talking with him on a footing of such familiarity that others in the party thought he must have known Smith previously. "I have not changed my opinion of the Greeks," he said. "I know them as well as most people" (a favourite phrase), "but we must not look always too closely at the men who are to benefit by our exertions in a good cause, or God knows we shall seldom do much good in this world."

The conversation continued in the same familiar tone after Smith had been formally introduced to Byron. "To my increased amazement, he led it to his works, to Lady Byron, and to his daughter." Smith observed: "He spoke of 'Ada' exactly as any parent might have done of a beloved absent child, and betrayed not the slightest confusion, or consciousness of a sore subject, throughout the whole conversation." "

The rest of the evening was passed in preparations for an excursion to the "Fountain of Arethusa" the next day. On the morning appointed for the picnic, the whole party assembled in the parlor of Captain Knox about nine o'clock, but Byron was missing. Smith, who was standing near the window, observed him landing on the beach and walking slowly up. "I never saw and could not conceive the possibility of such a change in the appearance of a human being as had taken place since the previous

night," he recalled. "He looked like a man under sentence of death, or returning from the funeral of all that he held dear on earth. His person seemed shrunk, his face was pale, and his eyes languid and fixed on the ground. He was leaning upon a stick. . . ."

But Byron said nothing about feeling ill, and they moved off on mules furnished by the Resident. Smith had resolved to monopolize Byron during the ride, but at first was awed by his forbidding appearance and "was under terror of a freezing repulse." Byron's first answer dispelled his uneasiness, and he stuck as close to him as the road permitted. His ghastly appearance was perhaps due to nothing more than his having suffered from eating too much and imbibing too freely of Ithacan wine the previous evening." When they came to the so-called Fountain of Arethusa, a grotto and spring some five miles south of Vathy, they found two Albanian goatherds in the cavern, who played for the entertainment of the group "discordant music on a species of flageolet." "

Smith found Byron's conversation not so much brilliant as lively, facetious, and unpretentious. ". . . it was exactly that of nine-tenths of his cleverish class of English gentlemen, careless and unconscious of everything but the present moment. Lord Byron ceased to be more than one of the party, and stood some sharp jokes, practical and verbal, with more good-nature than many of the ciphers whom one is doomed to tolerate in society." "

Since the excursion of the following day was to be to the "School of Homer" in the northern part of the island, Byron banteringly called Mrs. Knox Penelope and her son Telemachus. The party set out in a well-provisioned boat, Byron in the center under the awning facing the stern, where Trelawny took charge of the tiller. Smith says a "flying" conversation took place. Byron seemed in a mood to lift the conversation above mere persiflage. He said he had been reading Hume's essays with renewed pleasure. "He considered Hume to be by far the most profound thinker and clearest reasoner of the many philosophers and metaphysicians of the last century. 'There is,' said he, 'no refuting him, and for simplicity and clearness of style he is unmatched,

and is utterly unanswerable.' He referred particularly to the Essay on Miracles." Then he called on Tita to bring gin and water, which he mixed in tumblers, saying: "Now, gentlemen, drink deep, or taste not the Pierian spring; it is the true poetic source. I'm a rogue if I have drunk to-day.'" "

They landed a short distance from the house of the brother of the native governor or regent of the island," who was prepared to entertain them. English roast beef, fowls, and ham had been provided for the guests, but Byron in politeness partook of the cold fish and green salad which the Greeks, who were observing their Second or Panagia Lent, were eating, and washed it down with Ithacan wine. After dinner they were entertained by some Greeks engaged in the vintage, who gathered about to do a Romaic dance with a cacophonous accompaniment." Byron had found a more absorbing interest in an aged Greek bishop whom he had met in December 1809 in Livadia. This was the "*esprit fort*," the freethinking bishop with whom he had conversed when he was staying with the Archon Logotheti while on the way to Athens." Browne says that Byron did not at first remember him, and when the circumstances of their meeting were recalled to him, he "had to undergo the penance of an 'accollade à la mode du pays;' and, as the holy man's chin bristled with a dingy beard of which a patriarchal goat might have been envious, and an unsavoury odour of garlic steamed from his mouth, a salute from Pan, 'in propriâ personâ,' would perhaps have been more tolerable." "

When they embarked for the return, Byron seemed moody and sullen, but his spirits rose with a storm that put the boat in peril. "I don't know," he said, 'if you all swim, gentlemen; but if you do, you will have fifty fathoms of blue water to support you; and if you do not, you will have it over you. But as you may not all be prepared, starboard, Trelawney [*sic*—bring her up. There! she is trim; and now let us have a glass of grog after the gale. *Tita, i fiaschi!*'" "

Trelawny, who had the room next to Byron's, maintained the next morning that Byron had spent most of the night writing, but Dr. Bruno, "who visited him at intervals, and was many hours in personal attendance at his bedside . . . [asserted]

that he had been seriously ill, and had been saved only by those '*benedette pillule*' (blessed pills), which so often had had that effect." " Dr. Bruno wrung his hands in vexation when he saw Byron rowing in again from his bath at the Lazzaretto.

This was the day set for the return to Cephalonia. Before leaving, Byron, who had been struck with the plight of the many refugees from the Greek mainland uprooted from their homes by the war, promised to do something for them. He subscribed a sum for their relief and wrote Knox after his return that he had directed his banker Corgialeagno "to furnish the Moreote refugees with every necessary for their decent subsistence at my expense—as before proposed by myself; and I have also . . . directed two hundred and fifty dollars to be placed at your disposal, for the other families now in Ithaca. . . ." ⁶

Smith, who had happily accepted an invitation to accompany them on the return trip, records that they all mounted on ponies to cross the isthmus to the boat-landing on the strait opposite Cephalonia. Byron had been much pleased with his visit to the little island, much more verdant and picturesque than Cephalonia, but when Browne asked whether he was not gratified "by the classical remembrances," he replied: "You quite mistake me, I have no poetical humbug about me. I am too old for that. Ideas of that sort are confined to rhyme." "

As the boat had not yet arrived when they reached the little harbor, they employed the time in bathing. Byron "persisted, in despite of the entreaties of his medical attendant," Browne said, "in remaining a very considerable time in the water, exposed to the ardent rays of a very hot sun," and "exhibited various feats in swimming." " The crossing took place in an open boat under the

⁶ *LJ*, VI, 256. Letter of Aug. 26, 1823. In addition, as Byron later recorded in his journal, he "had conveyed to Cephalonia a Moreote family who were in the greatest helplessness, and provided them with a house and decent maintenance under the protection of Messrs. Corgialeagno, wealthy merchants of Argostoli, to whom I had been recommended by my correspondents." (*LJ*, VI, 245. Journal entry of Sept. 28, 1823.) This was the family of Chalandritsanos, "once rich in Patras" (*Gamba*, p. 28), exiled when the Turks seized that town. A son of the family, Loukas, then fifteen, was fighting under Kolokotronis in the Morea. He later joined his family and became Byron's page boy, accompanying the poet to Missolonghi and remaining with him until his death. (Nicolson, p. 183.)

same hot sun. Smith records that they arrived at Santa Euphemia at two in the afternoon and were there met by Mr. Toole, the quarantine officer, "in a sort of state—with his whole establishment, French and English, uncovered and bowing." He had "prepared one of the usual luxurious feasts in his [Byron's] honour—feasts which Lord Byron said 'played the devil' with him, for he could not abstain when good eating was within his reach." At twilight the party started out for the quarters that had been provided for them at a monastery on a hill above Samos across the bay.

Darkness had fallen before they mounted the last steep path to the monastery. "Outside the walls of the building," Smith recalled, "there were some open sarcophagi. . . . I walked with his lordship and Count Gamba to examine them, speculating philosophically on their quondam contents. Something to our surprise, Lord Byron clambered over into the deepest, and lay in the bottom at full length on his back, muttering some English lines." Smith recognized them for some "unconnected fragments of the scene in 'Hamlet,' where he moralises with Horatio on the skull." "

But the ceremony of the monks' welcome was somewhat too much for Byron, tired by a long day and perhaps already feeling the effects of a heavy dinner following the violent exercise of his swimming. Browne writes: "Some Calogeri" in honour of so distinguished a guest, met us with pine torches in their hands; but fatigue had completely overpowered Byron. . . . He now vented his anger in sundry anathemata and imprecations, until he gradually lashed himself into one of those furious and ungovernable torrents of rage, to which at times he was liable; the paroxysm increased so as almost to divest him of reason, and I really entertained apprehensions of an apoplectic attack.

"The peaceful dwellers in the convent were astounded by his very rude behaviour; but altogether there was something rather ridiculous in the scene, because the good abbot had taken the pains to prepare a turgid, congratulatory address. . . . Byron would not listen to him for one moment; but snatching a lamp, like one possessed, he cried out, 'my head is burning; will no one relieve me from the presence of this pestilential madman?' mean-

ing the abbot, of course, and at once darted into the first room he could find, calling out with great vehemence for Fletcher, his valet, to follow him.” ”

First the abbot and then Dr. Bruno attempted to soothe the angry lord, but both were forcibly ejected. “It appeared,” Smith wrote, “that Lord Byron was seized with violent spasms in the stomach and liver, and his brain was excited to dangerous excess, so that he would not tolerate the presence of any person in his room. He refused all medicine, and stamped and tore all his clothes and bedding like a maniac. We could hear him rattling and ejaculating [MS: gibbering].” Trelawny entered next, “but soon returned, saying that it would require ten such as he to hold his lordship for a minute, adding that Lord Byron would not leave an unbroken article in the room.” The Doctor asked Smith to get Byron to take a pill. Pushing past a barricade, Smith found Byron “half-undressed, standing in a far corner like a hunted animal at bay. As I looked determined to advance in spite of his imprecations of ‘Bah! out, out of my sight! fiends, can I have no peace, no relief from this hell! Leave me, I say!’ and he simply lifted the chair nearest to him, and hurled it direct at my head; I escaped as best I could, and returned to the sala. . . . Mr. Hamilton Browne . . . now volunteered an attempt, and the silence that succeeded his entrance augured well for his success. He returned much sooner than expected, telling the doctor that he might go to sleep; Lord Byron had taken both the pills [MS: with something like childish drive!], and had lain down on my mattress and bedding. . . . Lord Byron’s beautiful and most commodious patent portmanteau bed, with every appliance that profusion of money could provide, was mine for the night.” ”

Byron did not leave his chamber until late the next morning, according to Browne, and, being quite composed, “he could hardly give credit to his own frantic conduct, and was now disposed to be exceedingly courteous towards the abbot. . . .” ”

The party set out about noon to cross the mountains to Argostoli. Byron had now revived, Smith observed, “and, lively on horseback, sang, at the pitch of his voice, many of Moore’s melodies and stray snatches of popular songs of the time in the

common style of the streets.”^a Their mules carried them over a better road than the one to Santa Euphemia, and they reached Argostoli, Gamba says, by five o'clock and went aboard the *Hercules*.

They found Captain Scott “in high dudgeon with the damned Zodiacs, (so the skipper termed the Suliots,) to Byron’s infinite amusement.” During Byron’s absence, according to Browne, they had “riotously beset the vessel, to demand when his Lordship would return.” Scott said he had refrained from throwing them overboard only out of deference to Byron, who congratulated him on his restraint, as he “might have been rewarded with a few inches of cold steel in his abdomen.”^a

Trelawny says he descended to Byron’s cabin about noon the day after their return and found him fast asleep. “I repeatedly called him by name; at first in a low voice,—then louder and louder; at last he started up in terror, staring at me wildly. With a convulsive sigh he said, ‘I have had such a dream! I am trembling with fear. I am not fit to go to Greece. If you had come to strangle me I could have done nothing.’

“I said, ‘Who could against a night-mare? the hag don’t mind your pistols or your bible’ (he always had these on a chair close to the side of his bed). I then talked on other subjects until he was tolerably composed, and so left him.”^a

There was still no news from either England or Italy. Byron’s future course was no plainer than it had been, and he fell back into his easy habits, riding, swimming, and dining with Colonel Napier and other residents of Cephalonia. Pietro wrote again to reassure his sister and to tell her of their pleasant excursion to Ithaca, where they had enjoyed the beautiful views and the exquisite grapes rather than, he said, echoing Byron, “wearing out our brains over some crumbling ruins.” He added: “Mylord was pleased, in good health and excellent spirits—he led a very tiring life in this hot weather, and what is more, in the hottest hours of the day—on muleback and on foot he climbed up mountains which by God were not mild,—and is none the worse.”^a

Byron added his usual postscript in English. He was already divorced from his life in Italy, and his effort to recapture the mood of his attachment was a strain and something of a bore.

At the same time, he did not want to hurt the woman who had given him such unqualified devotion. But Teresa was sensitive enough to perceive, even though she would not admit it to herself, that she had lost her hold on her lover. His perfunctory notes could not but have been chilling to her.

The return from Ithaca marked a round of entertainment by the English residents on the island in which Byron and his companions shared. Smith left regretfully at the end of a week to return to Corfu. On August 20, Napier wrote: "Lord Byron still here. He is going to Greece, but it is hard to get there, harder to get back; and if the Turks catch him off goes his poetical nob! He lives in his ship, but comes ashore to my house." "

Byron, who still had the feeling that he was looked upon as something of an unnatural monster by the majority of his countrymen, was much gratified by the attention paid him by the English in Cephalonia. He was particularly flattered but a little incredulous when the officers of the 8th Regiment expressed a desire to have his company at dinner. Byron was always ill at ease on such public occasions, but when the officers drank his health he responded with a self-conscious speech, expressing, according to Dr. Kennedy, "great satisfaction at being in the society of his countrymen, and of seeing so many of them together." "

Byron was roused from the convivialities of the island life temporarily by the arrival on August 22 of an enthusiastic letter from Marco Botzaris, the Suliote leader, who, with his small band, was then helping the Greeks to repel the Ottoman forces pressing down through the mountain valleys of Acarmania above Missolonghi. It was written on the 18th from the field near Karpenisi, where the army of Mustāi Pasha was encamped.

"Let nothing prevent you from coming into this part of Greece. The enemy threatens us in great number; but, by the help of God and your Excellency, they shall meet a suitable resistance. I shall have something to do tonight against a corps of six or seven thousand Albanians, encamped close to this place. The day after to-morrow I will set out, with a few chosen companions, to meet your Excellency. Do not delay." "

It may be that Byron was almost in the mood to join him,

though he could never move quickly. But that was perhaps Botzaris's last letter, for three days later," August 21, leading his band of 350 Suliotes, he rushed forward to slay the Bey, but as he raised his head above a wall, a bullet pierced his brain."

The news of the death of Botzaris, one of the two Greek leaders who had been recommended as the most honest and patriotic, reached Byron a few days later and put an effective stop to any plans he may have had for leaving immediately for the mainland. The other Greek leader on whom he had counted, Alexander Mavrocordatos, Shelley's friend, had resigned his post under threats of the military party headed by Kolokotrones.

Already beset by Greeks on Cephalonia who represented various factions, Byron was soon receiving petitions from every party on the mainland with an ax to grind, as well as from individuals who hoped to get a share of the dollars he had brought along. The word had spread like wildfire that Byron had come with money and aid for the Greeks, and cupidities were roused from Acarnania to Athens, to the seat of government in Eastern Greece, and even to the islands." Count Delladecima had written to the Legislative Body, and the news was rapidly passed along." It was only the healthy cynicism of Byron's view of human nature in general and the Greek character in particular, coupled with his longer view of the ultimate good of liberation of the land, that kept him from turning in disgust from the whole project. Among his associates he found a safety valve in commenting satirically on the less amiable Greek traits, but in soberer moments he, like Colonel Napier, had a large tolerance for the people who had so long been warped by slavery. Count Gamba said that "In his travels during his younger days, he had imbibed a greater personal esteem for the character of the Turks than for that of their slaves." " But Byron recognized that the Greek character had been formed by the habits of deceit engendered by the very circumstances of their slavery. Having learned to live by cozening their masters, they carried the habit over to all their relationships.

That Byron's realistic vision of the Greeks did not cause him to give them up as hopeless is indicated by the closeness of his association with many of them. He had early come to value the

opinions and the character of Count Delladecima, who, according to Dr. Millingen, was one of the residents of the island whom Byron "received with most pleasure." "

George Finlay, the historian of Greece, one of the shrewdest of the analysts of Byron's singular qualities, also noted his realistic view. He wrote: "No stranger estimated the character of the Greeks more correctly than Lord Byron. At Cephalonia he sometimes smiled at the enthusiasm of Sir Charles Napier, and pointed out where the soldier's ardour appeared to mislead his judgment. It may, however, be observed, that to nobody did the Greeks ever unmask their selfishness and self-deceit so candidly. Almost every distinguished statesman and general sent him letters soliciting his favour, his influence, or his money. . . . Lord Byron made many sagacious and satirical comments on the *chiaroscuro* of these communications. . . . He knew his own character so well, that he remained some time at Cephalonia, not venturing to trust himself among such a cunning and scheming set, fearing lest unworthy persons should exercise too much influence over his conduct." "

Byron set down in his journal, without mincing words, his tempered view of the Greeks. "As I did not come here to join a faction but a nation, and to deal with honest men and not with speculators or peculators, (charges bandied about daily by the Greeks of each other) it will require much circumspection to avoid the character of a partizan. . . . Whoever goes into Greece at present should do it as Mrs. Fry went into Newgate—not in the expectation of meeting with any especial indication of existing probity, but in the hope that time and better treatment will reclaim the present burglarious and larcenous tendencies which have followed this General Gaol delivery. . . . The worst of them is that (to use a coarse but the only expression that will not fall short of the truth) they are such damned liars; there never was such an incapacity for veracity shown since Eve lived in Paradise. One of them found fault the other day with the English language, because it had so few shades of a Negative, whereas a Greek can so modify a 'No' to a 'Yes,' and *vice versa*, by the slippery qualities of his language, that prevarication may be carried to

any extent and still leave a loop-hole through which perjury may slip without being perceived.””

Byron's disillusionment with the Greeks was no doubt heightened by the growing unruliness and efforts at extortion of the Suliotes he had taken under his protection. To free himself of them, he now offered them another month's pay and the price of their passage to Acarnania. This some of them accepted, and after negotiations through Napier, Byron got their arms returned to them and they left to join their countrymen.” Afraid of his own softness toward them, Byron let Count Gamba handle the matter for him.

Colonel Napier finally succeeded in getting Byron's letters forwarded from Zante.” There were several from Barry, the first news from Teresa since they had parted, and letters from England, including one from Hobhouse saying that the Greek Committee requested him to “act as their representative near the Greek Govt.,” as he noted in his journal, “and take charge of the proper disposition and delivery of certain stores, etc., etc. . . .””

When these letters arrived on the 1st of September,” Byron was already in the throes of moving to a house on shore. He had decided that, until he had more definite information and assurances, he could not join any party on the mainland. He might have been content to remain on the *Hercules* had not two events precipitated his moving. One was the determination of Captain Scott to return to England (he had no intention of risking the capture of his vessel by the Turkish fleet). The other was that Trelawny and Browne, not sharing Byron's need for caution and prudence as the principal agent for the Greek Committee and as one whose own money and reputation must be thrown into the cause where it would do the most good, had grown impatient of delays and had determined, as soon as the departure of the Turkish fleet from the coast opposite made a crossing possible, to proceed to the seat of the government in the Morea. Browne thought Byron was held at Cephalonia principally “through irresolution,” or “dislike to locomotion, (in him constituting an infirmity).” But to Byron the problem did not seem that simple. Certainly there was more than a grain of truth, however, in

Browne's observation: "I really believe, accustomed as he had been for a long period to the luxurious indolence of Italy, he was too happy, after his recent unwonted fatigues, to repose for a season in ease and seclusion at Cephalonia."

In his later accounts, Trelawny was even more critical than Browne of what he considered Byron's procrastination. He wrote in his *Recollections*: "I well knew that once on shore Byron would fall back on his old routine of dawdling habits, plotting—planning—shilly-shallying—and doing nothing. It was a maxim of his, 'If I am stopped for six days at any place, I cannot be made to move for six months.' " But at the time Trelawny displayed none of his later critical condescension toward Byron. He wrote Hunt on September 2: "Lord B. thought it best to stay till he received communications from the English Committee or the Greek Government. In the mean time we have gathered what store of information we could sift out."

After giving some figures on the strength of the Greek and Turkish forces (from what source he did not say), Trelawny continued: "Lord B—desires to be particularly remembered to you—and to tell your brother to publish without *delay*—the *whole* of *Don Juan* that is the 15 & 16 Canto. . . . he has not written anything since leaving Genoa—but talks of going on with Child Harold—& *Don Juan* as he collects matter. . . . he is much better than I have ever seen him—after 8 weeks living on board."

Byron apparently went ashore on September 2, possibly accepting the hospitality of Colonel Napier before moving into his house at Metaxata on the 6th." Trelawny wrote another long letter on the evening of his departure (the 6th), this time to Mary Shelley, displaying himself with heroic bravado as much more eager for the fray and more ardent in the cause of liberty than Byron: "the Noble Poet has been siezed with a fit of his usual indecision—when just on the brink—and when I would have him without [shallying?] leap—after being now a month in idleness—we seemed both to have taken our seperate determination—his to return to Italy & mine to go forward with a Tribe of Zuliotes to join a brother of Marco Bottzarie—at Messelongie."

But, critical as he was of Byron, he was still willing to have

the world know that he was a confidant of the famous poet: ". . . our intimacy has never been ruffled—but smoother than ever and I am as ever most anxious in upholding his great name to the world." "

There is little doubt that Byron was fond of Trelawny, though the latter's light regard for the strict truth as well as his flamboyance often made him the butt of Byron's jests. He is reported to have said once that if Trelawny would learn to tell the truth and wash his hands, they might make a gentleman of him yet." Browne records that he and Trelawny bade "an affectionate adieu to Byron" and their other companions and embarked." With their Suliote guide they dodged the few ships left by the Turks to guard the coast and landed at Pyrgos the next morning. Byron never saw Trelawny again.

Byron, Pietro Gamba, and Dr. Bruno settled down comfortably in a small villa, the smallest house in which Byron had lived since he left his mother's cottage in Southwell. It was no Italian palazzo, this villa of the Metaxas family, but it had a balcony from which Byron could see on clear mornings the outlines of the mainland of the Morea and the clearer green silhouette of the island of Zante to the south. It stood amid vineyards and olive groves in a pretty little village half a mile or more up the island slope from the blue waters of the Ionian Sea. Back of the village loomed the castle of San Giorgio and the bare rocks of the Black Mountain.⁷

In this setting Byron was soon content again. "He spent the day as follows," Gamba wrote: "Leaving his bedroom at nine, he was employed in answering letters and settling affairs with me till eleven. He then breakfasted, and took nothing but a cup of tea. Towards noon he got on horseback, and generally re-

⁷ The house was still standing when I visited Metaxata in 1948, but it had then been restored and modernized after having been for some time in a state of disrepair. In Byron's day the lower floor was, according to Nicolson (p. 141), "a vague, arcaded store-house for olives, grapes, and lemons." I came upon it through a lane shut in by high gray stone walls, and met, as Byron might have done as he returned from his ride, a native leading a burro bearing two large panniers filled with oranges. Byron and his companions lived in four small rooms on the top floor. Byron, Gamba says, had a bedroom and sitting-room, he and Dr. Bruno shared a room, and the servants camped in the kitchen.

mained out till three. Sometimes we went into the town. We then dined together, but he only ate cheese and vegetables. After dinner, we sometimes practised firing with a pistol. He then retired into his chamber till seven; and, after conversing with us till twelve, he retired to his chamber for the night, several hours of which, however, he passed in reading, for latterly he slept ill.”

Once settled at Metaxata, Byron took a little more time to reply to the letters he had received in the packet from Zante. Moore had noted that Byron’s habit of answering letters as soon as he got them gave to his correspondence “all the aptitude and freshness of replies in conversation.” Writing to Hobhouse, Byron gave a report to him and the Committee on the situation as it appeared at the moment. He continued: “. . . [I] am here in a very pretty village, between the Mountains and the sea, waiting what Napoleon calls the ‘March of Events.’” And in a postscript he added: “I have sent over to Missolonghi some medical stores for the wounded there. Metaxa (the Commandant of the town) is very pressing that I should go over there; but I must first have an answer from the Tripolitza Govt., and also keep a look out for the arrival of the Committee’s vessel. When these things are settled, I may as well be in one place as another I suppose, though I have as little cunning in fortifying a besieged town as ‘honour hath skill in Surgery.’”

The same day he wrote more briefly to Teresa. Having heard from her at last (she apparently was then living in Bologna under the protection of the old family friend of the Gambas, Professor Paolo Costa), something of his old feeling of playful tenderness surged up again, and, perhaps more to keep up her spirits than to reveal his own view of the probabilities, Byron wrote: “I shall fulfil the object of my mission from the committee—and then (probably) return into Italy for it does not seem likely that as an individual I can be of use to them. . . . Pray be as cheerful and tranquil as you can—and be assured that there is nothing here that can excite anything but a wish to be with you again. . . . When we meet again (if it please God) I hope to tell you several things that will make you smile. I kiss your Eyes (*occhi*) and am most affectly a. a. in e. + + + +”

For more than a month no word came from Browne and Tre-lawny, but in the meantime letters and emissaries from every party and every part of Greece and the islands poured in to Cephalonia in an attempt to win for their particular faction Byron's influence and his dollars.

Knowing his own incapacity to deal with their contradictions, Byron sought the advice of Colonel Napier, that hardheaded soldier and administrator. It was because of Napier's abiding faith in the ultimate redemption of the Greeks that Byron trusted him. Two of the letters which Byron turned over to Napier in September, and which expressed diametrically opposite views of the situation among the Greeks on the mainland, were from Spiridion Trikoupi, a friend of Mavrocordatos, and from the klepht chieftain who had intimidated the government and held practical sway in the Morea, Theodore Kolokotrones.

Napier replied: "Tricoupi's letter is the best I think, it takes a general view of the war; but Colocotroni's shews the necessity of physical force to keep the Greeks in order. . . . I am quite satisfied that their object is to get more of your lordship's money, which they think more of than they ought—for they seem to consider you a mine of gold. Having done so they will pay no attention to a word you say: the damnedst idiot amongst them is satisfied that his abilities are far superior to your lordship's, though he will conceal this vanity while he thinks to get money. . . . Were I in your place I would unite my own funds with those of the committee, and, with all that was collected, pay the two hundred Germans, said to be at Napoli di Romania, and also a body of men from England, as numerous as the funds will admit of—reserving some money to pay those Greeks who are fugitives from the northern provinces and will flock to your standard. . . . Let no money be paid to chiefs . . . but pay the soldiers with your own hands, and form a body-guard of the most trustworthy. A few enlightened men, like Tricoupi and Mavrocordato, will see that you are doing what alone can do good, and they will stick to you and support you. . . . You might then send forth troops under the constitutional banners, with orders to plunder all chiefs, but not to injure a single poor person." "

Napier expressed his willingness to go to Greece, to venture his own neck in such a scheme if only the Greek Committee in London would guarantee to secure the value of his commission in the event he should lose it by abandoning his neutrality.

But, able and shrewd as he recognized Napier to be, Byron could not but see that, both in his expectations of the Greeks and of the author of "The Isles of Greece," Napier was a little too optimistic and naïve. Byron knew his own weaknesses well, and those of the Greeks perhaps even better. While he did try to some extent to follow Napier's advice in holding tight to the purse strings and acting as his own paymaster to his Suliote guard, he was disappointed but scarcely surprised at his failure because the avarice of the common soldiers was scarcely less than that of their leaders. Finlay acutely observed:

"The genius of Lord Byron would in all probability never have unfolded either political or military talent. He was not disposed to assume an active part in public affairs. He regarded politics as the art of cheating the people, by concealing one-half of the truth and misrepresenting the other; and whatever abstract enthusiasm he might feel for military glory was joined to an innate detestation of the trade of war. Both his character and his conduct presented unceasing contradictions. It seemed as if two different souls occupied his body alternately. One was feminine, and full of sympathy; the other masculine, and characterized by clear judgment, and by a rare power of presenting for consideration those facts only which were required for forming a decision. When one arrived the other departed." "

Byron freely admitted his human and humane weaknesses. In explaining to Barry his unwillingness to go among the Greeks while they were divided into factions, he wrote: "It is not of their ill-usage (which I should know how to repel, or at least endure perhaps), but of their *good* treatment that I am apprehensive; for it is difficult not to allow our private impressions to predominate: and if these Gentlemen *have* any undue interest and discover my weak side, viz. a propensity to be governed, and were to set a pretty woman, or a clever woman, about me, with a turn for political or any other sort of intrigue—why, they would make a fool of me, no very difficult matter probably even

without such an intervention. But if I can keep passion, at least that passion, out of the question (which may be the more easy, as I left my heart in Italy), they will not weather me with quite so much facility." "

There can be little doubt that Byron was using good judgment (which should not be discounted because it happened to accord with his more personal and indolent predilections for remaining where he was) in not rushing to the mainland while the political situation was so chaotic and unfavorable.

In the meantime, Byron dictated to Gamba a reply to Mavrocordatos, couched in diplomatic phrasing and embellished with compliments perhaps supplied by Pietro himself in his fine Italian scrawl, outlining the reasons for his inability, as a member of the Greek Committee, to join him at Hydra. He was commissioned by the Committee to address himself to the Greek government, "no matter of whom it is composed or where it is to be found. . . . it seems that it is proper for a foreigner to guard against any act which could have the slightest tendency to sustain parties and nourish discord." "

Byron's private feelings were reflected in a letter from Pietro to Teresa at the beginning of October: "With all possible freedom and every desirable advantage, nothing could keep me long among the Greeks. They are the vainest and most insincere race on earth, a chemical aggregate of all the vices of their ancestors, plus many taken from the Turks, and a good dose of the Jewish—diluted and mixed in the melting pot of slavery. If Heaven helps them to freedom, they will cast them off [the vices]—but it will not be for us, or for our sons, to see them cleansed."

In his usual postscript to Pietro's letter Byron said: "As his opinions and mine on the Greeks are nearly similar—I need say little on that subject. I was a fool to come here but being here I must see what is to be done." "

The London Committee, not being able to raise much money for the Greeks by subscription, had, as Bowring, the Secretary, wrote Byron during the summer, conceived the idea of a loan to the Greek government. Although Byron had urged upon the Greek government the necessity of sending deputies to negotiate

the loan, they had not been sent. But he feared that "there will be little likelihood of a loan to the Greeks when once their discords are bruited abroad." "

In the meantime Byron continued his pleasant routine at Metaxata. Certainly he was not really sorry that he had come to Greece. Gamba recalled: "We frequently conversed at length on the affairs of Greece; and the more he perceived that his influence might be of service in the struggle for the regeneration of that country, the more satisfaction he felt in the line of conduct he had pursued. 'With a certain sum in advance,' said he, 'and no particular occupation, how could I better employ my time and money? I might have lived, or rather vegetated, in splendour, in some uninteresting country of Europe; but what are those pleasures, so much sought after, when once obtained?' . . . He often said, that he would never give up his determination, unless the Greeks themselves expelled him. 'If,' he exclaimed, 'Greece should fall, I will bury myself in the ruins!—if she should establish her independence, I will take up my residence in some part or other—perhaps in Attica, where I once passed seven months.' " "

Pietro told Teresa: "Byron has returned to his hermit's life, and is satisfied with it. We have a fine view, good air—and sometimes we are given a fine dance, which is not too agreeable." " But many visitors now invaded his hermitage. Almost all the officers of the garrison and the English residents came out to ride with Byron and sometimes to dine, for he preferred that to going in to Argostoli. Colonel Duffie was a favorite, as was also Dr. Muir.

The journal which Byron had begun in September he discontinued abruptly on the 30th when he received a letter from his sister Augusta intimating that his daughter Ada was ill, and he did not take it up again until December." He later gave Dr. Muir another reason for breaking off his journal: "I found I could not help abusing the Greeks in it, so I thought it was as well to give up." " The fact probably was that the dissatisfactions with himself and the world which had driven him to write either prose or poetry were now no longer strong enough to overcome his inertia, while the economic motive no longer drove him since

Murray's thousand-guinea checks had ceased to come in and the most he could hope from John Hunt was a few hundred pounds. He sometimes talked about continuing *Don Juan*, but he never added to the fourteen stanzas of the seventeenth canto he had begun before leaving Italy. Byron justified his poetic inactivity by the fiction that he was now occupied with practical politics. "Poetry," he told Pietro, "should only occupy the idle. In more serious affairs it would be ridiculous." "

On October 5 the tranquillity of the village was interrupted by a series of earthquakes which frightened everyone but did no serious damage. Writing to his sister shortly after the event Byron said: "One of the shocks was so prolonged that, though not very heavy, we thought the house would come down. . . . *Who was first* out of the door I know not, but when I got to the bottom of the stairs I found several arrived before me, which could only have happened by their jumping out of the windows or down *over* or from the stairs. . . ."

The reproachful innuendoes of Byron's earlier letters to Augusta from Italy had now disappeared. The fire of passion seemed burned out, and only the brotherly fondness remained. At the end of his letter he wrote: "I wish you would obtain from Lady B. some account of Ada's disposition, habits, studies, moral tendencies, and temper, as well as of her personal appearance, for except from the miniature drawn five years ago (and she is now double that age nearly) I have no idea of even her aspect. . . . At *her* present age I have an idea that I had many feelings and notions which people would not believe if I stated them *now*, and therefore I may as well keep them to myself. Is she social or solitary, taciturn or talkative, fond of reading or otherwise? And what is her *tic*?—I mean her foible. Is she passionate? I hope that the Gods have made her anything save *poetical*—it is enough to have one such fool in a family." "

Dr. Kennedy had hesitated to call on Byron after he moved to the country. The "hermit" of Metaxata, however, was eager to resume the conversations on religion with Kennedy, partly because of a genuine curiosity and interest in the subject and partly, no doubt, for the pleasure of confounding the pious Doctor. Kennedy had been reading his commentaries and came

loaded with new "evidences," but he was somewhat disconcerted by Byron's penchant for cutting across the lines of his argument to basic difficulties which troubled him. On Kennedy's urging the necessity of change of heart and new birth, Byron observed: "Of the wickedness and depravity of human nature, I have no doubt; I have seen too much of it in all classes of society; and under the mask of politeness and patriotism I have found so much vileness and villany, that no one, except those who have witnessed it, can have any conception of; but these doctrines, which you mention, lead us back into all the difficulties of original sin, and to the stories in the Old Testament, which many who call themselves Christians reject." "

Speaking of the immoral tendencies of Byron's literary works, Kennedy said that Colonel Duffie had "read in one of the papers, of a man in distressed circumstances, who one evening brought Cain in his hand to a friend, and read some passages of it to him, in which doubts of immortality, and of justice on earth, are expressed,—and desired his attention to what you said. Next morning he shot himself."

Byron was eager to know what newspaper it had appeared in and said: "I am very sorry for it, whether it be true or false. Had I known that such an event was likely to happen, I should never have written the book." " But he continued to maintain that his purpose in his satires, and particularly in *Don Juan*, was to expose vice and hypocrisy, and he added, smiling: "I am assisting you in my own way as a poet, by endeavouring to convince people of their depravity . . . am I not doing an essential service to your cause, by first convincing them of their sins, and thus enable you to throw in your doctrine with more effect?" " If Kennedy had had any sense of humor, he might have responded in a way that would have won Byron sooner than his serious argument, but he continued to preach, and Byron, without ever being rude or sharply sarcastic, delighted in throwing logical obstructions into his argument.

On the subject of predestination, Byron said: ". . . it appears to me, just from my own reflections and experiences, that I am influenced in a way which is incomprehensible, and am led to do things which I never intended. . . . But I have never en-

tered into the depths of the subject, but contented myself with believing that there is a predestination of events, and that that predestination depends on the will of God." "

Kennedy said he considered the Socinian system "a terrible delusion." But Byron replied: "Their religion seems to be spreading very much. Lady B.[yron] is a great one among them, and much looked up to. She and I used to have a great many discussions on religion, and some of our differences arose from this point; but on comparing all the points together, I found that her religion was very similar to mine." "

In reflecting on the conversation, Kennedy thought he observed no signs of weariness on Byron's part, or any lack of attention. "There was nothing in his manner which approached to levity, or any thing that indicated a wish to mock at religion. . . ." But Kennedy was still a little uneasy. He was aware that the wits of the garrison were making sport of his efforts to convert Byron. "Some of them affected to believe,—I know not on what ground," he recorded, "—that Lord B.'s wish to hear me proceeded from his desire to have an accurate idea of the opinions and manners of the Methodists, in order that he might make Don Juan become one for a time, and thus paint their conduct with the greater accuracy and fidelity. . . ." "

Byron's facetious remarks to his friends in Argostoli suggest that he did not take Kennedy too seriously. Dr. Muir quoted him as saying: "The fact is, Muir, Kennedy has had a great deal of trouble with us all, and it would be a pity he should lose his time. And, besides, he says we are all to be Christians some time or other, so it is just as well that we should give in.' After this he clasped his hands, and, looking upwards, exclaimed, 'Oh! I shall begin the 17th Canto of *Don Juan a changed man!*' " "

Certainly Kennedy saw evidence of Byron's practice of Christian virtues if not of his doctrinal soundness. One day in October when Byron and Pietro had returned from their ride, Colonel Napier came galloping up to ask for the services of Dr. Bruno. Some workmen on one of the new roads had been buried by falling sand. Byron sent Bruno and followed immediately with Count Gamba. A wailing crowd was gathered round, but no one was doing anything. Some workmen had been carried away

seriously injured. Byron asked whether others were buried, and when the idlers said they did not know but thought some were, he jumped down and seized a spade and started digging as hard as he could, at the same time calling to his valet to horsewhip those whose laziness prevented them from following suit. His rage at their indifference was not simulated. They found only some shoes and hats, but Byron did not forgive the callousness of the Greeks to their countrymen's fate. Alluding to the circumstance later, according to Kennedy, "he said that he came out to the Islands prejudiced against Sir T. Maitland's government of the Greeks, but I have now changed my opinion. They are such barbarians, that if I had the government of them, I would pave these very roads with them." " He sent Dr. Bruno to attend the wounded and give them medicine.

Byron was in this mood concerning the Greeks when young George Finlay, then fresh from his studies in Germany and on his way to join in the fight for Greek freedom, called at Metaxata in October. Byron first regarded his visitor with a fixed and anxious stare, which disconcerted Finlay until he learned that the poet had been startled by his resemblance to Shelley. But Finlay, who was invited to dinner, was soon fascinated by Byron's conversation, which was mostly about Greece, "yet chiefly on the manners of the people, their character, the difficulties of travelling, and the antiquities." Byron remarked that his visitor "was far too enthusiastic, and too fresh from Germany." Finlay observed that Byron assumed an affected and monotonous tone whenever he uttered anything that departed from the commonplaces of conversation or when approaching anything poetic, and sometimes broke off without finishing his sentence, being shy of revealing his feelings. But in "mere satire and wit his genius ran wild, even in conversation."

In the meantime, Byron had been persuaded, somewhat against his better judgment, to make the plunge and go himself to the seat of the Greek government on the mainland. On October 23 he told Colonel Duffie that he expected to set out in November on the invitation of the Greek Provisional Government." But even after he had promised to go, his own instincts, his general knowledge of the Greek character, and warnings of

disunion and faction from other sources which he trusted caused Byron to linger at least until Browne and Trelawny had fulfilled their mission and heard the stories of all the parties. Count Deladecima, Byron's chief adviser among the Greeks on Cephalonia, had turned over to him a report from a friend of Mavrocordatos at Tripolitza, Jean Baptiste Theotoky, which neutralized the favorable reports of Browne and of Anarghiros, the emissary of the Provisional Government in the Morea. Theotoky had written on September 27:

"Greece has never been in greater danger since the Revolution. . . . The Peloponnese is the theatre of two rival factions, each of which aims at self-aggrandisement and at seizing and misapplying the public revenues. . . . The arrival of Lord Byron at Cephalonia with a sufficient sum of money caused both factions to try to secure his person and his funds, to be used for their evil ends. They should have advised Lord Byron to make his way to Western Greece. . . . His funds would provide for the payment of 8 or 10 armed ships to raise the blockade of Missolonghi and free the communication by sea. . . . If Milord lands in the Morea, as he has been pressed to do, he will accomplish little for Greece. He cannot work for the reconstruction of Greece without public opinion. Patriotic and liberal sentiments are unknown there." "

What was more likely to deter Byron from any precipitate action, however, was a long memorandum and a letter from Frank Hastings, a British naval officer who had offered his services to the Greeks the previous year, and who had had ample opportunity to observe the strength and weaknesses of their leaders, particularly of the merchant captains who commanded the ships that served as the Greek navy. Disappointed at the refusal of the Greeks to take seriously his proposals for improving the fire power of their vessels or for establishing uniform signals and unified command, he now hoped that Byron could persuade the Greek Committee to send out an armored steamboat which, he believed, alone could help the Greeks to attain mastery of the seas and keep the Turkish fleet from relieving the fortresses they still held in Greece.⁸

⁸ Both George Finlay, who met Hastings in Athens after seeing Byron in

Captain Hastings reported that the merchant captains and sailors would rather "fail after their own manner than succeed by taking the advice of a Franc." " And in a subsequent letter he warned Byron of the difficulty of forming any regular corps among the Greeks, who were averse to using artillery or anything but their own muskets, and who fought best as irregulars under their own leaders." But after meeting Browne and Trelawny at Hydra in October," he joined his voice to theirs in urging Byron to come to the mainland, "where you are so anxiously expected by all men of information & patriotism, who look up to your Lordship as likely to be the interior pacificator of Greece. . . ."

At the same time Trelawny was writing disparagingly of Byron to Mary Shelley, picturing himself as the man of action and the poet as one afraid to risk himself and his money among the Greeks. In a long letter to her from Hydra, dated October 24, 1823, Trelawny gave a glowing account of what the Greek leaders were accomplishing or would accomplish if they had the money—a view which evidently reflected the persuasive discourse of those leaders who had so flatteringly received him as an emissary of Byron. He added: "As a last resort—to induce the *Child* H to realize his ostentatious professions—& put him to the proof *positive*, we have counselled the Government in their present difficulty to write directly to the *Child*—to request he will send—on Government security—the money which he talked of giving—offering him good interest for 'his money's'—this will either extract the money—send him bootless back to Italy—or turn his other seamy-side without—to all the world!—should this winter be well got over, or a lone [loan] achieved—or the Congress—stretch their long Legitimate arm this way—should he then come over—'In Lone splendour'—I think old Colocotroni will do with him—as in his rage he threatened Mavrocordato—put him backwards on a Jack ass—and flog him out of Greece."

Cephalonia, and General Thomas Gordon, who knew him later, thought highly of him. He finally got his steam vessel and won several important victories for the Greeks before he was killed in action in 1828. Gordon (*History of the Greek Revolution*, II, 441) says: "If ever there was a disinterested and really useful Philhellene, it was Hastings. . . ."

He continued: "you will be anxious to hear of my intentions—amidst this hurley-burley—state of the Nation—after having attentively weighed the matter—I have desided on accompanying Ulysses to Negropont [Eubœa] to pass the winter there—their being excellent sport between Turk and woodcock shooting—I am to be a kind of Aidecamp . . . a german officer accompanys me—the Gen^l. gives me as many men as I choose to command—and I am to be always with him—my equipments are all ready—two horses—two Zuliotes as servants—I am habited exactly like Ulysses—in red & gold vest with sheep-skin Capote—gun pistols sabre &c. red cap & a few dollars or dubloons—my early habits will be resumed—and nothing new—here dirt & privation—with mountain sleeping—are a good exchange for the parched desert—my locusts & camel's milk—" So Trelawny had found what he came for—adventure in a red-and-gold vest, with two servants and the companionship of a general—and woodcock-shooting to boot!

That Byron was not idle, however, but was making every useful preparation for helping the Greeks when the time was ripe is evident from his letters to Kinnaird, to Hobhouse (intended also for Bowring and the Greek Committee), and to Barry. In a postscript to his letter of October 6 to Hobhouse, Byron asked his friend to tell Kinnaird "to muster all my possible monies, as well for the present as for the ensuing year, that I may take the field in force in case it should be proper or prospective of Good that I should do so." * Kinnaird had given him the heartening news that at last he had a prospect of selling Rochdale for £10,000 to £12,000." And Byron had just received a barrel containing three thousand dollars consigned to Corgialeagno. He still had seven or eight thousand dollars of the money he had brought up with him.

He wrote Barry, his Genoa banker: "I offered to advance a thousand dollars per month for the succour of Messolonghi and the Suliotes under Bozzari (who was since killed) but the Gov^t. have answered me (through Count Delladecima of this island) that they wish to confer with me previously—which is in fact saying that they wish me to expend my money in some other direction. . . . If the Committee expect to do much good, they

must increase their funds, to which I will add all that I can spare of my own; and they should appoint at least *three* persons, in whom they have confidence, to direct their expenditure. I would rather *not* myself have any thing to do with *that* department. . . .”

Before sending the letter, Byron added some paragraphs that indicated he had occasional nostalgic thoughts of returning to Italy, or perhaps to England: “I hope you will give a careful look at my travelling carriage, which I wish to have kept in good order. . . . It is not very probable that I should return before Spring, if even then: but it were idle to anticipate what must so much depend upon circumstances.”

Dr. Kennedy was talking with Byron on October 28 when their conversation was interrupted by the arrival of Lord Sidney Osborne, who had come from Corfu to see Byron. Kennedy excused himself and departed. As he was going down the stairs, Byron called out: “I really wish you could convert this wild fellow of a lord, he has as much need of it as I have.”

Kennedy was inclined to take this seriously, but when he had gone, Byron’s first exclamation on meeting Osborne was: “Sidney, you have saved my life. Saint Kennedy was boring me to distraction and, but for your arrival, I could never have got rid of him.” Byron was delighted by the visit of his kinsman, for it revived old memories and their conversation carried him back to scenes and faces that always had a livening effect upon him.

A few days later Dr. Kennedy called again with Dr. Scott. Finlay had just dined with Byron and was preparing to depart. He knew that Byron always took a siesta after dinner, and, he recorded, “. . . I thought he would not like the interruption, but I was wrong. . . . I own I felt astonished to hear Lord Byron submit to lectures on his life, and his vanity, and the uselessness of his talents, which made me stare.”

Early in November, Byron had another visitor who observed and recorded his habits and his conversation. Dr. Julius Millingen, a young English doctor, accompanied by three young German Philhellenes, arrived with letters of recommendation from the London Greek Committee, which they sent to Metaxata. Byron greeted them “with the greatest affability,” but in hasten-

ing to explain his reasons for remaining at Cephalonia he soon dampened the enthusiasm of the young Germans." Millingen noted that Byron tried before strangers to give the impression that his own expedition to Greece was governed by prudence rather than by any romantic notions, but to those with whom he became familiar he indulged "the natural bent of his mind for adventurous and extraordinary undertakings." " Byron took a liking to Millingen and proposed employing him as physician to the Suliote corps he contemplated forming on the mainland. He even invited the young doctor to spend several days at Metaxata.

When Millingen expressed surprise at the difference between Byron's views of the Greeks and those he had heard in England, the poet replied: "This should not surprise you, for I know this nation by long and attentive experience, while in Europe they judge it by inspiration. The Greeks are perhaps the most depraved and degraded people under the sun. . . ." " Millingen asked him why, holding these views, he should have devoted his time, talents, and fortune to the Greek cause. After a long pause he said: "Heartily weary of the monotonous life I had led in Italy for several years; sickened with pleasure; more tired of scribbling than the public, perhaps, is of reading my lucubrations; I felt the urgent necessity of giving a completely new direction to the course of my ideas; and the active, dangerous, yet glorious scenes of the military career struck my fancy, and became congenial to my taste." "

Being a doctor, Millingen was dubious about Byron's abstemious diet, believing that the poet's mode of life was injurious to his health. Though Byron maintained that he ate sparsely to increase his mental powers, Millingen perceived that it was his fear of corpulence that determined his diet. He not only avoided nourishing food, but also, according to Millingen, "had recourse almost daily to strong drastic pills, of which extract of colocynth,

⁹ Millingen, p. 6. If Byron had not said essentially the same things about the Greeks to other witnesses, one might discount this report from one who, when he wrote his *Memoirs*, had been serving as physician to the Turks for some years (whether he was captured or willingly deserted the Greeks is a moot point). He settled at Constantinople in 1827 and served as court physician to five successive sultans. It is necessary, at any rate, to keep his Turkophile leanings in mind when reading his account.

gamboge, scammony, &c. were the chief ingredients; and if he observed the slightest increase in the size of his wrists or waist, which he measured with scrupulous exactness every morning, he immediately sought to reduce it by taking a large dose of Epsom salts, besides the usual pills. No *petit-maitre* could pay more sedulous attention than he did to external appearance, or consult with more complacency the looking-glass.”^a

In the first week of November, Byron believed that his pleasant hours in Metaxata were coming to a close. Gamba records: “Our baggage was ready; some boats were hired to convey us to Pirgo; fifty Suliotes were taken into his Lordship’s service, under the command of Captain Nicola Giavella [one of the leaders Byron had sent to the mainland], who waited our arrival at Pirgo with a number of mules for the baggage and suite. It was the middle of November, and we were to move in two days.”^a

But at that moment Browne and the two Greek deputies arrived. With what was, no doubt, a sigh of relief that he could postpone the voyage for which he had no great relish, Byron settled back to view the scene with detachment a while longer. But he did act promptly to furnish a temporary loan from his own funds to set the Greek fleet in action. On October 15 the Legislative Body had voted to ask for a loan of four million Spanish dollars, or £800,000 in England, and had authorized as deputies to negotiate it Jean Orlando and the same André Luriottis who had represented the Greeks in England in January and had accompanied Blaquiere on his first visit to Greece.” Byron was the more inclined to trust them because both deputies were friends of Mavrocordatos.”

According to Gamba, the deputies were authorized to ask Byron for “a loan of 30,000 dollars, or 300,000 piastres, for the payment of the Greek fleet. . . . A squadron of fourteen vessels, nine Hydriot, and five Speziot, would then immediately put to sea. . . . He agreed to give £4,000, or 200,000 piastres.”^a Byron authorized Browne to cash his bills to that amount on Ransom and Co. with David Grant, a merchant at Malta who had previously agreed to cash his bills of exchange when Byron encountered reluctance and usury in Cephalonia.” Before Browne

left the island, however, Charles Hancock, an English merchant residing in Cephalonia who had a partnership with Samuel Barff, living at Zante, came forward to cash Byron's bills, though he had no connection with Byron's bankers in Italy or England." Thenceforward Barff and Hancock, with the latter of whom Byron had already become friendly, handled all his business in the islands and continued to do so after his departure for Missolonghi.

Hancock, like most of the English who met Byron on the island, was immediately captivated and recalled later "the affability of his manners, the brilliancy and variety of his conversation, the fascination of his wit." "On more than one occasion," Hancock wrote, "when taking a morning ride I observed that he sent his groom forward with his orders, in consequence of which dinner was already served when he and his party alighted. . . . although he invariably set out with professing a system of diet and abstemious living, he never adhered strictly to it when he had his friends about him—he had a soul for conviviality." "

The contract for Byron's loan to the Greeks was drawn up in Italian and signed by Byron and the two deputies on November 13." George Finlay, who was present at the health office in Cephalonia where the transaction was concluded, says he warned Byron that he would never see the money again. "He called out loudly, grasping the bills in his hand, 'Not if I can help it. I shall this very day write to Douglas Kinnaird, and request him to make them pay me with the very first proceeds of the loan, if they get one.' He did this, I believe, but I think he wrote at the same time to purchase Greek stock with the money." "Byron had actually written to Kinnaird in a different tone: that he had agreed to advance £4,000 to the Greek government, "as they apparently decline it as a gift." "He told Bowring: "To say the truth, I do not grudge it now the fellows have begun to fight *again*—and still more welcome shall they be if they will go on." "

Unwilling to wait longer for Byron, George Finlay and some of the German officers left for the Peloponnesus with the government agent Anarghiros." Shortly after, before Browne and the deputies had departed, Colonel Leicester Stanhope arrived in

Cephalonia as an agent of the London Greek Committee. Stanhope (later the fifth Earl of Harrington) had served in India in the Mahratta War, but, unlike the practical soldier and administrator Colonel Napier, he was a doctrinaire Benthamite who believed that all would be accomplished for the Greeks by establishing republican institutions and setting up printing-presses.

Stanhope got off on the wrong foot with Byron by introducing the subject of Bentham at their first meeting, for Byron associated the philosophical radicals with all the worst of those who pretended to theoretical knowledge of mankind. Colonel Napier was present when Byron asked Stanhope whether he had brought any new publications and Stanhope mentioned Bentham's *The Springs of Action*.¹ Napier recorded that Byron "gave one look into it and said: 'Springs of Action! God Damn his Springs of Action! I know a damn deal more than he does about them'—and then flung the pamphlet in a rage on the floor." "According to Hobhouse, Byron also said: "What does the old fool know of springs of action—my — has more spring in it." " Byron's impatience with the Benthamites was strangely akin to his irritation with Hobhouse for allying himself with rabble-rousing radicals like "Orator Hunt" and others who were not gentleman reformers.

Although Byron was continually irritated by the theoretical vagaries of "the typographical Colonel," as he called him sarcastically, there is evidence that he was relieved to share the responsibilities of the Committee's work with him when they first met. Stanhope arrived on November 22 and left for Missolonghi about December 6."

By November 29, Byron could report to Bowring that Corinth was taken, but that the great obstacle to the success of the Greeks was still disunion. "The public progress of the Greeks is considerable," he wrote, "but their internal dissensions still continue. On arriving at the seat of Government, I shall endeavour to mitigate or extinguish them—though neither is an easy task. I have remained here till now, partly in expectation of the

¹ The pamphlet was Bentham's *A Table of Springs of Action. Showing the Species of Pleasures and Pains of which Man's Nature is Susceptible*.

squadron in relief of Messolonghi, partly of Mr. Parry's detachment,² and partly to receive from Malta or Zante the sum of four thousand pounds sterling. . . ."

Byron's hesitancy in leaving for the Morea was not without reasonable foundation, for the contradictory statements of the partisan agents convinced him that he would be going into a hornet's nest. In a letter to the Executive and Legislative bodies introducing Colonel Stanhope as an agent acting with him for the London Greek Committee,³ Byron told the officials of "The General Government of Greece," to whom the letter was addressed: ". . . I must frankly confess, that unless union and order are established, all hopes of a loan will be vain; and all the assistance which the Greeks could expect from abroad—an assistance neither trifling nor worthless—will be suspended or destroyed; and what is worse, the great powers of Europe, of whom no one was an enemy to Greece, but seemed to favour her establishment of an independent power, will be persuaded that the Greeks are unable to govern themselves, and will, perhaps, themselves undertake to settle your disorders in such a way, as to blast the brightest hopes of yourselves and of your friends.

"And allow me to add once for all—I desire the well-being of Greece, and nothing else; I will do all I can to secure it; but I cannot consent, I never will consent that the English public, or English individuals, should be deceived as to the real state of Greek affairs. The rest, gentlemen, depends on you: you have fought gloriously; act honourably towards your fellow-citizens and towards the world. . . ."

Byron also furnished Stanhope with a letter to Prince Mavrocordatos, appealing to the leader in whom he had most trust to use all his influence to bring about some unity before it was too late.

² William Parry, the firemaster, had sailed on the *Anne* on November 9 from England with technicians and equipment for an artillery brigade sent out by the London Greek Committee. Byron had first considered sending the ship to Eastern Greece, but finally directed it to Missolonghi. It did not arrive until February.

³ Stanhope at that time proposed to see Mavrocordatos and Petrobey, who were supposedly on the way to Western Greece with the fleet, and then proceed to Napoli and Argos to try to effect a reconciliation, and if that were vain, to return to Missolonghi to work with Byron.

During all this turmoil Byron and Pietro had received no letters from Teresa and had written none to her. She later told the Earl of Malmesbury that her anxiety was terrible, "and when his [Byron's] letters no longer came, she accused him of having forgotten her." "Pietro was pathetically sick of Greece and the Greeks, and much more disillusioned than Byron, or at least less able to bear his disillusionment. On November 29 they received a packet of letters, "after almost two months of silence," and Pietro added more to the letter which Browne was to carry to Bologna on his way to England: "We have been here in Metaxata for almost 3 months. You know that Byron puts down roots easily wherever he is, but by God, the circumstances here have so far been such that his immobility has been put down to the most profound *policy*—and rightly—for it would not be possible to act more prudently—nor to attain better results. . . . However, they [the Greeks] are and always will remain the scum I have described to you. . . . If they remain independent, it will be because nobody wants them. . . ."

In the first days of December everything was in a state of uncertainty. There were rumors that the fleet was on the way, and that Mavrocordatos had left Hydra to join it, but the news followed that the Executive Body had refused to allow Mavrocordatos to command the expedition and that he was still at Hydra, and finally that actual civil war had broken out between the Executive and the Legislative bodies.⁴ This was sufficient to

⁴ Stanhope, pp. 33-5. The contest for power, which started in December, between the Executive, settled at Nauplia (or Napoli di Romania) and the Legislative, which had retired to Argos, grew more bitter through the winter. The Legislative attempted to break the power of Kolokotrones over the Executive by deposing one of the five members and nominating another in his place, whereupon on December 10 the Executive sent a force to arrest the members of the Legislative and seize their records. But the Senators escaped to Kranidi on the peninsula within running distance of the islands of Spetzas and Hydra. The Legislative gradually won the ascendancy, largely because of the expectation of the English loan, the first installments of which arrived after Byron's death. But during the whole period of his stay at Missolonghi the government was stalemated in all its activities by these factional quarrels, half military and half political, complicated by personal enmities and intrigues. It may be said, however, that Byron's part in getting the deputies started for England, as well as his efforts to get the loan launched and his aid to the fleet and to Mavrocordatos, who was fa-

keep Byron in Cephalonia. Browne left finally for England at the end of November.

News that the fleet was on the way and had proceeded as far as Kalamata on the southwestern coast of the Morea was now authenticated." And in a few days it was known that Mavrocordatos had joined the expedition and was on the way to Missolonghi. Feeling his responsibility to deliver the money he had promised to pay the fleet, and seeing no possibility of being useful in Eastern Greece while the factions were so bitterly embroiled, Byron sent word to the provisional government that he had changed his plans and would lend his aid, for the present, to the relief of Missolonghi." Stanhope left by way of Zante," carrying Byron's letters to the government and to Mavrocordatos. On the 8th, Dr. Millingen left for Missolonghi by way of Ithaca to offer his services to the Greeks as a doctor."

Still Byron remained, awaiting direct word from Mavrocordatos. He felt that his prudence had been fully justified, and he would not now risk any precipitate act. When a letter arrived, addressed to Count Gamba, from Count Skilitzy, their fellow passenger on the *Hercules*, detailing the dissensions in the Morea," Byron could congratulate himself on having resisted the pressure which had been exerted on him to go to Napoli.

Beset by doubts as to his best course, Byron was now to lose one of his most steadying counselors. Colonel Napier had received word of a long-delayed leave, and decided to return to England to see what arrangements he could make with the Greek Committee to organize a regular corps such as he had outlined to Byron for the aid of the Greeks. Writing again to Bowring, Byron gave Napier and his project the most enthusiastic praise: ". . . a better or a braver man is not easily to be found. *He is our* man to lead a regular force, or to organise a national one for the Greeks."

On the 13th, before Colonel Napier departed, Byron had further news for Bowring. The Greek squadron had actually ap-

vored by the constitutional party, did in the long run have a far-reaching effect on the progress of the Revolution. Certainly he judged rightly in not going to Eastern Greece in 1823. He would only have lost the personal prestige which eventually made his name a unifying force in Greece.

peared in the waters of the gulf and had captured some Turkish vessels. "The Greeks had fourteen sail, the Turks *four*—but the odds don't matter—the victory will make a very good *puff*, and be of some advantage besides." "What Byron did not know at the time, and what was to cause him a considerable annoyance later, was that one of the Turkish brigs was run on shore at Ithaca, and that with a shocking disregard for the neutrality of the Ionian Islands, which had harbored many Greek refugees, the rapacious Greek sailors had pursued and murdered the whole crew for the sake of the treasure on board. The brig was carrying a large sum of money from Prevesa to the garrison at Patras.

It was under the cloud of this ignoble victory that Mavrocordatos, the "Washington" of Greece, as Byron had called him, landed at Missolonghi on December 11. Still ignorant of these events, Byron told Bowring: "I expect momentarily advices from Prince Mavrocordato, who is on board, and has (I understand) despatches from the Legislative for me; in consequence of which, after paying the squadron, (for which I have prepared, and am preparing,) I shall probably join him at sea or on shore." "

The Legislative Body, knowing of Byron's respect for Mavrocordatos, and realizing the noble Philhellene's worth to the cause as well as his willingness to contribute substantial sums of ready cash, had written a very flattering letter, asking him to lend his assistance to that leader at Missolonghi." This letter was enclosed with a hopeful one written by Mavrocordatos shortly after his arrival in Missolonghi. The Pasha of Scutari had withdrawn his troops; only fifteen hundred Albanians under Omer Pasha remained to threaten Missolonghi, and they had withdrawn to Prevesa. "On reaching Missolonghi," he wrote, "I found moreover that everyone was so convinced of the truth of what I now tell you, that you will be received here as a saviour. Be assured, My Lord, that it depends only on yourself to secure the destiny of Greece. . . . I have ordered one of the best ships in our squadron to sail for Cephallonia. . . ."

But Byron was too realistic not to make due allowances for Greek rhetoric, and his skeptical realism was fortified about

the same time by the arrival of another long letter from Frank Hastings detailing the events on the mainland. Writing of the capture of Corinth, which had but a small garrison and would have capitulated much earlier under an energetic attack, he continued: ". . . it is only necessary to have seen the Greeks make war to be satisfied that they never can (at least for a great length of time) carry any place by assault however feebly defended. . . . nor do I think it is serving the Greek cause to give them credit for qualities which it is impossible they should possess. . . . The fact is the Greek does not in general possess either courage or generosity & scarcely patriotism—his every action is subjected to the narrow views of self interest alone. Fortunately Providence has so ordained it that moral evils arrived at a certain extent carry with them their own remedy & despotism debases the master even more than the slave. . . ." "

Even before he heard from Mavrocordatos, Byron knew that the time for action had arrived, and he scarcely needed the disillusioning report of Hastings to maintain a balanced view of the people and the cause to which he had committed himself. There was much to do before he could uproot himself from Cephalonia. Pietro was more eager to move than Byron, for he despised the Cephalonians. But in writing to his sister he made a virtue of Byron's settled routine: "For four months hermits upon these rocks! Can you believe in the *monkish virtues* of Byron? They are above all praise." "

On the 14th, before the letters from Missolonghi arrived, Byron wrote a cheerful letter to Teresa, being careful to make no mention of the impending departure and trying to enliven her spirits by suggesting the possibility of their seeing each other in a few months: "Perhaps in the Spring we shall be able to invite you to Zante to stay with the Grassettis" and then I could come over and see you from the Morea or elsewhere. Or Pietro or I could run down to Ancona to convoy you hither. So you see—we think of your Excellency—and of your sentimental projects." "

Alone now at Metaxata except for Gamba and Dr. Bruno, whom he pronounced "an excellent little fellow" though somewhat pedantic," Byron fell into a contemplative mood and felt

the urge to write. But having eschewed poetry since coming to Greece, he took up again the journal which he had left off when he heard of Ada's illness.

"I know not why I resume it even now, except that, standing at the window of my apartment in this beautiful village, the calm though cool serenity of a beautiful and transparent Moonlight, showing the Islands, the Mountains, the Sea, with a distant outline of the Morea traced between the double Azure of the waves and skies, has quieted me enough to be able to write, which (however difficult it may seem for one who has written so much publicly to refrain) is, and always has been, to me a task and a painful one. I could summon testimonies, were it necessary; but my hand-writing is sufficient. It is that of one who thinks much, rapidly, perhaps deeply, but rarely with pleasure."

And he confided to his journal his speculations on his future course. Noto Botzaris and other Suliote chiefs, aware that he was more likely to pay better and more dependable wages than the Greek government, were eager to enroll their countrymen under his personal banner and protection. It was tempting to think that this might be the best way to spend his money for the Greek cause, and become at last a military leader.

It was an enticing dream, one that he had not entirely abandoned when he wrote to Kinnaird on December 23: "For three hundred pounds I can maintain in Greece, at more than the *fullest pay* of the Provisional Government, rations included, one hundred armed men for *three months*. . . . The Suliotes, who are friends of mine, seem anxious to have me with them, and so is Mavrocordato. If I can but succeed in reconciling the two parties (and I have left no stone unturned), it will be something; and if not, we must go over to the Morea with the Western Greeks—who are the bravest, and at present the strongest, having beaten back the Turks—and try the effect of a little *physical* advice, should they persist in rejecting *moral* persuasion." And he urged Kinnaird again to stretch his credit to the limit—"for, after all, it is better playing at nations than gaming at Almack's or Newmarket. . . ."

On the same day (the 23rd) Byron believed that he was leaving, and he wrote hastily to Barry, "as I expect to embark

immediately for Messolonghi, where P. Mavrocordato now is: a Greek Vessel [*sic*] has arrived from the Squadron to convey me there. . . ." The vessel was a Spetziot brig, the *Leonidas*, which cast anchor in Argostoli, but the English authorities, fearing violation of neutrality, would not allow any communication with the land, and permitted it to remain only twenty-four hours. The *Leonidas* continued sailing off the port, and Byron made preparations for leaving Metaxata.

Two days later another Greek brig appeared off Metaxata. This one carried Mr. Praidī, Mavrocordatos's secretary, who brought letters from the Prince and from Colonel Stanhope urging Byron to come to Missolonghi immediately. One of the brigs was ordered to return to Missolonghi and the other to convoy Byron or to take him on board if he preferred. But he sent them both back and hired vessels for himself."

The day after Christmas, Byron left Metaxata for the last time and rode to Argostoli, where he stayed with Charles Hancock while waiting for a favorable breeze." He had yet much to do: sending materials, horses, and servants on board. A quantity of supplies had arrived from the English Committee, including a printing-press sent at the request of Colonel Stanhope.

On the eve of his embarkation Byron wrote to Bowring: "The supplies of the Committee are, some, useful, and all excellent in their kind; but occasionally hardly *practical* enough, in the present state of Greece; for instance, the mathematical instruments are thrown away—none of the Greeks know a problem from a poker—we must conquer first, and plan afterwards. The use of trumpets, too, may be doubted, unless Constantinople were Jericho, for the Hellenists have no ears for bugles, and you must send us somebody to listen to them."

But in a postscript he assured the secretary of his earnestness in the cause and his willingness to work with Colonel Stanhope despite the latter's pedantic views: "He [Stanhope] came up (as they all do who have not been in the country before) with some high-flown notions of the sixth form at Harrow or Eton, etc.; but Col. Napier and I set him to rights on those points, which is absolutely necessary to prevent disgust, or perhaps return. . . ."

Byron had hired two island boats, one a light, fast-sailing vessel called a "mistico," and the other a larger "bombard" for baggage, horses, and supplies." According to Gamba, everything was ready within twelve hours, and they went on board, but contrary winds detained them for two days in port." They returned to shore, and Byron took the opportunity to write a few more letters. One was an overdue reply to Moore: "I embark for Missolonghi to join Mavrocordato in four-and-twenty hours. . . . If any thing in the way of fever, fatigue, famine, or otherwise, should cut short the middle age of a brother warbler . . . I pray you to remember me in your 'smiles and wine.' " "

To Kinnaird he wrote: "I am passing 'the Rubicon'—recollect that for God's sake—and the sake of Greece.—You must let me have all the means and credit of mine that we can *muster* or *master*—and that immediately—and I must do my best to the shirt—and to the skin if necessary.—Stretch my credit and anticipate my means to their fullest extent. . . . Why, man! if we had but 100,000*l.* sterling in hand, we should now be halfway to the city of Constantine. But the Gods give us joy! 'En avant,' or as the Suliotes shout in their war-cry—'Derrah! Derrah!' which being interpreted, means 'On—On—On! " "

And in a final note to Hobhouse he concluded facetiously in the exuberance which the thought of moving at last had kindled in him: "Mavrocordato's letter says, that my presence will '*electrify* the troops,' so I am going over to '*electrify* the Suliotes, as George Primrose went to Holland 'to teach the Dutch English, who were fond of it to distraction.' " "

At Missolonghi, in the meantime, Prince Mavrocordatos was most distressed when the Spetziot ships returned without Byron, for he was depending on Byron's dollars to pay the seamen. Apparently Byron had sent some money with Mr. Praidí, but it was not enough to calm the insatiable sailors and their captains." Mavrocordatos finally appealed to Stanhope. "I told him," Stanhope wrote Bowring, "that I should devote two-thirds of my income to the Greek cause, but that I should only make that sacrifice to the furtherance of important objects which would have a lasting influence on the nation; for example, in promoting education, a free press, and posts, to give currency to men's

ideas, &c." But he finally provided £100 on condition that it would be paid back from Byron's loan, and Mavrocordatos signed a document "giving his word of honour that seven of the ships should remain here for two months. . . ." But that sum could hold the restive crews for only a few days.

On the 28th, Stanhope wrote to Byron: "The Greek ship sent for your Lordship has returned; your arrival was anticipated, and the disappointment has been great indeed. The Prince is in a state of anxiety, the admiral looks gloomy, and the sailors grumble aloud. It is right and necessary to tell you that a great deal is expected from you, both in the way of counsel and money. . . .

"With respect to your coming here, all are eager to see you: they calculate moreover on your aiding them with resources for their expedition against Lepanto: they think you will take 1000 or 1500 Suliotes into your pay for two or three months. The town is swarming with soldiers, and the government has neither quarters nor provisions for them. I walked along the street this evening, and the people asked me after Lord Byron!!" *

Mavrocordatos wrote that he was sending two ships, an Ionian barque and the ship of Admiral Bottazi, which would remain under sail off Metaxata awaiting him." But before these ships arrived Byron had left Cephalonia. On the 29th, while Count Gamba was calling on Dr. Kennedy, a servant came to say that the bombard in which he was to embark was ready to sail. Kennedy then went to bid Byron farewell. He found him alone, trying to finish *Quentin Durward* before he left, and in good spirits. He promised to take along some religious books to distribute in Missolonghi."

Hancock and Muir were the last residents of Cephalonia to see Byron. Hancock wrote sadly to Muir after Byron's death, recalling this last day: ". . . you and I accompanied him in a boat, gay and animated at finding himself once more embarked on the element he loved, and put him on board the little vessel that conveyed him to Zante and Missolonghi. He mentioned the poetic feeling with which the sea always inspired him, rallied you on your grave and thoughtful looks, me on my bad steering; quizzed Dr. B[runo], but added in English (which the doctor did not understand) 'he is the most sincere Italian

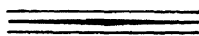
I ever met with,' and laughed at Fletcher, his valet, who was getting well ducked by the spray that broke over the bows of the boat." *

Byron took on board with him, in addition to Dr. Bruno and Fletcher, his Newfoundland dog Lyon and the Moreote boy Loukas Chalandritsanos, who had attached himself to him and had become his page. Byron had been taking care of the boy's mother and sisters since August, when he had brought them from Ithaca and provided them with a house and a monthly allowance." Loukas, then a handsome boy of fifteen, had been in the fighting band of Kolokotronis, but on hearing of the good fortune of his family had come to Cephalonia and soon became a favorite of Byron." The horses, most of the baggage, all the Committee things, including the press, and the bulldog Moretto were in the bombard along with Gamba, Lega Zambelli, the steward, the Negro servant Byron had taken over from Trelawny, and possibly Tita Falcieri and other servants."

They arrived at Zante the following morning, where Byron passed the day transacting business with Hancock's partner Samuel Barff," who put on board an additional eight thousand dollars of the amount Byron intended for the Greeks." Although his destination was well known, Byron had no difficulty in getting regular ship's papers made out for the *mistico* and the bombard from Zante for Kalamo, one of the smaller Ionian Islands near the Greek mainland."

Toward six o'clock they set sail for Missolonghi, a night's run with a good breeze. Gamba writes: "We sailed together till after ten at night; the wind favourable—a clear sky, the air fresh but not sharp.—Our sailors sang alternately patriotic songs, monotonous indeed, but to persons in our situation extremely touching, and we took part in them. We were all, but Lord Byron particularly, in excellent spirits. The *Mistico* sailed the fastest. When the waves divided us, and our voices could no longer reach each other, we made signals by firing pistols and carabines —'To-morrow we meet at Missolonghi—to-morrow.' Thus, full of confidence and spirits, we sailed along. At twelve, we were out of sight." *

CHAPTER XXVIII



1824

Missolonghi

WHILE Byron was cutting through the Ionian sea in his fast *mistico*, there was much excitement in Missolonghi. A Zantiot boat had brought the news that he would positively sail for the mainland on December 30." There was universal rejoicing. Stanhope wrote to Bowring: "All are looking forward to Lord Byron's arrival as they would to the coming of a Messiah." They were looking for a messiah with an abundance of dollars.

The soldiers—particularly the Suliotes, whose pay was several months in arrears—and the sailors of the fleet were murmuring mutinously. Not even the promise of Byron's dollars could hold them when on the afternoon of the 30th several Turkish vessels came out of the gulf. The Greek ships at anchor off Missolonghi immediately cut their cables and took flight, leaving the Turks free to patrol the waters in front of the port. The angry people in Missolonghi, straining their eyes for the approach of their messiah, cursed the cowardly Spetziots, saying that they could at least have kept up a cannonade to warn Byron of the danger."

On deck with his dreams, and unaware that the Turks were out, Byron found himself nearer to action than he supposed when at two o'clock on the morning of the 31st " a large ship loomed suddenly in front of the *mistico*. Byron at first thought it a Greek vessel, but the captain of the *mistico* recognized it for a Turk. He counseled absolute silence." By this time, however, they were under the stern of the enemy ship, and had been observed.

Petrified by fear, all on board kept a hushed silence, and even the dogs, Fletcher recalled, "though they had never ceased to bark during the whole of the night, did not utter, while in reach of the Turkish frigate, a sound." "The captain turned the rudder sharply and they veered away. They "only escaped by a miracle of all the Saints (our captain says)," Byron wrote to Dr. Muir. "Perhaps they took us for a Greek brûlot [fireship], and were afraid of kindling us—they had no colours flying even at dawn nor after." "

The wind had become fresh at three o'clock," and the fast-sailing *mistico* soon lost the Turk in the dark and kept off the coast until dawn. When daybreak came at 6:30, they could see two large vessels: one, in the distance, apparently chasing the bombard, and the other between the *mistico* and the entrance to the port of Missolonghi. Byron continued: ". . . a Zantiote boat making signals to us from the shore to get away, away we went before the wind, and ran into a creek called Scrofes, I believe, where I landed Luke and another (as Luke's life was in most danger), with some money for themselves, and a letter for Stanhope, and sent them up the country to Messolonghi, where they would be in safety. . . ." "

In the letter to Stanhope, Byron had written a brief account of his adventure, and he continued: "You had better send my friend George Drake (Draco)," and a body of Suliotes, to escort us by land or by the canals, with all convenient speed. Gamba and our Bombard are taken into Patras, I suppose; and we must take a turn at the Turks to get them out: but where the devil is the fleet gone?—the Greek, I mean; leaving us to get in without the least intimation to take heed that the Moslems were out again."

Still thinking of Loukas, he wrote: "I am uneasy at being here: not so much on my own account as on that of a Greek boy with me, for you know what his fate would be; and I would sooner cut him in pieces, and myself too, than have him taken out by those barbarians." "

Indeed, less than an hour after he had put Loukas ashore near Anatolica, the Turkish vessel approached, though it could not get into the shallow creek, and the *mistico* dashed out again,

heading north along the coast for Petala. Finding that port open and unsafe," they scuttled on "from Creek to Creek," as Byron later told Sidney Osborne," the *mistico* being a shallow-bottomed boat drawing little water, and reached the safe harbor of Dragomestre before night." The Primates and officers of the town came on board and offered Byron every hospitality," but he preferred to sleep on board, where he had considerable money and other things of value.

Mavrocordatos was eager enough to rescue Byron and his precious cargo. Immediately after the arrival of the letter to Stanhope carried by Loukas and the other Greeks, he had sent Praidí with three ships, one of them flat-bottomed, to search the creeks toward Petala. And after receiving Byron's second letter (written on the 1st of January from Dragomestre), he had sent his secretary Mr. Liverius by sea with his reply and with orders to the military authorities to provide an escort if Byron decided to come by land, though he did not advise it."

Mavrocordatos's messengers and the gunboats apparently found Byron at Dragomestre on the 2nd, but wind and weather kept them from starting on the short journey to Missolonghi until the 3rd. The captain of one of the gunboats offered to take Byron off the *mistico*, but he declined." Besides the captain and crew, he had with him Fletcher, Tita, Dr. Bruno, and Loukas, who apparently had returned from Missolonghi in one of the boats. But, though the passage was short and the Turks had gone back to Patras, Byron's adventure was not ended. As he later recounted it to Hancock, ". . . blowing weather coming on, we were driven on the rocks *twice* in the passage of the Scrofes, and the dollars had another narrow escape."

In this excitement the volatile Dr. Bruno was no help, and succeeded only in annoying Byron, "for besides stripping to his flannel waistcoat, and running about like a rat in an emergency, when I was talking to a Greek boy [Loukas] . . . and telling him the fact that there was no danger for the passengers, whatever there might be for the vessel, and assuring him I could save both him and myself without difficulty (though he can't swim), as the water, though deep, was not very rough—the wind *not* blowing *right* on shore . . . the Doctor exclaimed, 'Save *him*,

indeed! by G-d! save *me* rather—I'll be first if I can'—a piece of egotism which he pronounced with such emphatic simplicity as to set all who had leisure to hear him laughing, and in a minute after the vessel drove off again after striking twice. She sprang a small leak, but nothing further happened, except that the captain was very nervous afterwards." "

The wind continuing against them, they anchored for the night between two small islets off the coast." There it was calm enough so that Byron decided to indulge in his favorite sport. As he later told Sidney Osborne, "being somewhat *obscured* by five days and nights without ablution or change of cloathes—I thought the shortest way to kill fleas—was to strip and take a swim. . . ." "

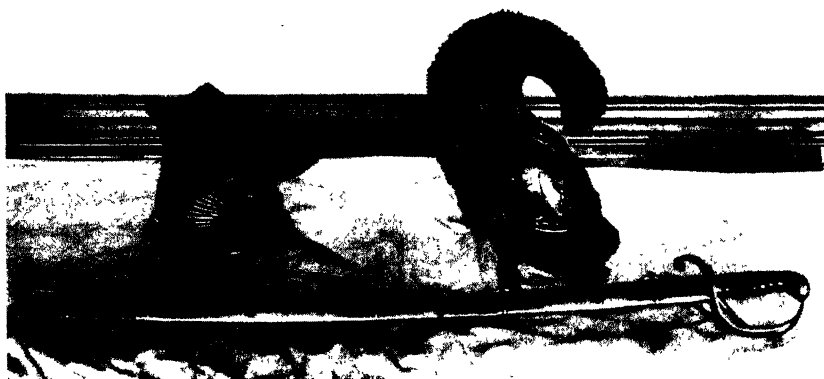
In the meantime, nothing had been heard of Gamba and the bombard. Pietro had, in fact, had a more anxious though less strenuous adventure. The captain of the bombard, Spiro Valsamarchi" of Cephalonia, had slackened speed during the night for fear of running on the shallows, and was about twelve miles out and so in neutral waters when dawn came. A large vessel was slowly approaching. They thought it Greek, and hoisted the Ionian flag. But, to their dismay, the Ottoman colors came up on the frigate. The Turks came within speaking distance and called the captain, Valsamarchi, aboard. The frightened Greek asked Gamba what he should say, and he replied: "Say what your papers declare, that you are freighted by travellers for Calamo—leave the rest to me. . . ." "

Then Gamba began thinking of his suspicious cargo: servants, horses, guns, money, a printing-press, cannons and helmets with Byron's arms on them." But what was most dangerous was his own diary and Byron's correspondence with the Greek chiefs. He tied them in a bundle fastened to fifty pounds of shot and ordered a servant to drop it silently overboard the moment a boat put off from the frigate. A Turk got into a boat, and before they could see what he was going to do, the package containing Byron's letters dropped with a light splash into the sea. The Turk did not come toward the bombard. Frightened by three sails seen in the direction of Zante, the Turkish frigate set sail for Patras. With shouts and threats the crew ordered the bom-

writing to him in person? — — —
 believe me even I may truly
 guess most affectionately
 and (since it must be so)
 Noel Byron.



1822
 24th 25th



❖ BYRON'S FIRST SIGNATURE AS "NOEL BYRON."
 BELOW: HELMETS DESIGNED BY BYRON AND SWORD
 WORN BY HIM IN GREECE



Leigh Hunt

bard to follow. But soon the captain of the bombard appeared cheerfully enough on the poop and encouraged Gamba and his associates. They learned later that the Turkish captain, when he was about to order Valsamarchi beheaded and his ship sunk, recognized the bombard captain as the man who had saved his life when he was shipwrecked in the Black Sea. In gratitude he embraced the man he had intended to slay and took him to his cabin.

Arrived at Patras, the Turkish captain, Zachirià, called Gamba aboard and accepted courteously the telescope and bottles of rum and porter which the Count brought as a present. He told Gamba he would recommend him to Yussuf Pasha, his particular friend.

Not being able to see the Pasha until the next day, Gamba calmly went hunting with two Janissaries as guards and brought back some woodcocks, which Yussuf willingly accepted. The Pasha's politeness may have been prompted by his desire to placate the English authorities in the Ionian Islands and possibly get recompense from Sir Thomas Maitland for the Turkish ship destroyed on Ithaca. At any rate, he promised immediate liberation. But the captives spent three anxious days waiting for their papers. Finally on the morning of the 4th they got away and reached the port of Missolonghi by noon. Crossing the lagoon to the town, Pietro was astonished to find that Byron had not yet arrived.

But that night the *mistico* also anchored in the port. Byron passed the night on board. In the morning he put on his military uniform for the landing and arrived at eleven o'clock to the rejoicing of the whole town. According to Blaquiere, as Byron approached Vasilidi, the fortress at the edge of the lagoon, "each ship of the squadron that lay anchored off the castle, fired a salute as he passed." * Gamba recorded: "Crowds of soldiery, and citizens of every rank, sex, and age, were assembled on the shore to testify their delight. Hope and content were pictured in every countenance. His Lordship landed in a Speziot boat, dressed in a red uniform. He was in excellent health, and appeared moved by the scene." Gamba, filled with emotion, met him as he disembarked: "I could scarcely refrain from tears. . . ."

While Byron was proceeding to the house that had been prepared for him, the one in which Colonel Stanhope was established, the batteries of the fort let go with a salvo of twenty-one guns. The crowd cheered long after he had entered."

Mavrocordatos, Colonel Stanhope, and a long line of foreign and Greek officers greeted him at the door. This was Byron's first meeting with Prince Alexander Mavrocordatos, a squat, unimpressive little man whose dark kindly eyes squinting through the small round frames of his glasses made him look more like a scholar than the military leader which he aspired to be. Dr. Millingen described him as "a clever, penetrating, ambitious man. His large Asiatic eyes, full of fire and wit, were tempered by an expression of goodness. His looks had not, perhaps, sufficient dignity; for they had a kind of indecision, and timid flutter, which prevented him from looking any one stedfastly in the face."

Nevertheless, Byron was predisposed to respect and trust Mavrocordatos more than any other Greek leader, partly because he had education and breeding, but more perhaps because men such as Colonel Napier and Count Delladecima had assured him that he was almost the only one with influence in Greek affairs who could be depended upon for unselfish patriotism. Educated at Constantinople, he came of a line of Phanariot Greeks who had been Hospodars (Greek rulers under the Turks) in Wallachia and Moldavia, posts which bore the courtesy title of prince." Certainly the title, frail as it was, was more likely to impress Byron with his aristocratic prejudices than that of some self-appointed klepht general like Odysseus or Kolokotrones. Mavrocordatos's education had not been superficial. He had devoted his earlier years to the Oriental languages. And, according to Millingen, he was also "an excellent Greek scholar, spoke and wrote French like a native of France, and was tolerably well acquainted with English and Italian." But Millingen added: "Incapable of a plain, bold, open conduct, it has been said, that he could only advance by crooked ways, and obtain his ends by tricks and cunning. The untractable, suspicious, and deceitful character of those, he had daily to deal with, might render this

necessary. It was the current money of the country. No other would pass.”ⁿ

Finlay and Millingen agree that Mavrocordatos's primary weakness was his ambition to be a military commander.” But Millingen conceded that, “unlike most of his countrymen and foreigners, who came to Greece in quest of wealth and distinction, he sacrificed the whole of his fortune in the service of his country. He was, indeed, occasionally so distressed, as to be unable to provide for his daily expenses.”ⁿ

Byron had no doubt heard much that was favorable of Mavrocordatos from the Shelleys—at least from Mary, who had been more susceptible to his Oriental politeness and cultivation than Percy. For better or worse, however, Byron had committed himself to the aid of Mavrocordatos and the forces in Western Greece, and, though he still maintained his independence from any party, he was soon convinced that the situation here was more propitious for doing something active for the cause than anywhere else in Greece. Four or five thousand soldiers from the various provinces had followed their *capitani* to Missolonghi, where they had assembled for the regional conferences on the arrival of Mavrocordatos.” Though they were sometimes disorderly and lorded it over the populace, they were available for some strategic action. Mavrocordatos hopefully envisaged the capture of the remaining Turkish forts on the north and south sides of the gulf. The seizure of Lepanto,” the only Turkish stronghold on the north shore of the Gulf of Corinth (or Lepanto), would, he believed, make Patras and the castle of the Morea opposite easy to conquer with the aid of the five Spetziot vessels and the two fireships yet remaining at Missolonghi. Corinth being already captured, the Greeks would then have command of the whole gulf and could unite Acarnania and Ætolia with the Morea and gather strength for further assaults from the north.

Byron entered into these schemes at first with great fervor, particularly when Mavrocordatos, seeing his eagerness and his willingness to take the Suliotes into his pay, suggested that he lead a force against Lepanto. The Suliotes lost no time in push-

ing their claim to his protection and pay. On the 13th, Byron told Hancock that he had undertaken to maintain the Suliotes for a year." They were indeed in a situation to enlist Byron's sympathy. After the death of Marco Botzaris in August, the remnant had joined with the Greeks in Missolonghi, assisting in the defense of the town. The magistrates owed them eight months' pay, and there was little chance of their collecting it. According to Gamba, they at first asked Byron to take fifteen hundred of their number into his service. Gamba continues: ". . . of those who might fairly be called Suliotes, there were scarcely three or four hundred. . . . Lord Byron consented to provide for five hundred. The government agreed for one hundred more; and their corps of six hundred was placed immediately under the command of his Lordship."

Nothing could be done for the present, however, but to reorganize and pacify the hungry soldiers. The expedition against Lepanto would serve the double function of clearing the north shore of the gulf of Turkish strongholds and of giving employment and fresh courage and confidence to idle and restless soldiers. The chieftains seemed more eager to enroll under Byron's orders than to agree among themselves. Mavrocordatos was glad to take advantage of the immense prestige of this distinguished foreigner, for the troops were more willing to obey him, though he had no military experience, than any Greek. Moreover, though no one would have emphasized the fact in this moment of hope and enthusiasm, Byron was contributing more from his own purse to effective purposes than the whole of the government."

Byron himself, in other moods cynical enough, was swept away by the patriotic fervor that permeated the town. Millingen observed: "The joy, inspired by Lord Byron's presence, was as universal as it was sincere. His reception resembled a triumph; for every one hailed him as a deliverer, whose hand was to heal the calamities yet brooding over Greece."

Byron's dreams of playing soldier had at last come true. Millingen continued: "His house was filled with soldiers; his receiving room resembled an arsenal of war, rather than the habitation of a poet. Its walls were decorated with swords, pistols,

Turkish sabres, dirks, rifles, guns, blunderbusses, bayonets, helmets, and trumpets, fantastically suspended, so as to form various figures; and attacks, surprises, charges, ambuscades, battles, sieges, were almost the only topics of his conversation with the different capitani.”

Byron was not cast down by the dismal, marshy town or the house that had been provided for him. The presence of the soldiers in their silver trappings and their dirty fustanellas only stimulated him to remembrances of his happiest days in Greece. He had seen Missolonghi before in about the same season when he and Hobhouse passed through it in November 1809, on their way to Patras. He recognized the dingy houses clustered on the flat, unwholesome promontory which stretched from the marshes of the mainland into the shallow lagoon.

Some three miles offshore the lagoon is separated from the waters of the luminous gulf by a low line of sand spits and mud dunes reaching from the Scrofe rocks almost to the base of the cloud-capped and precipitous Varassova mountain (the ancient Chalkis) rising three thousand feet above the water opposite Patras. Near the end of the promontory, at the edge of the oozy lagoon, stood one of the largest private houses in the town, the main structure rising two stories above a damp ground floor. The house, which belonged to Apostoli Capsali, one of the Ephores of Missolonghi,” had several sheds attached to it around a courtyard, and behind it was an open space where Byron later drilled his Suliote guard, who shared the ground floor and the outhouses with the horses.”

At high water or on rain-soaked days the ground about it was a morass, and the house was approachable only by water. The only pleasing prospect was the view to the south toward the open waters of the gulf across the lagoon. Byron fortunately had that view from his window on the second floor. On a clear day he could see the mountains of the Morea and sometimes the dim outlines of Cephalonia or even Zante, forty and fifty miles away.

Colonel Stanhope had already established himself on the first floor, where Capsali also retained rooms.” Byron had the whole of the second floor, which included a bedroom and a sitting-

room facing the lagoon, and two or three other rooms for his servants. There was very little furniture. When Parry first visited Byron in February, he found him sitting on a cushion on a kind of mattress." Gamba had quarters in another part of the town, but spent much of his time with Byron.

Undisturbed by the cold winter rains, Byron easily fell back into the rigorous way of life he had accepted without complaint while he was a young man seeing Greece for the first time. What comfort he had was supplied by his attentive valet, Fletcher, still grumbling about the lack of English conveniences but always loyal and devoted, and by the bearded Tita, who was at hand to offer assistance in every emergency. Lega Zambelli watched the money chests and wrote letters and helped Pietro Gamba to confuse the accounts. The black servant acquired from Trelawny was an excellent cook as well as groom, and the handsome Greek boy Loukas, dressed in a page boy's uniform, was constantly at Byron's side or at his call.

For the rest, there were none of the amenities of civilized life as it was known to Englishmen. But in the first days after his arrival Byron had little time to think of comforts, or the lack of them. The first matter for consideration was the formation of an artillery corps which could aid in the capture or siege of Lepanto. For this the foreign officers—German, English, American, Swiss, Swedish—might be most useful. But the greatest hope was placed upon William Parry, the firemaster, who was expected on the *Anne* at any moment with materials and men for manufacturing Congreve rockets and other modern devices of warfare. Colonel Stanhope, full of activity, had sent word to Corfu for Parry to proceed immediately to Missolonghi. In the meantime, Stanhope had sent a German officer as courier to the Morea to invite the German corps which had been left starving and neglected at Tripolitza to join the artillery corps in Missolonghi. Lieutenant Kindermann, who had accompanied Millingen to Greece, was sent with an English officer to examine the fortifications at Lepanto."

In addition to his other disbursements, Byron willingly subscribed £100 toward the support of the artillery corps, and—to please Stanhope, though he had grave reservations about it

—£50 to help support the printing-press which Stanhope had put into the hands of Dr. J. J. Meyer, a Swiss as doctrinaire in his liberal principles as Stanhope himself.

The first number of the *Hellenica Chronica* (ΕΛΛΗΝΙΚΑ ΧΡΟΝΙΚΑ) appeared on January 14 (January 2 by the Greek calendar). It bore the motto "The greatest good of the greatest number," borrowed from Jeremy Bentham, "and upon this principle the paper is to be conducted," Stanhope proudly told Bowring. "The first article contains the news; the second is the proclamation of the legislative body on the excesses committed by the generals of the executive. The last is Lord Byron's letter on conciliation." "

Perhaps Byron overestimated the possible effect of the paper, which appeared twice a week, in embroiling the Greeks, for Millingen estimated that in the whole country it could not count forty Greek subscribers. The most numerous subscriptions came from the Ionian Islands and from London, and it was to those readers that its articles were really directed. Byron bared to Millingen his worst fears for the press: ". . . that it would become a firebrand of discord at home, and increase the number of enemies abroad." " The press was indeed a source of friction which was to grow with Byron's disillusionment with the whole situation in Missolonghi. For the present, however, he could treat it lightly as an amiable foible of Stanhope.

Byron was more willing to encourage another project. With medical stores sent out by the Quakers and the London Committee, Dr. Millingen had offered to set up a hospital and had asked only for a house furnished with beds and linen, but the Primates protested their utter poverty, and nothing could be done. Finally, however, Millingen got the use of a house near the Seraglio, where for two hours every day he opened a public dispensary." Byron later made Millingen staff surgeon of the artillery corps."

On January 14 the remnants of the German corps arrived from the Morea. Only twenty-six persons, scarcely a fifth of the original corps, remained. The others had returned home or were dead." Byron knew that their support would fall on him, but he was determined that Stanhope, who was responsible

for bringing them to Missolonghi, should bear part of the burden.

In the middle of January, Byron was, as a matter of fact, more irritated by the ineptnesses and extravagances of Count Gamba than by the vagaries of Colonel Stanhope, and apparently he let off steam to the latter, who recorded: "Avarice and great generosity were among Lord Byron's qualities. . . . As an instance of Lord Byron's parsimony, he was constantly attacking Count Gamba, sometimes, indeed, playfully, but more often with the bitterest satire, for having purchased for the use of his family, while in Greece, 500 dollars' worth of cloth. This he used to mention as an instance of the Count's imprudence and extravagance. Lord Byron told me one day, with a tone of great gravity, that this 500 dollars would have been most serviceable in promoting the siege of Lepanto; and, that he never would, to the last moment of his existence, forgive Gamba, for having squandered away his money in the purchase of cloth." "

Stanhope recognized, however, that Byron was not wholly serious in his denunciation, and that he had a fundamental esteem for Pietro. But that he was thoroughly riled by the irresponsibility of his devoted companion there can be no doubt. Byron wrote to Hancock on January 13: "As to *orders*—I ordered nothing but some *red cloth* and *oil cloth*, both of which I am ready to receive; but if Gamba has exceeded my commission, *the other things must be sent back, for I cannot permit any thing of the kind, nor will.*" "

His concern was not motivated by personal avarice or parsimony, however, though the irritation was no doubt caused by the thought that he was being cheated. He had just made a payment of his loan to Mavrocordatos," and he told Hancock: "I have undertaken to pay the Suliotes for a year, to advance in March 3000 dollars, besides, to the Government for a balance due to the troops, and some other smaller matters for the Germans, and the press, etc., etc., etc.; so that with these, and the expenses of my own suite, which, though not extravagant, is expensive, with Gamba's damned nonsense, I shall have occasion for all the monies I can muster. . . ." "

When he cooled down, Byron did of course forgive Pietro, with whom he could never be angry for long. But in moments

of irritation he was likely to make sarcastic references to Pietro's folly, as when he later told Parry: "I have subscribed to his paper [the *Telegrafo Greco*, started in March and partly edited by Gamba], to get rid of Stanhope's importunities, and it may be, keep Gamba out of mischief; at any rate he can mar nothing of less importance." "

Poor Pietro, however, was always the same: enthusiastic, loyal to Byron, and a little homesick. He had written to Teresa after their arrival in Missolonghi that Byron had been received "like a delivering Angel." " Writing again on January 14, he reiterated, probably on his own initiative, Byron's suggestion that Teresa might meet them somewhere in the Ionian Islands in the spring. And he counseled: ". . . be calm—be happy—if you can. Byron would not mind your going occasionally to some conversazioni, like those of Hortensia Buonaparte." "

Despite his disproportionate concern for the wasting of a few dollars, Byron had his eyes upon the larger objects that might be achieved by judicious use of his resources. He was willing to spend all his income and more for the cause to which he had dedicated himself. He could now count on the whole of the sum to be realized from the sale of Rochdale. Kinnaird had written on November 2 that the Lancashire estate, which Hanson had kept in Chancery with successive lawsuits, had been sold to James Dearden for £11,225."

News received the middle of January from the Morea seemed to favor the formation of a stable constitutional government. A new Executive Body had been constituted, which, for the time being, seemed to be working more harmoniously with the Legislative Body, though intrigue was seething under the surface. George Konduriottes, the wealthy Hydriot who had advanced money for the fleet, was the new president of the Executive. Other members were Panioti Botesi (or Botasses), an admiral from Spetzas, John Kolettes, whom Stanhope called "a clever but intriguing politician," and Byron's old friend Andreas Londos of Patras."

Both the Legislative and the Executive bodies sent memorials to Byron proclaiming him a benefactor of the nation and apologizing for the internal strife. They expressed a hope that he

would give them every assistance with the English loan, and asked him to lend another twenty to thirty thousand dollars to launch a campaign to secure Crete (or Candia)."

Byron was much more willing to contribute his money and to devote his services to an exciting action than to give his time to routine details and the formalities of business letters. Though he had little trust in the practical sense of Gamba or Stanhope, he usually turned over such tasks to them. He had just as much aversion to reading as to writing official documents. These, Stanhope said, "he used to hand over to me, pretending, spite of all my protestations to the contrary, that I had a passion for documents. When once Lord Byron had taken any whim into his head, he listened not to contradiction, but went on laughing and satirizing, till his joke had triumphed over argument and fact." "

It was unfortunate both for Byron's own peace of mind and for the cause which he had undertaken to support that he could not bring himself to look after details, for those about him were, many of them, well-meaning but bungling and inept or self-interested and scheming like many of the Greeks. And when Byron did bend his mind and effort to practical matters, he usually cut through brilliantly to what was most consequential. As it was, he alternated between letting things slide and delegating them to others and then expending his nervous energy on indignation at the results when he discovered bungling or cozening.

But in emergencies he rose to the occasion and, being calm when others were excited, usually counseled the most sane and reasonable action. He had not long to wait for events that excited his interest. On January 16 news was brought that a Turk had been taken prisoner by a Greek privateer. Byron immediately took Gamba and paddled out to the ship to see him. The man, who spoke Italian, had fallen overboard when his ship had been pursued by the privateer, and to save himself had swum to the Greek ship. With Oriental resignation he made no complaints, but Byron had Gamba write to the governor of the town for permission to have him sent ashore. Lest anything should happen

to him, Byron took him into custody in his own house, seeing that he had every care.

More excitement came the same day. After dinner the residents of the Capsali house heard a violent altercation. Some Spetziot sailors were about to come to blows with the customhouse officials over a sum of twenty-five paras (about twopence half-penny). Byron ran into the midst of the disputants, who were wielding ataghans and pistols, and succeeded in quieting them. And that evening while he was talking with Mavrocordatos, two sailors from the privateer burst into the room demanding insolently that their prisoner be delivered up to them. When they became violent and said that they would not leave without their prisoner, Byron drove them out at pistol point. When they had withdrawn, he upbraided Mavrocordatos for his lack of authority. After this episode Byron installed a Suliote guard on the ground floor with orders to let no one in without his permission."

But there was potential violence in the atmosphere of Missolonghi. The townspeople were beginning to chafe under the arrogance of the soldiers, and it soon became apparent that the Suliotes and the other armed men had no intention of leaving until they had been paid their arrears. It was encouraging news that Parry had finally arrived at Corfu and was ready to leave for Missolonghi. It was now hoped that the expedition against Lepanto could be organized before any serious altercations took place between the troops and the citizens."

At about nine on the night of the 18th, Byron and his companions heard the noisy discharge of muskets in the streets, a sound that was not uncommon, for the Greeks wasted powder on every occasion of excitement. But the noise continued so long that they knew something unusual was afoot. They soon learned that what they most feared had happened: the Suliotes had started a disturbance with the people of the town. Only rumors reached them, one to the effect that a man had been killed. Later in the evening Mr. Praidí, Mavrocordatos's secretary, brought the excitement to a climax by arriving with the news that while a general civil war was threatening, the

Turkish fleet had come out of the gulf again and that the five Spetziot ships had pulled anchors and fled before them."

In the morning Byron could see from his window the Greek fleet making all sail while the Turkish vessels were emerging from the gulf. More information was now available concerning the disturbance of the night before. Some Suliotes had gone to take their quarters in a house while the master was absent. On his return, he insisted that they leave. They refused saying they had the permission of a magistrate. They soon came to blows, the women in the house screamed, and a crowd gathered. More Suliotes joined their comrades. Only the intervention of some of the chieftains prevented the quarrel from spreading, but both parties appealed to Mavrocordatos, and while the citizen who felt himself wronged was telling his story to Dr. Meyer, a Suliote passed and shot him dead. Mavrocordatos finally got the military chiefs to deliver up the culprit. But the city was in a state of confusion and alert. Byron was extremely irritated, both by the disturbance of the night before and by the flight of the Greek fleet, which might make Parry's arrival with the men and supplies for the artillery corps difficult or dangerous."

On the morning of the 20th neither the Turkish nor the Greek fleet could be seen. It was supposed that the Turks had gone on to Prevesa, possibly to pick up supplies for the garrison at Patras." The weather having cleared, Byron and Pietro went riding. After their return, Mavrocordatos came for a long conference with Byron concerning the organization of the troops and the plans for the expedition against Lepanto."

When they woke the next morning, ten Turkish ships-of-war were cruising in front of Missolonghi. The Greek fleet had disappeared, and the town was thoroughly blockaded. A council was held among the Greek and Frank leaders. There was anxiety for Parry and the *Anne*. How could the Turks be driven off before he arrived? There were no adequate cannon or sailors for the few gunboats, nor equipment for a fireship. A scheme was devised to attack the Turks at night in small boats to damage their rigging and perhaps drive them on the rocks. All the Europeans volunteered, and Byron insisted on

being the first in the attack. "He was so determined on this project," wrote Gamba, "that we soon became aware of the folly of exposing such a person on such a desperate enterprise; and we did all in our power to induce him to abandon it: at last we succeeded, but it was with great difficulty, for he was now intent only upon exposing himself to danger, and was extremely jealous that any one should be more forward than himself." "

Despite his dogmatic theories about humanity in general, Colonel Stanhope was a rather shrewd analyst of individuals with whom he came in close contact. He observed that Byron's "mental and personal courage was unlike that of other men. To the superficial observer, his conduct seemed to be quite unsettled: this was really the case to a certain extent. . . . Still, upon the whole, no man was more constant, and, I may almost say, more obstinate in the pursuit of some great objects." He added that Byron "was chivalrous even to Quixotism. This might have lowered him in the estimation of the wise, had he not given some extraordinary proofs of the noblest courage." "

Though Stanhope, like other Englishmen Byron met in Greece, had urged him to write more poetry, perhaps something worthy of the cause and the occasion, the poet stubbornly maintained that he had thrown off the lesser role and was devoted to action. But something did precipitate Byron into verse again. On the eve of his thirty-sixth birthday, he felt old and emotionally burned out. The bright dream of personal ambition and heroism that had eluded him since his earliest memories in Aberdeen, through his adolescent days at Harrow and his early maturity at Cambridge, was intermingled with the frustration of the ideal love, forever sought and forever unattainable, or fading at the touch.

Coming from his bedroom in the morning, Gamba records, Byron said with a smile to Colonel Stanhope and other friends already there assembled: "You were complaining, the other day, that I never write any poetry now:—this is my birthday, and I have just finished something, which, I think, is better than what I usually write." " These were the verses that he afterward copied into his journal:

*'T is time this heart should be unmoved,
Since others it hath ceased to move:
Yet, though I cannot be beloved,
Still let me love!*

*My days are in the yellow leaf;
The flowers and fruits of Love are gone;
The worm, the canker, and the grief
Are mine alone!*

*The fire that on my bosom preys
Is lone as some Volcanic isle;
No torch is kindled at its blaze—
A funeral pile.*

*The hope, the fear, the jealous care,
The exalted portion of the pain
And power of love, I cannot share,
But wear the chain.*

*But 't is not thus—and 't is not here—
Such thoughts should shake my soul, nor now
Where Glory decks the hero's bier,
Or binds his brow.*

*The Sword, the Banner, and the Field,
Glory and Greece, around me see!
The Spartan, borne upon his shield,
Was not more free.*

*Awake! (not Greece—she is awake!)
Awake, my spirit! Think through whom
Thy life-blood tracks its parent lake,
And then strike home!*

*Tread those reviving passions down,
Unworthy manhood!—unto thee
Indifferent should the smile or frown
Of Beauty be.*

*If thou regret'st thy youth, why live?
The land of honourable death*

*Is here:—up to the Field, and give
Away thy breath!*

*Seek out—less often sought than found—
A soldier's grave, for thee the best;
Then look around, and choose thy ground,
And take thy Rest.*

The great desideratum being to prevent Parry and his ship from falling into the hands of the Turks, it was decided to send Lieutenant Hesketh, an English officer in the service of the Greeks, in a small boat which could pass through the Turkish fleet in the night and warn Parry to proceed to Kalamo and then to Petala and Dragomestre, whence the stores could be transhipped in canal boats to Missolonghi without danger from the Turks."

Byron wanted to take this opportunity to send his Turkish prisoner to the Ionian Islands, but the Turk, having heard of the massacre of his countrymen in Ithaca, could not be induced to go. An opportunity presented itself the next day, however, to send the prisoner and three others who were held in the town, and whom the government readily yielded to Byron, back to their homes. A British brig passed through the fleet and anchored off Missolonghi. Three English naval officers came ashore to demand restitution for an Ionian boat taken by a Greek privateer under Patras." Byron seized the chance to send his prisoners to the Turkish fleet by the officers of the neutral vessel. Desiring to soften the ferocities of the treatment of prisoners on both sides, he sent with them a letter to Yussuf Pasha, Turkish commander at Patras, urging him to "treat such Greeks as may henceforth fall into your hands with humanity, more especially, since the horrors of war are sufficiently great in themselves, without being aggravated by wanton cruelties on either side." "

Prince Mavrocordatos was shrewd enough to know that he must give Byron some active command to keep his enthusiasm unflagging. About one o'clock in the afternoon of January 25 he came to announce to Byron that the expedition's plans were completed, and to read to him the commission which he requested him to accept." It was written in French and dated

January 24, 1824, and was couched in the florid and flattering style of all Mavrocordatos's letters to Byron. Mavrocordatos added that Byron would have under his orders, not only the Suliotes in his own pay, but also the corps of several other captains.

"The captains Noto Botzari and Nicolo Stornari," members of the military council, have orders to accompany you and to remain with you. . . . The Company of Artillery, commanded by Lt. Kindermann will likewise be placed under your orders."

That Byron had a realistic conception of his expected role is indicated by his statement of the matter to Bowring" and later to Hancock. To the latter he wrote of the proposed expedition to Lepanto, where he was to lead two thousand men: ". . . it is the opinion that I should go,—firstly, because they will sooner listen to a foreigner than one of their own people, out of native jealousies: secondly, because the Turks will sooner treat or capitulate (if such occasion should happen) with a Frank than a Greek; and, thirdly, because nobody else seems disposed to take the responsibility. . . ."

The Suliotes who were to act immediately under Byron's orders he assigned to the command of Count Gamba. A total of three thousand troops were to be under Byron's command. Colonel Stanhope urged Byron not to accept this commission, but to accompany the expedition independently to give it his counsel, in order to maintain the detachment of a disinterested servant of the state, which would be impossible to an active commander. But Byron replied "that if he spared neither sacrifices, fatigues, nor dangers, he should then think himself in the best way of acquiring influence."

Byron, in fact, soon exercised his independent judgment in a manner little to the liking of Colonel Stanhope. On the 26th, Captain Yorke of the English gun-brig *Alacrity* came on shore with two officers to demand satisfaction for the Ionian caïque lately taken. Byron had already decided that the wisest course for the Greeks was to keep on good terms with the European powers, and especially with the English in the Ionian Islands, who had already been of great service to them.

Byron expressed his view of the affair frankly a few days

later in a letter to Bowring: "The Greeks are acting in my opinion neither wisely nor well—in permitting for a moment the predatory detention of the Ionian vessels—if they choose to commence buccaneering—be it so—but let it be without pretensions to any better excuse than that of necessity." "

Captain Yorke called first on Colonel Stanhope and by him was presented to Byron, who received him with the utmost courtesy. Byron was soon on a footing of great amiability with the Captain and joked with him about the proposed expedition against the Turks. Captain Yorke said he would bring his brig off Lepanto to give refuge to the fugitives from either side. "For Heaven's sake," Byron replied, "don't come; for, if they are sure of a place of safety, all my troops will run away." In making light of his own heroic pretensions, he even referred to his lameness, which he could sometimes do more easily with strangers than with his friends, saying that he possessed one requisite for a general, for he, at least, could not run away. But Gamba commented: "The fact is, that . . . to prevent others laughing, he indulged his humorous propensities, and began by laughing at himself. He observed to me, 'It is odd enough that Stanhope, the soldier, is all for writing down the Turks; and I, the writer, am all for fighting them down.' " "

Byron accompanied Captain Yorke and acted as interpreter in his interview with Mavrocordatos. The Captain declared he could not return to his ship without some satisfaction. The merchandise taken was worth four hundred dollars, but the Captain agreed to take two hundred. He gave Mavrocordatos three hours to decide.

In the meantime, Byron invited the officers of the *Alacrity* to dine with him. The ship's surgeon, Daniel Forrester, observed the strange ménage and the primitive surroundings. The corridor "swarmed with Mainotes and others, armed to the teeth." Tita, with his busy beard and full livery "set off by two silver epaulettes," ushered them in. They were waited on by Byron's page Loukas, "a young Greek, dressed as an Albanian or Mainote, with very handsomely chased arms in his girdle." Byron "rattled away in such a harum-scarum manner, that it required an effort to recollect that he had ever written on a grave or affecting

subject." He "laughingly apologised for his table," which was without a cloth: he bustled about setting the places and drawing corks. Afterward they amused themselves by firing at Maraschino bottles. At twelve paces Byron shattered the neck of a bottle no bigger than a finger ring. "His precision was the more surprising," Forrester remarked, "because his hand shook as if under the influence of an ague fit. . . ." After each firing, his Newfoundland dog Lyon retrieved the bottle and laid it at the bottom of the stair. Forrester also noted that Byron had a mustache "of a flaxen whiteness." He had "a slight burr in uttering words when the letter *r* occurred, such as in Corinth. . . ." And in this last year of Byron's life Forrester thought he detected "a slight touch of a Scottish accent" in the poet's speech."

While the officers were pistol-shooting, Mavrocordatos sent a letter protesting the payment they demanded but agreeing to pay it himself in eight days. The Captain would not wait, but refused when Byron, to settle the matter, offered to pay the sum. Byron solved the difficulty by sending the money secretly to Macrocordatos's secretary."

That evening Byron called on Stanhope and was upbraided by the Colonel for his attitude of compromise in the affair. Stanhope told Bowring: "I said the affair was conducted in a bullying manner, and not according to the principles of equity and the law of nations. His Lordship started into a passion. He contended, that law, justice, and equity, had nothing to do with politics." "Ruffled as he was by what he considered the Colonel's vagaries and by his Benthamite arguments, Byron always in the end overcame his irritation in the recognition of Stanhope's regard for truth and sincerity. On parting with him one evening, Byron, whose temper had run high, went up to him, Gamba recorded, and exclaimed: "*Give me that honest right hand.*" "

On the 27th a young Englishman named Humphreys reached Missolonghi with a message from Parry, saying that the *Anne* was waiting with its men and stores at Ithaca for orders from Byron and Stanhope. The imminent arrival of Parry stimulated renewed activity among those assigned to the artillery corps. Soon after his own arrival in December, Colonel Stanhope had extracted a promise from the government that the old palace

of the Seraglio with its walled yard, the only large building in the town, should be devoted to the uses of Parry's military laboratory or arsenal, but the Suliotes had made it their barracks, and it took all the persuasiveness of Stanhope and Gamba to make them consent to withdraw." This accomplished on the morning of the 28th, Byron—elated by his letters from England, and encouraged by letters from Odysseus, who had proposed a congress at Salona," a gesture that seemed to promise a union of Eastern and Western Greece—took Gamba and Stanhope with him on his daily ride. The constant rains had left the streets almost impassable, and the gateway to the mainland through the fortifications was choked with mud, but Byron had devised a scheme for getting his ride without undergoing a mud bath. He hired a boy with a boat to ferry him across the lagoon, a distance of about half a mile, to where the horses were waiting." A mile from the town he had found in an olive grove ground firm enough for a good gallop."

On the 29th the Turkish squadron returned to the gulf, but the Spetziot vessels had also disappeared and they did not return, having gone home despite their promises to stay after the sailors were paid. More troubles ensued. The Suliotes could not easily surrender their independent tribal status to a single command. And Byron soon learned that he had the whole army on his back. As long as he had money and was willing to use it, neither Mavrocordatos, nor the governor of the town, nor any of the tribal chieftains, not even such wealthy ones as Stornares with his five hundred thousand cattle, could raise any money for the common cause.

Byron found too that, though he had undertaken to maintain five hundred Suliotes, according to Turkish custom he was expected to furnish rations to twelve hundred, since they counted their families and their livestock. They had refused to leave Missolonghi until their arrears of pay had been received and some place had been appointed for their families." And they still evaded their promise to leave the Seraglio. With Parry and the stores due to arrive any moment, Byron took desperate measures. He used the argument that was most effective. According to Stanhope, "He told them that if they did not quit

the Seraglio immediately and the town when he commanded them so to do, he would discharge them from his service. The Suliots esteem Lord Byron and his money. They consented.”

But though Byron was fully aware of the native selfishness, he was still so much buoyed up by the prospect of accomplishing something effective by his own initiative that he could write cheerfully to Hancock: “. . . I take it that a man is on the whole as safe in one place as another; and, after all, he had better end with a bullet than bark [quinine] in his body.” And he called again for “the sinews of war.” “. . . I shall request and require, from the beginning of March ensuing, about five thousand dollars every two months. . . . but I do not like to tell the Greeks *exactly what* I *could* or would advance on an emergency, because, otherwise, they will double and triple their demands. . . .”

To a certain extent, the thing that Byron most feared had happened. His propensity to be governed by the friendly advances of people with whom he was in personal contact inevitably colored his judgments and guided his actions, even when he was aware of what was taking place. His resolution to attach himself to no party and thus to keep the detachment necessary to unite the Greeks was difficult to maintain while he was closely associated with Mavrocordatos. Byron easily succumbed to the amiability of the Prince, who often spent long evenings with him relating his own experiences and listening attentively to Byron's. Sometimes they talked of Turkish history and Byron displayed his remarkable memory for the genealogy of the Ottoman emperors.

But Mavrocordatos usually had some serious aim in his friendly visits. On the 30th he was disturbed by the rumor that the Resurrection Knights of Malta, under the influence of France, had offered the Greeks a loan on condition that they would cede Rhodes and other islands to the Knights.” Fearing that the government in its need might accept those terms before the English loan was floated, Mavrocordatos wrote an anxious letter to Blaquiere in an effort to speed up the English loan. Byron added a forceful footnote: “I have hardly a moment to write for the boat is going—things look well—d——n the

Chevaliers. . . . keep up your spirits and we will see what is to be done." "

Mavrocordatos paid another long visit to Byron on the last day of the month. But his suave geniality could not touch Byron's emotions as did the letter he had just received from Andreas Londos, the young Primate whom he had met at Vostitza on his way to Athens in 1809. Byron remembered that, though Londos was a wealthy landowner, thriving under the Turkish rule as a waiwode, or district tax-collector, he was also an ardent Greek patriot when Greek independence was only a dream in a few idealistic minds. Londos's letter brought back to his memory the whole of that carefree voyage with Hobhouse and his first youthful zest for Greece. He later told Parry: "I stopped at his house for some time when I was formerly in Greece, and he would not accept of a *para* for the trouble and expense I put him to. He presented me also with a very pretty horse at my departure. (This I shall not forget.)" " And he described to Finlay, "with a spirit that rendered the scene worthy of a place in *Don Juan*," an evening he had spent with Londos. After supper, Byron said, the young Primate, "who had the face and figure of a chimpanzee, sprang upon a table, which appeared to be a relic of the Venetian domination, and whose antiquity rendered the exploit a dangerous enterprise, and commenced singing through his nose Rhiga's Hymn to Liberty." "

With nostalgia for this former time, Byron wrote Londos: "To see myself serving, by your side and under your eyes, in the cause of Greece will be to me one of the happiest events of my life." "

Byron and his suite had accepted an invitation, forwarded by Mr. Praidí, from the Primates of Anatolica to visit that town, which had so heroically repulsed the Turkish army the previous summer. The day set for the visit was Sunday, February 1." On the eve of their departure the encouraging news arrived that Parry had reached Dragomestre and was already employed in unloading the stores."

The party, including Mavrocordatos, Byron, Gamba, and Loukas, set out at ten o'clock on Sunday morning in a flat-bottomed boat designed to navigate the shallows of the lagoon.

It was a three-hour journey to the end of the long bay or inlet, the deepest penetration of the mainland by the lagoon. The town, on an island half a mile from the plain where the Pasha of Scutari and Omer Vrioni had encamped with an army of twenty-four thousand, had resisted the siege with three cannon and a garrison of a few hundred. Byron was shown the highest house in the town, at which the Turks had fired at least two hundred times without striking once. But the incident convinced him of the ineptness of the Turks rather than of the bravery of the Greeks.² He once remarked to Finlay, on seeing two Turkish men-of-war trying to prevent the Greeks from taking a stranded brig: "These Turks would prove dangerous enemies if they fired without taking aim."³

At the time of his visit to Anatolica, Byron was in less danger from the Turks than from the enthusiastic welcome of the Greeks. As the visitors approached the shore, they were saluted by salvos of musketry and artillery. The bullets whistled above their heads and a cannon ball passed within three yards of the head of the boat. As they walked along the streets, a wild multitude followed, testifying their delight at the visit of the "savior of Greece" by shouts and wild music, interspersed with the firing of muskets. The women, dressed in their finest clothes, waved from the balconies.⁴

The Primates and Mavrocordatos urged Byron to remain until the next day, but he had experienced enough excitement, and insisted on returning, though a squall was coming up. During two hours of the return journey they were soaked by heavy rains.⁵

Writing to Hancock a few days later, Byron said: ". . . I thought the metropolitan [the Archbishop] the merriest of the party, and a very good Christian for all that. But Gamba (we got wet through on our way back) has been ill with a fever and colic; and Luke (not the Evangelist, but a disciple of mine) has been out of sorts too, and so have others of the people, and I have been very well. . . ." Although he made light of it in his letter, his chief anxiety was for the boy Loukas, for whom he had developed an increasing fondness.⁶

¹ It seems probable that the poem beginning "What are to me those honours

In the early days of February, Byron had other problems to distract him. Every day boats were arriving from Dragomestre with the supplies for the laboratory, and he had to superintend their disposal. The Seraglio was some distance from the beaches where they were landed, and since the proud Suliotes would not condescend to act as porters, Byron had to hire the natives to transport the stores." On the morning of the 4th his laborers halted their work, however, because it was a holiday. A large number of chests of valuable supplies lay on the beach and were being soaked by a heavy rain. According to Gamba, "Byron lost all patience, and running himself down to the beach, he began to work with his own hands; so that what with his reproofs and his example, he contrived at last to overcome the indolence and the superstition of the people, and got the goods under cover." "

Writing to Hancock the next day, Byron said: ". . . I caught cold yesterday, with swearing too much in the rain at the Greeks, who would not bear a hand in landing the Committee stores. . . ." "

Byron had to take things into his own hands, indeed, for Mavrocordatos did not return from Anatolica until noon of the 5th." At four in the afternoon Parry arrived with the rest of the stores, the mechanics who had been hired in England by the Committee, and several foreign officers who were volunteers."

What interested Stanhope most was the safe delivery of the lithographic presses the Committee had sent out. No sooner had he heard of Parry's arrival at Dragomestre than he wrote asking him to forward them to Missolonghi "by the first occasion." "Parry, Byron wrote, "has disembarked an elect blacksmith, entrusted with three hundred and twenty-two Greek Testaments." "

On Parry's arrival Stanhope had drawn up immediately a formal letter to Mavrocordatos announcing that the English Com-

or renown," as well as the one written on Byron's thirty-sixth birthday, was addressed to Loukas.

² *LJ*, VI, 314. Letter of Feb. 5, 1824. Millingen says that Byron "piled up at the entrance of his receiving-room the numerous Bibles and religious tracts, that had been intrusted to his care, and seldom neglected to offer copies to his visitors." (Millingen, p. 19.)

mittee had sent complete equipment and men for the establishment of a laboratory and the construction of all manner of instruments of war. And to force the government to some kind of commitment, the letter, which was signed by Byron and Stanhope, asked for an immediate statement as to how it should be employed.⁷ But an inventory soon disclosed that much which they had expected had not arrived. There were no Congreve rockets, and it would require two months to construct any. This was a blow both to the foreign officers and to the Greeks, who had expected wonders from these promised fireworks."

Parry, the firemaster, was a ball of energy, but his spirits were dampened by the dismal town and by the news that neither Colonel Stanhope nor the government had any money for the maintenance of the men or the carrying on of his work. He had spent much of his own money to provide for the men on the way out. Both Stanhope and Mavrocordatos said sanguinely that he could apply to Byron for money. It was with some trepidation, then, that he first called on his lordship "in the character of a beggar."⁸

But five minutes after Stanhope introduced him, every unpleasant thought had vanished, so cheerful and friendly was Byron's greeting. Parry was soon at his ease. Looking around, he was impressed with the fact that Byron's arms occupied a more prominent place in his room than his books. Byron was sitting Turkish fashion on a cushion on a mattress. "He was dressed in a blue surtout coat and loose trowsers, and wore a foraging-cap. He was attended by an Italian servant, Tita, and a young Greek of the name of Luca, of a most prepossessing appearance."⁹

Byron rallied Parry good-naturedly on the length of his voyage, and, seeing that his guest was somewhat disconsolate, had Tita bring some brandy and water. Then with bluff candor Parry confessed his embarrassment in having to ask for money. "On hearing this, he rose, twirled himself round on his heel, (which I afterwards found was a common, though not a graceful practice of his,) and said, 'Is that all?—I was afraid it was something else. Do not let that give you any uneasiness; you have

only to tell me all your wants . . . and, as far as I can, I will assist you.' " "

This first interview lasted nearly three hours, and Byron repaid Parry's candor by telling him "how much he had been harassed and disappointed since his arrival in Greece. . . . his Lordship, when speaking on these topics, displayed a great degree of sensibility, not to say irritation. . . . He seemed almost to despair of success, but said he would see the contest out. There was then a pallidness in his face, and knitting of his brows, that indicated both weakness and vexation." "

Byron was much taken with Parry from the first. The fire-master's sound practicalities seemed a relief after Byron's experience with the indecisive Mavrocordatos and the "typographical Colonel." He wrote to Hancock: "Parry seems a fine rough subject, but will hardly be ready for the field these three weeks: he and I will (I think) be able to draw together. . . . " "

It very soon became apparent that the whole financial responsibility as well as the command of the expedition against Lepanto would fall on Byron. The letter of Stanhope and Byron concerning the stores and men sent by the Committee had forced the government at last to show its hand. The day after Parry's arrival a committee reported that the Greek government of Missolonghi had not the means of undertaking the expedition or siege. The plan for a corps of three thousand was a myth postulated on Byron's ability to provide for them."

Byron had now to rely more and more on the foreigners. He enlisted ten of the Germans who had come from the Morea to accompany him as a bodyguard." There was great activity in the Seraglio. Stanhope reported to Bowring: "There are about twenty Englishmen here. They give a life and excitement that has changed the appearance of the place." And he added: "Mr. Parry has undertaken, in sixteen days, to have the artillery corps disciplined and fit for service." "

The Suliotes were still willing to serve "his most illustrious Excellency" while his money was available to them, though their jealousies were not abated. On the 8th, Botzaris, Djavella, Draco, and others met with Byron and Mavrocordatos to attempt to

work out some satisfactory organization." One of the problems was to separate the true Suliotes from the pretended ones. Byron agreed to enroll six hundred under Botzaris and Djavella, taking in certain of their neighbors who had fought with them to fill up the number." He was resolved to march as soon as Parry could prepare the artillery corps."

In the evening, after his day's labor at the Seraglio, Parry, who had been given quarters under Byron's own roof, came again for a long conversation. Parry quickly concluded "not only that Lord Byron had no friend in Greece, but that he was surrounded by persons whom he neither loved nor trusted. Beyond the walls of his own apartment, where he seemed to derive amusement from his books, and from his dog, Lion; and pleasure from the attachment of his servants, particularly from the attentions of Tita, he had neither security nor repose. He had the ungovernable Suliotes both to appease and control. Against the intrigues of the very persons he came to help and benefit he was obliged to be constantly on his guard; and while he necessarily opened his purse for their service, he was exposed to be made their prey. . . . it was evident to me, from the very commencement of our acquaintance, that he felt himself deceived and abandoned, I had almost said betrayed. He might put a good face on the matter to others, because he would not be thought Quixotic or enthusiastic; he might even be, as in fact he sometimes was, the first to laugh at his own difficulties, to prevent others laughing at his folly; but in his heart, he felt that he was forlorn and forsaken." "

Everyone recognized the active energy and the practical abilities of Parry. Even Dr. Millingen, who reported that he was "of a temper irascible, obstinate, and difficult to manage," still admitted that he was indefatigable. "He paved the yard of the seraglio, repaired batteries, instructed the troops in the musket and cannon exercise, gave lessons with the broad-sword, inspected the fortifications, gave orders to Cocchini, the engineer; repaired gun-carriages, &c. Nothing could be done without him; even the regimental tailors awaiting his directions." " And Parry fretted that he could not begin the making of rockets and other

incendiary devices until coals arrived for the English mechanics to work with.

It was inevitable that there should be friction between such an energetic character and the foreign officers and men. Byron, who wanted to get things done, was wholly on the side of Parry and did not want to take a mediating or compromising ground. Dr. Millingen thought Byron too easily taken in by the fire-master; knowing little himself of military matters, the poet was not aware of how incompetent Parry was to exercise active command, excellent as he might be in his own field.

News came from Cephalonia on February 10 of the death at Malta of Sir Thomas Maitland, High Commissioner of the Ionian Islands." There was some rejoicing among the Greeks and some of the Europeans, who thought his strict enforcement of neutrality had hindered the Greek cause. But this feeling was not shared by Byron, nor by Parry, who had been impressed because his ship had not been molested at Malta or Corfu, though it was known to carry supplies for the Greeks."

Byron saw more cause for optimism in the reports from Patras and Lepanto. Two Greeks escaped from Patras had told of dissensions between the European and Asiatic Turks which Yussuf Pasha had with difficulty quieted temporarily. At Lepanto the conditions were even more favorable for an easy capture of the garrison. Exaggerated accounts of the extent of the preparations at Missolonghi and of Byron's means had shaken the resolution of the troops. An Albanian chieftain had assured a Greek spy that the soldiers would give only token resistance and would capitulate the moment Byron appeared with his forces under their walls." The time was ripe to strike. There was further news that to the north the Turkish hold was slight. Albania was disturbed by civil war, and Arta, with only five hundred men, was an easy prize. Prevesa had a garrison of only eighty."

In these circumstances Byron saw the necessity of getting the artillery and the Suliote corps in marching order. But when he urged Parry to use all his power to hasten the preparations, the firemaster had to confess that he could not, with the resources at his command, produce what Stanhope through his press had

already led the Greeks to expect. Byron reassured him, and in every possible way cheered the workers at the arsenal in addition to advancing all the money necessary for the project.

His confidence in Parry having increased daily, Byron found a way of relieving himself of one of his chief worries: he asked Parry to take the responsibility of disbursing all the money he had set aside for the use of the Greeks. Parry consented on condition that Byron would audit the accounts with him every day. Beginning on the 14th, the firemaster added this to his numerous occupations. Parry records that at this time Byron was disbursing not less than two thousand dollars a week in rations alone." Byron expressed such an eagerness to learn all the mechanical arts of war that Parry, in addition to his other duties, undertook to instruct him in all he knew of the formation and equipment of an army, particularly of the artillery."

In the meantime, a new vexation arose. Byron had already sent fifteen hundred men in advance toward Lepanto to provide for the arrival of the Suliote corps and the artillery." If sufficient artillery could not be mustered, it was hoped that some could be sent from Corinth. But when Gamba started examining the lists of the Suliotes, he found that they had hopelessly padded their rolls, and that many of the men whose names were on them were nowhere to be seen. The chieftains had been up to their old habit of pocketing the pay of nonexistent troops. Gamba tried to get the co-operation of Constantine ("Costa") Botzaris, whose conduct had generally been more reliable than that of the other chiefs. It was agreed to call the whole Suliote corps together the next day, to read them the agreement they had made with Byron, and to pay them a month in advance. The following day Gamba would start out with a vanguard of three hundred, and Byron would follow in a few days with the remainder and the artillery corps."

The next morning (the 14th) brought disquieting news from the Morea. Byron's letters from the Legislative and the new Executive bodies informed him that Petrobey and Kolokotrones were gathering forces to attack the government at Kranidi. Moreover, all sorts of malicious rumors had been spread to discredit Byron and Mavrocordatos. One was that the Prince was about

to invade the Morea with ten thousand men and then sell the country to the English. Another was that Byron was really a Turk under a false name who planned with Mavrocordatos the ruin of the country. It was possible to laugh at these rumors, but the arrival from the Morea of many Suliotes who had served with Kolokotronis gave reason for suspicion that they had been sent deliberately to cause further dissension in the Suliote corps.

This suspicion was strengthened when Gamba and Mavrocordatos met the chiefs as arranged by previous appointment. After three hours of inconclusive debate, the chiefs withdrew. At five o'clock they sent their demands. Gamba says: "They required that the government should appoint, out of their number, two generals, two colonels, two captains, and inferior officers in the same proportion; in short, that out of three or four hundred actual Suliotes, there should be about one hundred and fifty above the rank of common soldiers. Their object, of course, was to increase their pay. Mavrocordatos was disgusted with their impudent dishonesty, and Lord Byron burst into a violent passion, and protested that he would have no more to do with these people." "

Byron's burst of temper was not a light thing, and it was, in his present state of tension, a strain on his physical being that brought it near the breaking-point. He had been chafing for several days because the constant rain had kept him from his daily ride. Parry had noted his "violent gusts of passion; but they were merely gusts, and I never saw him do any mischief while under their influence. . . . When very much annoyed, he would rise, stamp with his foot on the ground, and on one or two occasions he even threatened to have recourse to his pistols." "

Byron's anger soon passed, but his resolution to withdraw his support from the Suliotes remained, and when Mavrocordatos sent for Gamba the next morning, Byron scribbled a hasty note in pencil: "February 15th, 1824. Having tried in vain at great expense, considerable trouble, and some danger, to unite the Suliotes for the good of Greece—and their own—I have come to the following resolution:—

"I will have nothing more to do with the Suliotes. They may

go to the Turks, or the Devil,—they may cut me into more pieces than they have dissensions among themselves,—sooner than change my resolution.

“For the rest, I hold my means and person at the disposal of the Greek nation and Government the same as before.” *

Gamba found Mavrocordatos with Noto Botzaris, who put all the blame for the conduct of his countrymen on the Suliotes recently come from the Morea. When the other chiefs entered, Gamba gave them a lecture on the breaking of their promises, and concluded by saying that all agreements between them and Byron were now null and void. They perceived that they had gone too far. Constantine Botzaris replied that he himself would serve his lordship as a common soldier even if only five men remained with him.

The Suliotes finally consented to form a new corps of six hundred as before agreed, three hundred from any tribes that would serve under Botzaris, and another three hundred to act under the immediate orders of Byron and his lieutenant.” Byron admitted that this was probably the best that could be arranged, but he was exceedingly vexed that the plans for the immediate assault of Lepanto had to be postponed. He was calm now but dispirited. Again that day he had not been able to ride. At seven in the evening Gamba went to his room on some business and found him lying on the sofa. He saw Pietro enter and called out: “I am not asleep—come in—I am not well.” *

At eight he felt better and accompanied Gamba downstairs to the apartment of Colonel Stanhope. Parry and Lieutenant Hesketh were there with the Colonel. The conversation turned on a new newspaper. The *Greek Chronicle*, being published in Romaic, could not be read by many foreigners. The Colonel proposed a second paper, with articles in several languages, principally Italian. Byron agreed to contribute. He was laughing and joking with Parry when Gamba left.” Only Byron, Parry, and Hesketh remained in the room. Byron was seated on a cane settee. After a short while, Parry noted, “There was evidently a constrained manner about him, and he complained of thirst; he ordered his servant to bring him some cider, which I entreated him not to drink in that state. There was a flush in his counte-

nance, which seemed to indicate great nervous agitation; and as I thought his Lordship had been much harassed for several days past, I recommended him, at least, to qualify his cider with some brandy. He said, he had frequently drank cider, and felt no bad consequences from it, and he accordingly drank it off."

"Lord Byron had scarcely drunk the cider, when he complained of a very strange sensation, and I noticed a great change in his countenance. He rose from his seat, but could not walk, staggered a step or two, and fell into my arms. I had no other stimulant than brandy at hand, and having before seen it administered in similar cases, with considerable benefit, I called for some of that liquor, which was brought by Mr. Hesketh, and we succeeded in making him swallow a small quantity. In another minute his teeth were closed, his speech and senses gone, and he was in strong convulsions. I laid him down on the settee, and with the assistance of his servant kept him quiet.

"When he fell into my arms, his countenance was very much distorted, his mouth being drawn on one side." "

Dr. Bruno and Dr. Millingen were summoned, and after a few minutes Byron "recovered his senses and his speech," according to Parry." Dr. Millingen recorded that while in the fit "He foamed at the mouth, gnashed his teeth, and rolled his eyes like one in an epilepsy. After remaining about two minutes in this state his senses returned, and the first words he uttered were: 'Is not this Sunday?' On being answered in the affirmative, he said; 'I should have thought it most strange if it were not.' " "

As soon as he could speak, Byron asked for Colonel Stanhope, to whom he wanted to give instructions in the event that he should not recover. The Colonel was called from the adjoining room. Byron's countenance had again assumed its normal appearance except that he looked pale and haggard, and he was extremely weak." When the physicians arrived, he inquired again and again, with great composure, whether he was in danger. Gamba, who had not gone far, was overtaken by a servant and came hurrying back, but found him very calm. "As soon as he could speak, he showed himself perfectly free from all alarm; but he very coolly asked, whether his attack was likely to prove

fatal? 'Let me know,' he said. 'Do not think I am afraid to die—I am not.' He told me that when he lost his speech he did not lose his senses. . . ." They carried him up the stairs to his own bed. Gamba believed the attack had been brought on in part by his vexations, in part by his abstemious diet.

Byron had not been in his bed half an hour when an alarm was sounded that the Suliotes were about to attack the Seraglio to seize the cannon and powder. Parry and Gamba ran to the arsenal. The artillerymen were ordered to take arms, and the cannon were loaded and turned toward the gate. But it was a false alarm. Two Germans, steeped in wine, had seen some soldiers with guns in their hands changing quarters and had concluded that they were marching on the Seraglio. The frightened Germans, while Parry and Gamba were at the arsenal, forced their way into Byron's bedroom swearing that they had come to defend him and his house." A nervous tension had seized the town, and Byron was perhaps the calmest one in it.

The next day he was better, but very pale and weak. When Parry called, Byron expressed his gratitude for the assistance given him the night before, and told the firemaster that henceforth he should consider himself at home in Byron's apartment. He asked Parry's opinion of his illness, and the bluff soldier told him he thought it an epileptic attack, but that he ought not to be alarmed if he took care of himself and indulged in a more nourishing and generous diet and "stimulant drinks." But Byron disagreed, saying that he "felt a weight on the fore part of his head, and he was quite sure he ought to live low." "

Byron, though still very weak, got up at noon, but Dr. Bruno thought that he should be bled. Byron would not consent to having a vein opened, but finally allowed Bruno to apply eight leeches to his temples. The blood flowed copiously, and when the leeches were removed, it could not be stopped." Byron later wrote Murray that "they had gone too near the temporal artery for my temporal safety," and that "neither styptic nor caustic would cauterise the orifice till after a hundred attempts." " He fainted from loss of blood, and Parry, blustering and scolding Millingen, who tried ineffectually to stem the flow with caustics, tore bands from his clothes and had Byron's servant burn them



» THE CASA SALUZZO, ALBARO (GENOA)



❖ LADY BLESSINGTON

under his nose, and rubbed his temples and lips with brandy."

He came to, and they renewed the attempts to stop the flow of blood. He grew impatient when Millingen applied a "lunar caustic" and cried out: "In this world there is nothing but pain." "But for the most part he bore it stoically and joked about his weakness, saying he had fainted at the sight of his own blood like a fine lady." The blood was not completely stopped until eleven o'clock at night."

Byron was up the following day (the 17th), but did not go out. He was writing in his journal when he was interrupted by a report that a Turkish brig-of-war had gone aground off the coast some six or seven miles from the city. She mounted twenty-two guns, and would make an excellent prize if she could be captured. Byron offered to pay the expenses of the venture, and asked Parry to let him know when the attack would start, for he wanted to be there.

But another matter concerned him even more. If he was to be frustrated in his efforts to lead the Greeks in battle, he could at least try to humanize the treatment of prisoners on both sides. Aware of the excesses that had sullied the fame of both Greeks and Turks and had caused them to be linked together in western Europe as barbarians, Byron hoped to set an example of humanity that might have some effect.

When urging the Carbonari to action in Ravenna, Byron had quoted with some bravado Marmontel's saying that "Revolutions are not to be made with Rose-water," * but now that he was actively engaged in one he began to see that perhaps his chief usefulness might be found in quenching the flames of cruelty and revenge. Individual humanity always had a stronger power to move him than general principles. He had already befriended some of the Turkish women and children who had been dispersed as slaves in the homes of the wealthier Greeks when their men were massacred in the first outbreak of the revolution in Missolonghi and Anatolica. Among these were the wife and daughter of Hussein Aga, who had appealed to Dr. Millingen to shelter them from the cruelty and brutality of the Greeks. All the poor woman's relations and two of her sons had been murdered. The little girl was only nine years old.

After Dr. Millingen had kept the mother and daughter in his household, treating them as relatives, for several weeks, Byron saw the little girl, whose name was Hatadje, and admired her dark eyes and dignified manner. He wanted immediately to adopt her. "Banish fear for ever from your mind," he told her mother; "your child shall, henceforth, be mine. I have a daughter in England. To her I will send you. They are both of the same age; and as she is alone, she will, no doubt, like a companion who may, at times, talk to her of her father. Do not shudder at the idea of changing your religion; for I insist on your professing no other but the Musulman." According to Millingen, "She seized his hand, kissed it with energy, and raising to heaven her eyes, filled with tears of gratitude, she repeated expressively, 'Allah is great!' He immediately ordered more costly dresses to be made for them, than those I had given them; and sent to Hatajè a necklace of sequins. Twice a week, I was desired to send them to his house. He would then take the little girl on his knees, and caress her with all the fondness of a father." "

It seems that Byron was undecided whether to send her to England or to Italy. Perhaps in soberer moments he realized that Ada's mother would not welcome a little infidel who would talk of Allah and of Ada's father. In a postscript to Pietro's letter to Teresa on February 11 he wrote: "My dearest T. . . . I have found a very pretty Turkish female infant of ten years old—whom I mean to send to you by and bye—she is beautiful as the Sun—and very lively—you can educate her." " It may be that the little girl had already acquired some Oriental wiliness with which to get around her patron, for when George Finlay arrived in Missolonghi a little later he observed that the gaudy clothes Byron had given Hatadje had made her "pert and forward." He told Byron, who sent for the girl and scolded her."

Seeing Byron's generosity, the other Turkish women in the town appealed to Millingen to intercede for them with the English lord, saying: "One word of yours to Lord Byron can save many lives. . . . Let him send us to any part of Turkey." " Byron readily agreed to hear their plea, and after an emotional audience with them, sent the Turkish women and children to Prevesa to the care of the English Consul, to whom he wrote:

"The best recompense I can hope for would be to find that I had inspired the Ottoman commanders with the same sentiments towards those unhappy Greeks who may hereafter fall into their hands." "

Having learned that her husband was with Yussuf Pasha in Patras, Hatadje's mother wished not to go to Prevesa with the other Turkish women, but to remain under Byron's protection until she could be sent with her daughter to the Ionian Islands. Byron therefore wrote to Dr. Kennedy to request that his wife care for them until he could determine whether to send the little girl to England or Italy."

Early on the morning of the 18th, preparations were made for an attack on the stranded Turkish vessel, and Byron was eager to be of the party, but was forbidden by Dr. Bruno because of his weakness and an inflammation in his eyes. In the meantime, three Turkish brigs from Patras had appeared, and their launches tried to get the vessel from the sand. Not succeeding, they removed her guns, crew, and most of the cargo and set her afire while Parry was still waiting for the sunset tide. Byron was pleased with the news of the destruction of the Turkish brig, but he agreed that it was not the occasion for undue rejoicing."

The nerves of the foreign officers and men at the arsenal had been jittery since the near riot in the town, and the exciting events of the past few days had increased the tension. On the 19th a serious incident ignited the tinder. The Suliotes and other Greeks had hitherto been allowed to walk about the arsenal to observe the war preparations, but the discovery of some pilfering had caused a guard to be set up with instructions to let no strangers in. On this morning a Suliote named Yiotes, of the party of Botzaris, a husky warrior noted for his bravery (he had been with Marco Botzaris on the night of that hero's death), went with Botzaris's little boy to have a look at the machinery and fireworks at the Seraglio. But the German sentry at the door would not let him pass. When the Suliote insisted on forcing his way, the sentry pushed him back, and they came to blows. At this point Lieutenant Sass, a Swede, who was officer of the day, appeared and ordered the Suliote taken to the guardroom, but he now tried to get away. Sass drew his saber and Yiotes

his ataghan or dagger and his pistol, and they rushed at each other cursing. Sass struck him with the flat of his sword, and Yiotes, closing again, received a wound in the neck. The maddened Suliote, making a desperate thrust which nearly severed the arm of Sass, at the same time shot him in the head. The wounded Yiotes departed, and Sass was carried upstairs, where he died within an hour."

It was a terrible blow to the morale of the artillery corps. Parry called Sass "the very best, perhaps, of the foreign officers," and Stanhope remarked: "The Suliote is distinguished for his bravery, and poor Sass was as mild as he was courageous."

The news spread quickly that a foreigner had killed Yiotes. The Suliotes rushed out, and there was fear that the arsenal would be attacked and the town sacked. A thousand rumors were abroad. Byron suspected a riot and gave orders that the cannon be drawn up pointing toward the gate, and that no one should come near his house until he investigated the cause of the disturbance. The excited Suliotes gathered round outside the walls threatening to attack the house and to murder every foreigner. The English and other foreigners had all gathered around Byron, and he had his own Suliote guard within the walls. But the momentary fury subsided, possibly because of the businesslike defensive preparations and the discovery that Yiotes had not been killed. Parry left to make an investigation."

In the meantime, Byron had sent for the Suliote captains. Stanhope was impressed with Byron's *sang-froid* on this occasion, when, still weak from his illness and bleeding, "with his whole nervous system completely shaken," he confronted "the mutinous Suliots, covered with dirt and splendid attires. . . . Lord Byron, electrified . . . seemed to recover from his sickness; and the more the Suliots raged, the more his calm courage triumphed."

CHAPTER XXIX

1824

Missolonghi—Death

IN THE last days of February, Byron recovered gradually from his illness, but the spirit of hope that had animated his first weeks in Missolonghi seemed to be oozing away. Dr. Millingen observed a subtle deterioration in Byron's physical condition, and noted the mental depression which frequently seized him. "That wonderful elasticity of disposition, that continued flow of wit, and that facility of jest, by which his conversation had been so highly distinguished, returned only at distant intervals; for he fell into a state of melancholy. . . . Flashes before his eyes, palpitations and anxieties, hourly afflicted him; and at times such a sense of faintness would overpower him, that, fearing to be attacked by similar convulsions, he would send in great haste for medical assistance." "

One day when Millingen was trying to prove to him that a total reform of his mode of living might restore his vigor, Byron said with impatience: "Do you suppose that I wish for life? I have grown heartily sick of it, and shall welcome the hour I depart from it. Why should I regret it? can it afford me any pleasure? have I not enjoyed it to a surfeit? Few men can live faster than I did. I am literally speaking, a young old man. . . . But the apprehension of two things now haunt my mind. I picture myself slowly expiring on a bed of torture, or terminating my days like Swift—a grinning idiot!" "

Part of his depression arose from the shock of discovery: despite all he had done for the picturesque mountain soldiers, he

could not trust them. Finlay later wrote: "Nothing, during his residence at Mesolonghi, distressed him more than the conduct of the Suliots whom he had taken into his pay. He saw that he had degraded himself into the chief of a band of personal followers, who thought of nothing but extorting money from their foreign leader." "

The Suliotes now talked openly of leaving Missolonghi on what they thought would be a more lucrative and easier expedition than that against Lepanto. Gamba says: "They talked of marching upon Arta, where they hoped to find considerable booty. They owned that they did not like to fight against stone walls. Lord Byron offered to give them a month's pay if they would go; and they might go where they pleased." "

After Sass's funeral the Primates came in a body to pay Byron a visit. "They first inquired after his health; then condoled with him on the loss of Sasse [*sic*], and concluded by requesting a loan of 3000 dollars, without which they said they could not be quit of these rude soldiers. Lord Byron granted their request, on condition that they would take care that the Suliotes actually did go; but, he added, that as for himself, he had resolved to abandon for the present his intention of engaging personally in some military enterprise."

On his ride that day Byron confessed to Gamba his vexation. "I begin to fear," he said, "that I have done nothing but lose time, money, patience, and health; but I was prepared for it: I knew that ours was not a path of roses, and that I ought to make up my mind to meet with deception, and calumny, and ingratitude." "

A new chagrin awaited him the next day when Parry announced that six of the mechanics, frightened by the recent occurrences, had thrown up their jobs and asked to be sent home after only fourteen days of work in the arsenal. Parry was irate, the more so as he had to call on Byron again for aid in paying their passage.* But Byron cheerfully supplied it."

Colonel Stanhope departed for Athens on the 21st, sanguine of his ability to convert the Greeks to unity and constitutional government with his printing-press. Byron too, on the collapse of his hopes for the expedition against Lepanto, had contem-

plated leaving, but he could not uproot himself so easily. Stanhope noted that it would have required "some great impetus to move Lord Byron from that unhealthy swamp." "When, irritated by the Suliotes, he intimated his intention to depart, the citizens of the town and the soldiers grumbled, and he remained.

In one sense Byron was glad to see Stanhope go, for they were temperamentally different and the Colonel had often been a source of irritation. But Byron recognized that Stanhope had a genuine respect for him and his talents. In their evening conversations Byron had been drawn into intimacies that left an indelible impression on Stanhope's mind. He observed that the two circumstances with the most powerful influence on Byron's conduct were his lameness and his marriage. "The deformity of his foot constantly preyed on his spirits and soured his temper. . . .

"With respect to Lady Byron, her image appeared to be rooted in his mind. . . . When angry or humorous, she became the subject of his wild sport; at other times, she seemed, though he loved her not, to be the mistress of his feelings, and one whom he in vain attempted to cast from his thoughts. Thus, in a frolicsome tone, I have heard him sketch characters; and, speaking of a certain acquaintance, say, 'With the exception of Southey and Lady Byron, there is no one I hate so much!' This was a noisy shot—a sort of a *feu de joie*, that inflicted no wound, and left no scar behind." "

An incident occurred just before Stanhope's departure which relieved Byron's mind of its anxieties and incidentally cast an aura of friendliness over the parting. A letter arrived from Augusta enclosing a picture of Byron's daughter and an account, written by Annabella, of the child's habits and temperament. With great pride he showed the miniature and the character description to Stanhope, who remarked: "She is in mind and feature the very image of her father." "Never," Stanhope wrote, "did I see man feel more pleasure than Lord Byron felt at this remark; his eyes lightened with ecstasy." "

The fit that had seized Byron on the 15th, whatever it was, added to his anxieties, for he was obsessed constantly with the fear of its return, though he wrote nonchalantly about it. He

was so overwrought that he was subject alternately to spells of the deepest depression and almost hysterical high spirits, when he would indulge in some of the practical jokes that Parry has recorded. It is little wonder that Byron's nerves were on edge. On the 21st, after a week of illness and excitement, he was confronted with another mutiny of the Suliotes, who refused to leave the city without their arrears. Mavrocordatos promptly applied to Byron, who advanced forty-eight hundred dollars on condition that they would march in two days' time to Arta."

Kasomoules, a soldier attached to the band of Stornares, tells of a final meeting between the chiefs and Byron. "If I do not see it," said Lord Byron, "I will not believe that you will stir. We have wasted these two months on all this. I am tired of it," he said, and was silent.

"Stornares replied immediately:

"—I give you my word of honor that I will depart, and whosoever wishes let him go."

"—I am sure of you, Stornares. I don't doubt it" (said Lord Byron).

"Tsongas gave the same reply, as well as Kostas Bozzaris who added that he (Byron) should aid the miserable families of the Suliots. Byron with a smile asked how many souls there were. Kostas replied,

"—We shall give you a list, as many as will be found."

Byron then told a story about Ali Pasha and the Liapides, who, knowing he had need of their services, forced Ali to furnish rations not only for themselves but also for "their animals, horses, donkeys, sheep, cats, and all that lived in the confines of their land." "Is it not likely," Byron asked, "that we shall now have to put up with the same thing?"

Kostas, Kasomoules says, "insulted, proud yet sensible, endured it with great bitterness and did not apologize. In his shame he flushed like a pomegranate. They left everything to be arranged by the Commander, and with an embrace we bade him farewell."

To cap the week of annoyances and tragic mishaps, at eight o'clock on the evening of the 21st a severe earthquake shook the flimsy buildings of the town and caused a near panic not only

among the Greeks but also among the English and other foreigners, who scrambled to get out of doors. Describing it to Murray the following week, Byron said: ". . . the whole army discharged their arms, upon the same principle that savages beat drums, or howl, during an eclipse of the moon. . . ." While Byron laughed at Parry and the others, who were "rather squeezed in the press for precedence" in the scuffle to get out of doors and windows, he had not been quite calm through it all. His chief concern had been for his page boy Loukas, whom he sought first around "the tottering hall."

Byron could not quite admit the extent of his defeat, either to his friends in England or to himself. With Teresa he had to put the best face he could on his situation: "We are all very well *now*—and everything appears to wear a hopeful aspect," he wrote on the 24th. "Of course you may suppose that a country like this is not exactly the place to pass the Carnival in. . . ." To his great pleasure and embarrassment, he learned from Hobhouse and Kinnaird and others that his Greek adventure had made him a hero in England at the moment when everything seemed conspiring to frustrate his being one in Greece.

He was further heartened by an account of John Hunt's success with *Don Juan*." But Byron was roused by Kinnaird's relaying of the gossip that he was continuing *Childe Harold* and that a satire on Gifford from Italy was attributed to him. Of the latter he wrote: "It is not true that I ever *did, will, would, could* or *should* write a *satire* against Gifford, or a hair of his head, and so tell Mr. Murray." To Murray, who had sent through Kinnaird "assurances of his unabated attachment," he repeated the same thing." His letter to Murray was a friendly one, demonstrating that he bore no grudge for past differences.

Though Byron continued to the end to write hopefully to his friends in England, he occasionally revealed the depth of his disillusionment to those nearest him. Stanhope told Hobhouse later: "Byron was sorry now and then that he ever came to Greece. He expressed anger at the Greek Committee for publishing his letter from Genoa in which he talked of going, so that when his intention was made known, he thought himself bound to act up to it. At other times he said he was glad he

had come, and talked with enthusiasm of the cause. He would say that it was better being at Missolonghi than going about talking and singing at parties in London, at past forty, like Tom Moore.”

After the dismissal of the main body of the Suliotes, Byron kept his own bodyguard, consisting of fifty-six men under Draco and one or two other leaders whom he trusted most. They were housed in a large outer room, where, their carbines resting against the wall, they lounged about, conversing in animated terms or sitting on the floor playing cards.

“In this room,” Parry says, “and among these rude soldiers, Lord Byron was accustomed to walk a great deal, particularly in wet weather. On such occasions he was almost always accompanied by his favourite dog Lyon, who was perhaps his dearest and most affectionate friend.” Byron often talked with Lyon about the things that were uppermost in his mind, Parry observed. “His most usual phrase was, ‘Lyon, you are no rogue, Lyon;’ or ‘Lyon,’ his Lordship would say, ‘thou art an honest fellow, Lyon.’ The dog’s eyes sparkled, and his tail swept the floor, as he sat with his haunches on the ground. ‘Thou art more faithful than men, Lyon; I trust thee more.’ Lyon sprang up, and barked and bounded round his master, as much as to say, ‘You may trust me, I will watch actively on every side.’ ‘Lyon, I love thee, thou art my faithful dog!’ and Lyon jumped and kissed his master’s hand. . . .”

But Parry was less intrigued when he found himself the butt of Byron’s practical joking. Dr. Millingen, who, like most of the other Englishmen in Missolonghi, was somewhat piqued by the favor Byron had showed Parry, recorded the episode with delight: “Having observed how nervous Parry had been, a few days before, during an earthquake, he [Byron] felt desirous of renewing the ludicrous sight which the fat horror-struck figure of the major had exhibited on that occasion. He placed therefore fifty of his Suliots in the room above that where Parry slept, and towards midnight ordered them to shake the house, so as to imitate that phenomenon; he himself at the same time banged the doors, and rushed down stairs, delighted to see the almost distracted engineer imploring, tremblingly, the mercy of

heaven.” Parry was unable to enjoy the fun, though Byron, he says, “laughed immoderately.” He threatened to quit Byron’s service if such a joke were repeated.”

Perhaps the crudest practical joke of all that grew out of Byron’s peevish dissatisfaction with himself and his situation was one practiced on his valet, Fletcher, who had often involved himself and his master in embarrassment by his attachment to women. Byron took advantage of the trusting credulity of Fletcher to dress up a young soldier of the Suliote guard as an innamorata to lure the poor valet into a ridiculous situation.” Pietro described the episode to Teresa in considerable detail: “The virgin—for he was assured that she was so—came, they gave her three dollars and promised three more after the event. Then he took her into the attic of our house. While he was using every possible endearment in the Greek tongue, to conquer her virginal reluctance, a great row was heard on the stairs. It was the brother of the seduced girl, who was asking for his betrayed sister and swearing and threatening. You can imagine Fletcher’s terror. The virgin with her threatening brother were taken before Byron who with all the severity of an offended master and the gravity of a judge, called his household before him to examine them and discover the culprit. Fletcher denied everything and tried to put the fault on this man or that, and on the doctor or me.” When Fletcher discovered the deception, he was angry, quarreled with Tita, and was dismissed by Byron, who finally repented and took him back.

In the last days of February the weather cleared and Byron was able to ride more often. Partly, no doubt, to keep his Suliote guard exercised and to work off their surplus energies, and partly because he gained some satisfaction from the gesture of marching out in full dress with his own military corps, he frequently took them along in a brisk march across the marshy plain behind the city.”

The foreigners at the Seraglio being destitute after the dissolution of the artillery corps, and Mavrocordatos and the Primates having a lively fear of being left without protection from those lawless Suliotes who still remained in the town, Byron on the 26th authorized Parry to reorganize the corps. He did so on

condition that the officers enrolled would consent to be drilled. He also engaged a few Greeks to fill out the corps, and some local workmen to continue on a limited scale the work of the arsenal." But Byron realized that he was merely marking time. What made it the more galling was that the Albanians in the Turkish garrison at Lepanto, who had first offered to capitulate if Byron appeared before the walls with forty thousand dollars to pay their arrears, had now agreed to surrender to him for twenty-five thousand." But the Suliotes, excellent mountain warriors, had no stomach for a siege.

Toward the end of February, George Finlay arrived from Athens carrying letters from Trelawny and from Odysseus. He found Byron living in what seemed to him a state of great disorder." . . . Lord B. was under a strict regimen . . . there was no regular meal prepared for him: his scanty meals he generally took by himself, at whatever hour suited him. P[arry] was officious, pompous, and jealous of any having access to, or influence with Lord B. The household appeared in confusion: all the servants had uniforms, each according to his fancy, and some of them were of the most grotesque kind: they seemed to have exchanged duties; the cook, for example, became groom, and the groom became something else, and *vice versâ*; each appeared to be doing something else than that which lay within his province." *

Byron welcomed Finlay as a man with whom he could talk of things beyond the limited realm of the firemaster. Parry had amused him for a time and had seemed an excellent antidote to the theoretical Colonel Stanhope. But Finlay had lived in a sphere closer to Byron's own, had been to Newstead Abbey, could discuss Goethe and *Manfred*, and yet had a youthful zest for Byron's reminiscences and witty comments on his contemporaries. Before long Finlay and his friend Fowke were spending most of their evenings in Byron's room."

Finlay observed that when some of the Greeks paid him a ceremonious visit, Byron would hurry to his room to put on his uniform to impress them." But in the evening he received his guests quite informally. If he was occupied, Finlay would pick up a book and read until he was in the humor to converse." In

these conversations Byron grew animated and gay, full of anecdotes and stories of his former life. As the floodgates of memory opened, he talked freely of his escapades with Hobhouse and Scrope Davies, of his recollections of Aberdeen, of Cambridge, of Brighton, and of London. He talked too of his reactions to reviews of his early poems, and of many more intimate matters such as his early love for Mary Duff." It was the kind of conversation Byron liked, unrestricted and unrestrained.

Parry could not help feeling some resentment that he had been supplanted as Byron's constant companion. He later wrote that Byron "was with me generally sedate and serious; with other companions he indulged in whims and pranks; with them also he talked on a variety of frivolous things greatly to his own disadvantage, the loss of his time, and the injury of the public service." "

But Finlay had come on a serious mission to Byron. While residing in Athens, he had come to have some respect for the practical abilities and the good faith of Odysseus, the strongest leader in Eastern Greece, who was then besieging Negropont (Eubœa). He carried a letter from that leader to Byron and also to Mavrocordatos, requesting them to meet with him at a congress at Salona, where it was hoped the various factions and parties among the Greeks might reach some understanding for the unity and defense of the country." Trelawny also wrote to Byron to add his weight to the invitation and to transmit the request of Odysseus for "some small portion of the committee stores as every thing here is at a standstill for want of powder & guns. . . ." "Although Byron shared some of Mavrocordatos's distrust of Odysseus, after a consultation they decided that they would meet the crafty leader at Salona in two weeks' time."

Amid the confusion that surrounded him, Byron had a temporary nostalgia for Trelawny, who had always managed to clear the decks in his chaotic household. One of Byron's associates observed: "He seemed sometimes to wish that T[relawny] would return, merely to drive away the people that pestered him, and put his house in order. . . ." "

During the month of March, Byron's health continued to be precarious, but for the most part he refused to acknowledge any

danger, and even carried on his normal riding and exercise as if resolved not to allow physical weakness to govern his life. On the 1st he was indisposed. The weather was worse, and he complained to Gamba "that he was often attacked by vertigos, which made him feel as if intoxicated. He had also very disagreeable nervous sensations, which he said resembled the feeling of fear, although he knew there was no cause of alarm." " On the 3rd he was a little better and in high spirits again. It was then, according to Gamba, that he arranged the faked earthquake to observe Parry's discomfiture." His volatile spirits had been raised by the arrival of letters brought over from Cephalonia. Among them was one from Thomas Moore, whose letters generally recalled pleasant memories of Byron's days of fame in London. But he was offended by one sentence of Moore, who said he had heard that "instead of pursuing heroic and warlike adventures, he was residing in a delightful villa, continuing 'Don Juan.' " "

It was true that Byron had talked of resuming *Don Juan* to Trelawny and others. But to have such stories circulating in England, where, Hobhouse told Byron, he was already a hero of the revolution, annoyed him. He replied to Moore: "I have not been 'quiet' in an Ionian island, but much occupied with business, as the Greek deputies (if arrived) can tell you. Neither have I continued *Don Juan*, nor any other poem. You go, as usual, by some newspaper report or other." " The remainder of his letter was amiable enough, but instead of his usual affectionate closing, he signed himself "ever and truly yours." "

Two circumstances now made Byron again feel that his services might be useful to Greece. One was the persistent rumor that strong Turkish forces were preparing to come down from Larissa in the spring." The other was the hope that his influence, fortified by his own money and what he might have power to distribute from the Greek loan then negotiating, might yet bring about a cessation of factional disputes and a unity of Greek forces. This hope was strengthened in the early days of March by a number of letters and emissaries from various local leaders of Greece with the most flattering offers to submit to Byron's ad-

vice and counsel if he would join them or send cannon and other supplies.

The first of these was a letter from Georgio Sessini, of Gastouni in the Western Morea opposite Zante. Sessini had, according to Gamba, asked Byron to help settle his differences with the central government and to aid in his projected attack on Patras by supplying him with four cannon." Byron was more willing to provide the two mountain guns requested by his old friend Andreas Londos." Kolokotrones also sent a suave message to Byron by a Suliote named Lambro, who brought many compliments and asserted that his master was willing to submit to any inquiry into his conduct.

Byron's anxieties in the early days of March were increased by the repercussions in the Ionian Islands of the prospectus of the *Telegrafo Greco*. Colonel Stanhope, before he left, had chosen for its motto "The world our country, and doing good our religion." " When Mr. Hodges, one of Stanhope's agents, distributed some copies at Cephalonia, Dr. Kennedy saw dangers in such an unorthodox and utilitarian concept of religion. Feeling that in "the motto and style of the prospectus there was an appearance of radicalism, and an air of irreligion" " which was likely to do harm to the Greek cause among Christian nations, he wrote to Byron on the subject. Byron replied: "You could not disapprove of the motto to the Telegraph more than I did, and do; but this is a land of liberty, where most people do as they please, and few as they ought." "

Byron was annoyed with Gamba, whom he had suggested for the nominal editorship." In a pettish mood, when Gamba asked him what motto he would suggest if he did not like Colonel Stanhope's, he replied: "Foolishness to the Greeks." " But Byron had a serious interest in keeping the paper from doing damage to the Greek cause. While riding with Gamba on March 11, he proposed for a motto for the *Telegrafo Greco* two lines from Homer's *Odyssey*: "All-seeing Zeus takes half the good out of a man on the day when he becomes a slave." " Gamba willingly adopted it and wrote a new prospectus with a moderation that reveals Byron's influence."

Exalted by his hopes of the favor, or at least of the neutrality, of the European powers in Greek affairs, Byron was shocked to find that Dr. Meyer in the twentieth number of the *Greek Chronicle* had printed an article making a direct attack on the court of Austria in the course of praising the Hungarian Philhellenes." Byron promptly suppressed the whole number, and obliged the editor to promise the government that he would refrain from like incendiary attacks in the future."

As Byron was living constantly at the edge of his physical and mental strength, the balance of his temper was easily upset. His irritation burst forth at unexpected moments. Even the mild-mannered and suave Mavrocordatos roused him to rudeness. Particularly now that there seemed a chance of uniting the Greeks, Byron was somewhat annoyed that the Prince continued to show distrust of the other leaders. Desiring to maintain his independence and not to be too much influenced by any party, he had deliberately tried to avoid undue intimacy with Mavrocordatos. And he had latterly discouraged the evening social visits of the Prince, in his efforts to hold their intercourse chiefly to business."

One evening while Finlay, Fowke, Millingen, and other Englishmen were being entertained by Byron's conversation, Mavrocordatos entered the room. "His lordship received him in a very cool manner," Millingen observed." When his embarrassed English guests wished to withdraw, Byron said: "Do not go away, for this fellow comes teasing me to give him money; I have already lent him one thousand dollars, and he *shall not have more.*" One of them whispered to him: "Mavrocordato understands English." But he replied: "So much the better; he will go away the sooner if he understood me." "

But the Prince wisely overlooked the affront, according to Millingen; "he continued the conversation, therefore, as if he had not heard a single word; and shortly after withdrew with as smiling and agreeable a look, as when he first entered the room." "

Mavrocordatos knew that these irritations soon passed and that Byron was doing all that he could to forward the interests of the Greeks. Parry was busy trying to repair the fortifications

of the town, and Byron drilled with the newly organized artillery corps, now filled in with willing Greeks. He could talk of his hopes for the spring to Parry and others.

On the 17th, Byron wrote a cheerful letter to Teresa. He had long ceased to share his confidences with her, and he addressed her with the condescending humor he might have used with an amiable child: "My dearest T.—The Spring is come—I have seen a Swallow today—and it was time—for we have had but a wet winter hitherto—even in Greece.—We are all very well, which will I hope—keep up your hopes and Spirits. I do not write to you letters about politics—which would only be tiresome, and yet we have little else to write about—except some private anecdotes which I reserve for 'viva voce' when we meet—to divert you at the expense of Pietro and some others. . . . I write to you in English without apologies—as you say you have become a great proficient in that language of birds.—To the English and Greeks—I generally write in Italian—from a Spirit of contradiction, I suppose—and to show that I am Italianized by my long stay in your Climate—Salute Costa and his lady—and Papa and Olimpia and Giulia and Laurina—and believe me—dearest T. t. A. A.—in E. + + +"

It was his last letter to Teresa, and it was attached as a postscript to a note of Pietro's that told of Byron's rude practical joke on Fletcher a few days earlier.

On the evening of the 18th, Mr. Humphreys, who had accompanied Stanhope to Athens, arrived in Missolonghi with letters from Stanhope, Trelawny, and Odysseus ("Ulysses") to Byron and Mavrocordatos, urging again the immediate assemblage of a congress at Salona." Stanhope had been completely won over by Odysseus, who had given him a free rein with his press and his other notions for the enlightenment of the Greeks. Trelawny's letter was a fervent plea for Byron's attendance at Salona. "Ulysses is the only man I have found in Greece that I think worthy of your confidence and co-operation."

Though he had heard much that made him suspect the motives of Odysseus, Byron wrote immediately to Stanhope: "Prince Mavrocordato and myself will go to Salona to meet Ulysses, and you may be very sure that P.M. will accept any proposition for

the advantage of Greece.”” Byron had such a distaste for addressing a letter to Odysseus, who had sent him a complimentary missive, that he turned the task over to Gamba. But when Pietro presented it to him for his approval he “took it up, read it, and then coolly tore it to pieces.” Another was written, but when he later learned that it had been lost in a river by the messenger, “he uttered an exclamation of joy, and said, ‘they should not again prevail on him to write.’””

Aware of the overtures of Odysseus to Byron, the officials of the Greek government at Kranidi in the Morea wrote to invite him to come in person to the seat of the government, and proposed as an alternate suggestion that he accept the office of governor-general of Greece (except the Morea and the Islands). General Londos and another Greek would be appointed his counselors.”

This offer may well have been prompted in part by the advance knowledge that Byron was to be named one of the administrators of the English loan. Byron’s answer to the government at Kranidi was, Gamba says, that “he was first going to Salona, and that afterwards he would be at their commands; that he could have no difficulty in accepting any office, provided he could persuade himself that any real good could result from it.””

Finlay, Humphreys, Captain Panai, and Lieutenant Kindermann had set out for Athens on the 21st with Byron’s promise to attend the congress at Salona and with six barrels of powder packed in sheepskins for Odysseus. But the torrential rains had flooded the Phidari River, which swept away Finlay’s saddlebags containing all the letters and seven hundred dollars for Trelawny. Finlay returned to Missolonghi, and Kindermann continued to Athens with the powder.”

News of the conclusion of the loan was a spur to Byron’s hope, though he still had a realistic vision of the internal obstacles to the success of the Greek cause. It was reported on the 20th that a large Turkish force was preparing to march from Larissa,” but Byron was still determined to go to the congress of the leaders as soon as the weather permitted. Having had his experience with the undisciplined Suliotes, he now hoped to form the nucleus of a regular corps, which he might supplement

when the deputies returned the £4,000 of his private loan from the funds raised in England.¹ To the hundred men in the artillery corps he now added another hundred for the protection of the cannon when an expedition should be made. These he placed under the command of Kolokotronis's envoy, Lambro, an excellent stroke of policy and a move justified by the ability and courage of the man who had fought by the side of Marco Botzaris and had learned discipline in the English service."

To Parry, who was still his right-hand man in practical affairs, and who was a respectful and serious listener, he poured out his ambitions and his hopes and fears for Greece. Like Finlay, Byron saw the chief virtues of the Greeks in the common people rather than in their leaders. Parry recalled that Byron had returned from his ride one day unusually pleased. "An interesting countrywoman, with a fine family, had come out of her cottage and presented him with a curd cheese and some honey, and could not be persuaded to accept of payment for it. 'I have felt,' he said, 'more pleasure this day, and at this circumstance, than for a long time past.' Then describing to me where he had seen her, he ordered me to find her out, and make her a present in return."

Byron had his own ideas about the best government for the Greeks. He saw that some centralized government was necessary, but he felt that it must grow out of Greek conditions and experience. It could not be imposed by doctrinaire foreigners like Colonel Stanhope. Although he saw as well as Stanhope the advantages of the Swiss and American systems, Byron did not believe they should be forced on the Greeks. "From what I have already said of the different interests and divisions which prevail in Greece," he continued, "it is to me plain that no other government will suit it so well as a federation. I will not say a federation of republics; but a federation of states; each of these

¹ Under the condition of Byron's loan, as set forth in the document of November 13, 1823, signed by the deputies, the money was to be repaid to Byron within six months from the proceeds of the English loan. Actually, the English house which negotiated the loan would not pay the sum until the contract was ratified, so that there was a delay of several months and the sum was finally paid to Byron's estate after his death. (Dalleggio: *Les Philhellènes et la Guerre de l'Indépendance*, pp. 44, 48, 50, 66-7.)

states having that particular form of government most suitable to the present situation and wishes of its people. There is no abstract form of government which we can call good.”ⁿ

Parry recognized that Byron was prevented by his aristocratic prejudices from having any great attachment to democracy, but he saw that the poet had an appreciation for liberal institutions wherever they were found. “His hatred, however, of any particular form of government,” Parry observed, “arose not from any deduction of reasoning, but from some palpable evidence of injustice, cruelty, and oppression.”ⁿ

Despite the pleasure he displayed in meeting Americans, Byron was not uncritical of them and their institutions. “They are children,” he told Parry, “who profit by the knowledge of their parents, but who are at the same time the victims of their prejudices. They have a fresh country to work on, and the civilization and knowledge of Europe to work with. They have carried with them, however, some of the worst vices of European society, and they have been heightened in the Southern States by a voluptuous climate, and by the facility the people once had of procuring slaves. Though I think the government of America good, because it is the government of the whole people, and adapted to their views, I have no love for America. It is not a country I should like to visit.”² The Americans, they say, are great egotists. I suppose all the people of young countries are so. Man must have something to be vain of, and when he has no ancestors in whose fame he may exult, he must talk and boast of himself. . . . An Englishman does not boast of himself, because he can always boast of his country. For this he is called a patriot; but if he were to praise himself as much as he praises *his* institutions, he would be called an ass. He indulges his vanity, and gets credit for patriotism.”ⁿ

Inevitably, as with other Englishmen with whom he became intimate, Byron took Parry into his confidence concerning his

² This contradicts earlier statements of Byron, particularly those he made to certain congenial Americans during his residence in Italy. He was always swayed by his feelings of the moment and by his desire to be agreeable to his visitors. But his first thought when he contemplated emigrating had been of South America rather than the United States, which he said he was curious to see but would not want to live in.

differences with Lady Byron. He asked Parry what was said about the separation in England. And when Parry said that it was generally supposed to have been caused by a difference of religious opinions, Byron replied: "No, Parry, Lady Byron has a liberal mind, particularly as to religious opinions; and I wish, when I married her, that I had possessed the same command over myself that I now do. Had I possessed a little more wisdom, and more forbearance, we might have been happy." *

It was a subject that Byron could not long stay off whenever he had sympathetic listeners. He had raised it in his conversations with Finlay and Fowke. One evening, Kennedy records, "he desired them to mention all the causes which they had heard assigned for it [the separation], and seemed amused at the absurdity and falsehood of them. When he had heard all, he said, 'The causes were too simple to be soon found out.' " *

During these intimate talks, while the rain was making an impassable mire of the streets of Missolonghi, Byron confessed his plans and hopes for the immediate future, and it is curious that, despite his remarks to Parry, they included a visit to that fabulous land across the Atlantic for the sake of Greece. He still dreamed of capturing Lepanto and Patras with his own brigade. "When Greece is secure against external enemies," he added, "I will leave the Greeks to settle their government as they like. One service more, and an eminent service it will be, I think I may perform for them. You shall have a schooner built for me, or I will buy a vessel; the Greeks shall invest me with the character of their ambassador or agent; I will go to the United States, and procure that free and enlightened government, to set the example of recognising the Federation of Greece, as an independent state." *

The weather during the last days of March was even worse than before, and Byron missed his daily ride. He told Gamba that "he had frequent oppressions on his chest." * New aggravations arose hydra-headed. Byron thought he had freed himself from the necessity to support the main body of the Suliotes after they left for Arta, but when they discovered that their expectations of plunder there were not well founded, they began to retire back toward Missolonghi. Mavrocordatos wrote

a plot was laid to seize and confine him, and murder the Prince. Perhaps he did not believe all this, but I know he believed enough to make him suspicious and apprehensive." "

Parry also noted that at the beginning of April "there was a combination of circumstances, all tending to irritate the naturally sensitive disposition of Lord Byron, and to weaken his hopes of a great and glorious result. He was more a mental being, if I may use this phrase, than any man I ever saw. He lived on thought more than on food. As his hopes of the cause of Greece failed, and they seem to have been the last, and perhaps the greatest his mind was capable of forming, he became peevish; and if I may so speak, little minded. Losing hope, he lost enthusiasm, and became gloomily sensible to his situation. There was no mental stimulus left to make him bear up against his increasing perplexities, and nerve his body to resist the noxious effects of a bad climate." "

What really oppressed him was the realization that his final and most ambitious hope, that of uniting the Greek leaders, had melted away into illusion like that he had earlier entertained of leading the Suliotes against Lepanto. Finlay observed the effect on him of this final blow:

"The political information which Lord Byron extracted from Mavrocordatos in their personal interviews, and the proceedings of that statesman in the conduct of the public administration, revealed the thousand obstacles to the establishment of an honest government in Greece. A mist fell from Lord Byron's eyes. He owned that his sagacity was at fault, and he abandoned all hope of being able to guide the Greeks, or to assist them in improving their administration. . . . Then, too, he began to express doubts whether circumstances had authorized him to recommend the Greek loan to his friends in England. . . . He feared that the proceeds of a loan might be misspent by one party, and the loan itself disowned by another. Bowring and the bankers, he said, would secure their commissions and their gains, but he feared many honest English families might lose their money by his Philhellenism." "

Byron had a preview of the pressures that would be brought to bear on him, as one of the commissioners charged with dis-

tributing the loan, in a letter written early in April by George Sessini of Gastouni, who proposed that Byron should not give the money of the English loan to the government but should apportion a sum to each province, conformably to its needs. If this money were given to the government, he said, it would be used for the civil war.*

Byron's cares and anxieties in these last days drove him once more to seek release in writing. This agonized poem seems to have been the last he ever penned.

*I watched thee when the foe was at our side,
Ready to strike at him—or thee and me.
Were safety hopeless—rather than divide
Aught with one loved save love and liberty.*

*I watched thee on the breakers, when the rock
Received our prow and all was storm and fear,
And bade thee cling to me through every shock;
This arm would be thy bark, or breast thy bier.*

*I watched thee when the fever glazed thine eyes,
Yielding my couch and stretched me on the ground,
When overworn with watching, ne'er to rise
From thence if thou an early grave hadst found.*

*The earthquake came, and rocked the quivering wall,
And men and nature reeled as if with wine.
Whom did I seek around the tottering hall?
For thee. Whose safety first provide for? Thine.*

*And when convulsive throes denied my breath
The faintest utterance to my fading thought,
To thee—to thee—e'en in the gasp of death
My spirit turned, oh! oftener than it ought.*

*Thus much and more; and yet thou lov'st me not,
And never wilt! Love dwells not in our will.
Nor can I blame thee, though it be my lot
To strongly, wrongly, vainly love thee still.³*

³ This poem, found among Byron's papers at Missolonghi after his death, was first published in *Murray's Magazine*, (Vol. I, Feb. 1887), pp. 145-6.

Laboring under the burden of this intolerable feeling, oppressed by the decay of his brightest hopes for Greece, and suffering still from the debility and the anxieties of his February illness, Byron was more than usually upset by small matters. He had quarreled with Pietro Gamba in March over some money spent by the latter for the artillery corps, and had used harsh language that cut Pietro to the quick. The one thing Pietro could not stand was to have his loyalty to Byron questioned or to be out of his favor."

In the first week of April a crowning commotion gave the *coup de grâce* to Byron's already undermined health and shattered nerves. A false alarm that the Turks were landing a force at the village of Chrioneri near Missolonghi had agitated the town on the 2nd." The same day a nephew of George Karaiskakis, a chieftain who had established himself at Anatolica, had been wounded in a quarrel with some Missolonghiot boatmen whom he had tried to force to give him a free passage to Anatolica." The next afternoon the town was put in a fright by the arrival of 150 soldiers of Karaiskakis, who had paddled across the lagoon in their canoes at his order to seek vengeance for the affront to his nephew. The alarm spread rapidly. Shop doors were closed and the bazaars were empty." The soldiers roamed the streets searching for the culprits, who had already fled. Byron, asked by Mavrocordatos to keep his brigade in readiness, ordered the troops to keep under arms and watchful, but to preserve neutrality in any quarrel." Rumors flew rapidly. One was that three hundred Suliotes were marching upon Missolonghi.

Although the poem written on his thirty-sixth birthday is printed last in E. H. Coleridge's edition, both internal and external evidence (supplied by Coleridge himself) indicate that the poem here quoted was the last one Byron wrote. Coleridge, who prints it first of the three poems written at Missolonghi under the bracketed title "[Love and Death.]," gives in a footnote a revealing notation by Hobhouse: "The last he ever wrote. From a rough copy found amongst his papers at the back of the 'Song of Suli.' Copied November, 1824.—John C. Hobhouse." This is followed by another quotation from Hobhouse: "A note, attached to the verses by Lord Byron, states they were addressed to no one in particular, and were a mere poetical Scherzo.—J.C.H." (*Poetry*, VII, 85 n.) Internal evidence, however, might indicate that the poem was inspired by Loukas.

Up to this point the incident had the aspects of a private quarrel, but late that night (April 3) Praidí brought a letter to Byron which Mavrocordatos had received from Kranídi concerning the intrigues of the late Executive Body to destroy the Prince and separate him from Byron. He had begun to suspect that Karaiskakis was an agent in this intrigue. There were new grounds for this suspicion the next morning when it was discovered that two of the Primates had been seized during the night and sent to Anatolika as hostages, while fifty of Karaiskakis's soldiers had taken possession of the fortress of Vasiladi at the mouth of the harbor, the city's only protection from the Turkish fleet still blockading it. The half-dozen sleepy fishermen who had been guarding the fort they sent back to Missolonghi to inform the townsmen of their demands for the culprits."

The anxiety of the inhabitants was mounting, and Mavrocordatos was certain that it was all a concerted plot, that the Turkish fleet sailing out of the gulf at the moment was no accident, and that Karaiskakis had betrayed the town to the enemy. Yet he did nothing. Byron felt this treachery deeply, but he kept an outward calm, urging the Prince to display some strength and firmness, and offered his own assistance and that of the artillery brigade." The weather having cleared for the first time in weeks, Byron, although he knew his danger, would not be deprived of his ride, and rode out three miles into the country with his Suliote guards. The excitement was so high that his own men of the brigade nearly fired on them by mistake."

It was Byron's coolness and energy, according to Millingen, which brought an end to the siege on April 5. "Gun-boats were sent against Vasiladi in order to dislodge the rebels. Their approach so much intimidated them, that they precipitately abandoned the island. . . . The batteries of Mesolonghi were secured by the brigade and inhabitants, and several of their guns were pointed towards the town to prevent Caraiscachi's soldiers attempting to possess themselves of it. The latter were so terrified by the imposing attitude, assumed by the Mesolonghiots, that they hastened to give up the primates, and esteemed themselves fortunate in being allowed to embark, unmolested, for Anatolico." "

Mavrocordatos, hearing that Stornares, Botzaris, and other loyal chiefs and their followers had hastened to Anatolica, went there to conduct the trial of Karaiskakis and others accused of treason. The judges declared him an enemy to his country, but they had not sufficient evidence of his correspondence with the Turks, and merely banished him from the town."

This incident did not have its full impact on Byron until it was over. Exciting events always buoyed him up. But the reaction set in when he contemplated its possible consequences. He feared, Millingen observed, "lest the news of a civil war in the Peloponnesus, and of a conspiracy to introduce the Turks into Western Greece, would, on reaching England, ruin the Greek credit, and preclude all hopes of obtaining a loan, which to him appeared indispensable to the salvation of her liberty. But what incensed him most, was the weakness and irresolution, exhibited on this occasion by Mavrocordato in respect to Caraiscachi." "

The sands were running out. Those closely associated with Byron noted the changes that had taken place in him in the course of a few weeks. Pietro Gamba observed how much he chafed under the restraints of the weather which had prevented him from riding or making the journey to Salona. "In the mean time," he wrote, "My lord, by persevering in the same mode of life, had become very thin; but he was glad of it, being much afraid at all times of the contrary habit of body. His temper was more irritable; he was frequently angry about trifles—more so, indeed, than about matters of importance: but his anger was only momentary. Frequently he complained of not feeling himself well—of vertigoes in the head—of a disposition to faint—and occasionally he told me that he experienced a sort of alarm without any apparent cause." "

His debility of body and mind did not escape the professional eyes of Dr. Millingen: "Continually haunted by a dread of epilepsy or palsy—complaints most humiliating to human pride—he fell into the lowest state of hypochondriasis, and vented his sorrows in language which, though sometimes sublime, was at others as peevish and capricious, as that of an unruly and quarrelsome child. When he returned to himself, however, he would

request us 'not to take the indisposed and sickly fit for the sound man.' " "

On Friday, April 9, letters came in the morning from the Ionian Islands and from England. A letter from his sister giving good news of his daughter filled him with mingled delight and melancholy." He came out of his chamber early holding Ada's profile cut in black in his hand." He remarked upon the singular coincidence of his sister having been seriously ill at the very time of his fit, and he seemed to attach some superstitious significance to it."

Hobhouse had written encouragingly: "Nothing can be more serviceable to the cause than all you have done—Everybody is more than pleased and content—As for myself, I only trust that the great sacrifices which you have made may contribute (which I have no doubt they will) to the final success of the great cause—This will indeed be doing something worth living for—and will make your name and character stand far above those of any contemporary." "

According to Gamba, Byron's health had suffered visibly during the last day or two, the weather and the Karaiskakis episode having made him more than usually nervous and irritable. But, though the weather was threatening, he insisted on taking his ride, which the rains had prevented for several days. "Three miles from the town," Gamba wrote, "we were overtaken by a heavy rain, and we returned to the town walls wet through, and in a violent perspiration." It had been their practice to dismount at the walls and return by boat, but Gamba urged him to continue on his horse the rest of the way, so as not to remain, heated as he was, quietly exposed to the rain and cold in an open boat for half an hour. He would not listen, saying: "I should make a pretty soldier, indeed, if I were to care for such a trifle." "

"Two hours after his return home," Gamba continued, "he was seized with a shuddering: he complained of fever and rheumatic pains." At eight in the evening I entered his room; he was lying on a sofa, restless and melancholy. He said to me, 'I suffer a great deal of pain; I do not care for death; but these agonies I cannot bear.' " "

But Byron did not consider the attack serious enough to deter

him from riding out again the next morning an hour earlier than usual for fear it would rain if he waited. He had been rather feverish during the night, but had slept well; he still had pain in his bones and a headache." He rode a long time through the olive woods with Gamba and his Suliote bodyguard led by Lambro, talking and in good spirits." On his return, however, he scolded his groom for having placed on his horse the same wet saddle he had used the day before."

Finlay, then about to leave for Athens, called on Byron that evening along with Dr. Millingen. They found him lying on the sofa, complaining of a slight fever and pains. Nevertheless, Millingen observed, "He was at first more gay than usual; but, on a sudden, he became pensive, and after remaining some few minutes in silence, he said that during the whole day he had reflected a great deal on a prediction, which had been made to him, when a boy, by a famed fortune-teller in Scotland." The prediction was "Beware your thirty-seventh year."

He spoke of this circumstance with such emotion that his guests could not fail to see that it had made a deep impression on his mind. When they taxed him with superstition, he replied: "To say the truth, I find it equally difficult to know what to believe in this world, and what not to believe. There are as many plausible reasons for inducing me to die a bigot, as there have been to make me hitherto live a freethinker." "

Not having been called as a medical man by Byron, Millingen did not even feel his pulse. Nor, according to his own account, was Dr. Bruno called in until a late hour of the night, when Byron sent for him and "said that he had cold shivers alternating with hot spells and wandering pains over his body, and that he had remained silent about it because he did not want to be bothered that day with taking medicine. During the night he slept little and restlessly, and on the morning of the 11th (the second day of his illness) he complained of severe pains in his hips as a result of his having gone out the day before on a horse with a wet saddle. He took a hot bath and afterwards two ounces of castor oil which produced three evacuations." Bruno continued the account in his diary: "I proposed to him that he submit to be bled, as I found his pulses strong and ir-

regular; but he refused firmly. Instead he agreed to take six doses of 15 grains each of antimony powder, one every hour, and in the evening he perspired a little, sleeping a very little during the night.”

Dr. Bruno did not yet believe the illness to be serious, and thought the sweating had done the patient some good. But Parry perceived on this day (Sunday the 11th) that Byron was very unwell, and that he talked ramblingly. Taking alarm, the fire-master got Byron's reluctant consent to prepare a vessel to take him and his suite to Zante until he should be better.” But while preparations were being made, the illness took a turn for the worse.

On April 12, Dr. Bruno administered another hot bath, which he thought allayed the fever, and gave him the antimony powders. Byron still resisted both the bleeding and the application of leeches to his temples. He complained, Bruno continues, “of pain in his head and in his rectum, having been subject in his youth to hemorrhoidal discharges. . . . During the night, since he was not able to sleep, I administered to him four grains of extract of henbane which quieted him more than before. His food consisted of a broth with the yolk of an egg beaten up in it which he took with relish.”

Byron got out of bed on the 13th, but did not leave the house. Gamba says: “The fever appeared to be diminished; but the pains in his bones and head still continued: he was melancholy and very irritable. He had not been able to sleep since his attack, and he could take no other nourishment than a little broth, and a spoonful or two of arrow-root.”

Parry had made preparations for a boat to take Byron to Zante, but a sirocco had blown up a veritable hurricane. The rain came down in torrents, and no vessel was able to leave the port.”

Dr. Bruno continued his medications, which he recorded in his curious medical diary: “On the fourth day, his tongue being then lightly coated, he took three ounces of castor oil which produced four small evacuations and relieved the headache, which appeared now only at intervals either in the eyebrows or the forehead or at the nape of the neck and only on the ex-

terior. At three o'clock in the afternoon the fever augmented, with pulses firm, rapid, and full. There developed a flatulence in the stomach and intestines which was relieved by another purgative of an ounce of Epsom salts. In the evening he took a hot medicated foot bath. During the night he slept briefly but it did not restore him at all. During this day His Excellency was visited by Dr. Millingen who approved of the method of cure."

This was the first time Dr. Millingen had been called in as a consultant. According to Bruno, he agreed that bleeding was necessary, but acceded to Byron's strong antipathy to it and thought it could be postponed."

On April 14, Byron arose at noon, as he had done every day since his illness. He was very weak and still suffered from pains in his head. He wanted to go riding, or at least out in the boat, but he was dissuaded from it. In fact, his weakness would have made it impossible. He soon went back to bed and remained there. No one was allowed to see him but the two physicians, Count Gamba, the servants Tita and Fletcher, and Parry." At times, Parry suspected, the physicians made excuses to exclude him from the room, saying that the patient was asleep or should not be disturbed. They knew that he encouraged Byron in his opposition to bleeding, which they now daily urged upon the sick man. Parry noted that from this time on Byron's mind frequently wandered in delirium."

But when Pietro brought his letters, Byron gave lucid directions for the replies. While Gamba was sitting near him on the sofa, he said: "I was afraid I was losing my memory, and, in order to try, I attempted to repeat some Latin verses with the English translation, which I have not endeavoured to recollect since I was at school. I remembered them all except the last word of one of the hexameters."

On this day Fletcher begged his master to let him send to Zante for Dr. Thomas, though Byron's doctors still insisted that he would be well in a few days if he would only permit himself to be bled. Byron repeatedly told Fletcher that the doctors did not understand his disease. ". . . then my lord have other advice by all means," Fletcher replied."



BYRON, GENOA, 1823



» PRINCE ALEXANDER MAVROCORDATOS

Dr. Bruno brought Millingen with him to see Byron in the hope that the two of them could persuade him to submit to bleeding. ". . . it was not possible to dispose him to it, but on the contrary, he became irritated, saying that he knew well that the lancet had killed more people than the lance. He agreed to take one of his usual pills . . . to check the intestinal flatulence. . . . He found no quiet in his bed."

On the morning of the 15th, Gamba found Byron still feverish but suffering less from the pains in his head and bones. He was able to converse about his correspondence. One letter which pleased him particularly was from the Turkish governor to whom he had sent the prisoners, thanking him and asking him to liberate others."

About noon the doctors came again to demand his blood. Dr. Bruno told Millingen that he diagnosed the ailment as rheumatic fever and had tried to treat it chiefly by sweating the patient, but that when the fever increased as it had in the last two days he believed bleeding the only remedy. Dr. Millingen tried to urge it on Byron as gently as possible so as not to irritate him, but he refused again as peevishly as before. "Drawing blood from a nervous patient," Byron said, "is like loosening the chords of a musical instrument, the tones of which are already defective for want of sufficient tension. Before I became ill, you know yourself how weak and irritable I had become. Bleeding, by increasing this state, will inevitably kill me. Do with me whatever else you please, but bleed me you shall not. I have had several inflammatory fevers during my life, and at an age when I was much more robust and plethoric than I am now; yet I got through them without bleeding. This time, also, I will take my chance."

But Dr. Bruno continued the assault upon the weakening man. "Meanwhile," he recorded in his diary, "his pulse became much stronger, irregular, and full; I insisted once again with tears in my eyes, that he would permit me to bleed him, for the sake of all that he held dear in the world, but he grew irritated, saying *that he did not wish it, that he did not wish it, and that he had already a sufficient number of times made it clear, that all my*

prayers and the chatterings of others were useless."ⁿ Dr. Bruno could do nothing but administer more pills.

It is difficult to know whether Byron's mind was wandering, whether he was serious, or whether he was merely trying to play a practical joke on the doctors when he asked Dr. Millingen on this day to do him the favor of inquiring in the town for an old and ugly witch. "As I turned his question in derision," Millingen records, "he repeated to me with a serious air; 'Never mind whether I am superstitious or not; but I again entreat of you to bring me the most celebrated one there is, in order that she may examine whether this sudden loss of my health does not depend on the evil eye. She may devise some means to dissolve the spell.'"ⁿ To indulge him Millingen actually found one, but, as Byron did not mention the subject again, did not bring her to him.

Parry, who had been busy during the day, called on Byron at seven in the evening, and perceived that he was "seriously and alarmingly ill." He also observed, "from the manner of his conversation with me, more than from what he said, that he was then apprehensive his disease was dangerous."ⁿ But the sirocco continued to blow, and it would have been impossible to remove him to Zante or to get Dr. Thomas. His situation seemed terribly pathetic to Parry. The inefficiency and confusion and the lack of understanding care inspired in the older man a great pity for Byron. Despite the number of people about him, there was no one, Parry thought, in whom he could confide.

Fletcher, he noted, "was comparatively seldom in his master's bed-room, and seemed to me to have nearly lost his master's confidence." Both Fletcher and Count Gamba "were so affected, and so unmanned by the situation of Lord Byron, that whenever I saw them they required almost as much attention and assistance as Lord Byron himself." The same was true of Dr. Bruno, who was so agitated "that he was incapable of bringing whatever knowledge he might possess into use. Tita was kind and attentive, and by far the most teachable and useful of all the persons about Lord Byron. As there was nobody invested with any authority over his household, after he fell sick, there was neither

method, order, nor quiet, in his apartments. . . . There was also a want of many comforts which, to the sick, may indeed be called necessities, and there was a dreadful confusion of tongues.” *

Parry had a soothing effect on Byron, who knew that while the firemaster was there the doctors would not press him to be bled. At Byron's request, he took a chair and sat by him until ten o'clock. Parry recorded: "He sat up in his bed, and was then calm and collected. He talked with me on a variety of subjects connected with himself and his family; he spoke of his intentions as to Greece, his plans for the campaign, and what he should ultimately do for that country. He spoke to me about my own adventures. He spoke of death also with great composure, and though he did not believe his end was so very near, there was something about him so serious and so firm, so resigned and composed, so different from any thing I had ever before seen in him, that my mind misgave me, and at times foreboded his speedy dissolution.” *

When the fever attacked him, Byron told Parry, "I fancy myself a Jew, a Mahomedan, and a christian of every profession of faith. Eternity and space are before me; but on this subject, thank God, I am happy and at ease. The thought of living eternally, of again reviving, is a great pleasure.” * It is rather curious that it was only to the rough old soldier Parry that Byron talked of religion in his last days. Dr. Millingen recorded: "It is with infinite regret I must state, that, although I seldom left Lord Byron's pillow during the latter part of his illness, I did not hear him make any, even the smallest, mention of religion. At one moment I heard him say: 'Shall I sue for mercy?' After a long pause he added: 'Come, come, no weakness! let's be a man to the last.' ” *

Parry was sentimentally touched by his last extensive conversation with Byron. "I had never before felt," he wrote, "as I felt that evening. There was the gifted Lord Byron, who had been the object of universal attention, who had, even as a youth, been intoxicated with the idolatry of men, and the more flattering love of women, gradually expiring, almost forsaken, and cer-

tainly without the consolation which generally awaits the meanest of mankind, of breathing out his last sigh in the arms of some dear friend." "

Parry left and the doctors returned to menace Byron. "During the night," Bruno recorded, "he was seized by a violent spasmodic coughing which finally caused him to vomit." The doctor managed to calm the cough with a pill, and then threatened him with inflammation of the lungs if he did not allow himself to be bled. "He replied to me," Bruno continued, "*'you wish to give importance to my illness by pretending that it is more serious; but I will never let myself be bled.'*" To this I replied that I marveled at hearing such arguments from him, since his Excellency knew well enough how great was my veneration and the attachment that I had for him, having for this reason abandoned my lone mother in order to follow him to Greece, that disinterestedness, honesty, probity, and the purest and most exemplary conduct had constantly attended my days by his side, (at which he nodded approval, regarding me with a gentle and touching look) and that the deep persuasion I had of the indispensable necessity of the bleeding made me propose it to his Excellency continually, and with such warmth. Moved by these arguments of mine, he promised me that the following day he would yield to my too often repeated insistence. He slept little during the night, drinking a good deal, and having some spasms in his fingers during his sleep." "

When the doctors came to collect their pound of blood the next morning, Byron said he had passed a better night than he had expected, and would therefore not trouble them. Dr. Millingen pleaded with him not to trifle with his life in this manner, for he had observed that the abatement of the fever which usually gave him some relief in the morning was much less. They reminded him of his promise of the night before, and Millingen finally hit upon the one argument that moved him: "He might not care for life, it was true; but who could assure him, unless he changed his resolution, the disease might not operate such disorganization in his cerebral and nervous system as entirely to deprive him of his reason." Millingen continued: "I had now touched the sensible chord; for, partly annoyed by our unceasing

importunities, and partly convinced, casting at us both the fiercest glance of vexation, he threw out his arm, and said, in the most angry tone: 'Come; you are, I see, a d——d set of butchers. Take away as much blood as you will; but have done with it.' ”

According to Dr. Bruno's record, "The honorable patient at every instant cried out for us to close the vein, but notwithstanding we drew out a full pound." ” Millingen said that the blood, on coagulating, "presented a strong buffy coat. Yet the relief, obtained, did not correspond to the hopes we had anticipated. . . ." ” For this reason, Bruno continued, "I seized with Dr. Millingen the favorable opportunity of the vein being already incised, and two hours later we succeeded in taking another pound, and this was indeed very thin in appearance the same as the first, and with little serum. Immediately after he felt alleviated, more tranquil, and slept a little." ”

But it was the tranquillity of a man whose vital forces had been drained. If he had been more conscious of the passing time, Byron would have noted that it was Friday again, and that it was on this day of ill omen that he had first allowed himself to be bled. Parry observed that on this day, the 16th, Byron "was alarmingly ill, and almost constantly delirious. He spoke alternately in English and Italian, and spoke very wildly. I earnestly implored the doctors not to physic and bleed him, and to keep his extremities warm, for in them there was already the coldness of coming death. I was told, there was no doubt of Lord Byron's recovery, and that I might attend to my business without apprehension. Half assured by these positive assertions, I did leave his Lordship, to attend to my duties in the arsenal." ”

With Parry gone, there was no one to protect him, for even the servants had been won over to the faith of the doctors in bleeding. Fletcher once more begged him to allow Dr. Thomas to be sent for, to which "My Lord said I wish you would write[,] for, I should like to know what His the Mater with me and never mind the Expences verry well I went and Got a Man and Boat to go to Zante with orders to neither Spare Men or Money Zante being a Distance of 70 or 80 Miles. . . ." ”

Count Gamba did not see him that day, being confined to his room with a sprained ankle, but he was reassured of his friend's

improvement by the fact that Byron wrote an answer to the Turkish governor and sent it for Pietro to have translated into Greek."

Three hours after the second bleeding, Dr. Bruno recorded, "his pulse quickened just as if we had not drawn a drop of the vital fluid. Because of the bad quality of the blood, the advantage which had been obtained from its extraction, and the quality of the pulse remaining the same, we proposed a third bleeding, which we were the more convinced was necessary since his expression became fixed and he complained from time to time of a numbness in his fingers, all of which indicated that the inflammation was mounting to his brain.

"In measure as time passed since the bleeding, his pulse acquired greater vigor, strength, and impetus, appearing almost gigantic. Dr. Millingen and I attempted to persuade His Excellency of the most urgent need for a third bleeding, but he replied *that we were absolutely not to torment him more with our constant demands for blood*. He drank great quantities of nitrates which did not however produce urine in equal proportion, and what he passed appeared raw and of the color of coffee." He was given purgatives again, and toward morning he got a little relief with moderate perspiration. "The fever augmented during the night to which was added a headache and the greatest restlessness. We could not even get his permission to attach leeches; he said *that he did not know how he had ever consented that day of the epileptic fit to allow them to be applied*." They then plied him with pills, "but not even that satisfied him, being most unquiet, wide-awake, and restless beyond measure. Getting down from his bed to attend to his needs he had no faintness or languor; his regard was firm, his eyes vivacious, his countenance inflamed, and much vigor was shown in all his movements." "

Early the next morning they dosed him with purgatives again. According to Bruno, "The fever continued high with some spasms in the fingers and in the tendons of the body." They adopted every possible means to persuade him to let them bleed him again, but in vain. Finally, about nine o'clock in the morning, such was his discomfort from not having slept, that he con-

sented to have a few ounces of blood drawn, the doctors having persuaded him that it would certainly make him sleep." He told Dr. Millingen: "I know that, without sleep, a man must die or go mad: I would sooner die a thousand times." " He repeated the same thing to Fletcher, adding: ". . . I would ten times sooner shoot myself than be mad, for I am not afraid of dying, I am more fit to die than people think." And with solicitude he said: "I fear you and Tita will be ill by sitting up constantly night and day." "

When Parry saw him in the morning, he was delirious and much worse than the day before. "His debility was excessive. He complained bitterly of his want of sleep, as delirious patients do complain, in a wild rambling manner. He said he had not slept for more than a week, when, in fact, he had repeatedly slept at short intervals, disturbedly indeed, but still it was sleep." "

Frightened by his wild talk, Dr. Bruno ordered Tita to remove the stiletto and pistols from beside the bed where Byron kept them." Scarcely had the doctors begun to bleed him when Byron cried out for them to close the vein. They were able to draw only ten ounces, but they announced that they would have to take more in two hours.

It is small wonder that in the confusion which surrounded Byron in his last hours the witnesses themselves should have grown confused in their accounts. Parry discounted most of what was reported of Byron's conversation during the last five days, believing that it was only delirious speech. But when Gamba recovered sufficiently from his injury to visit him again, he found Byron ominously calm and collected: ". . . he talked to me in the kindest manner about my accident, but in a hollow, sepulchral tone. 'Take care of your foot,' said he; 'I know by experience how painful it must be.' I could not stay near his bed: a flood of tears rushed into my eyes, and I was obliged to withdraw." "

Whether the bleeding or the six grains of extract of henbane was responsible, he slept for two hours, according to Bruno, "without however feeling himself refreshed. His pulse kept always a tremendous force; he had a mighty thirst . . . and it was in vain that we insisted on a fourth bleeding. He took another

six grains of extract of henbane and slept another hour, and afterwards became irritated when another bleeding was proposed. His accustomed abundant drinking of nitrates did not quench his thirst. . . . At one o'clock in the afternoon he insisted on getting up so that his bed could be made, and aided by two servants went into the adjacent room without being overcome by any faintness. There I followed him and begged him with tears in my eyes to conquer that injurious and almost fatal aversion to bleeding, for it was the only thing left that would save him, so far as time still permitted, and he replied: *'I do not wish my blood to be touched; if I am destined to die from this disease, I shall perish whether I am bled or whether I am left all my blood.'* Soon after he asked to be carried back to bed, becoming silent and sad." "

For the first time the doctors began to have serious apprehensions, and, partly to strengthen their own arguments for bleeding, they proposed calling in two other doctors for consultation: Dr. Loukas Vaya, who had been the most trusted physician of Ali Pasha and who was physician and surgeon to the Suliote corps," and Dr. Enrico Treiber, a German attached to the artillery corps. But Byron said he did not want to see them. "Finally," Bruno continues, "we conceived the idea of telling him that Prince Mavrocordato had himself sent a physician to visit him along with us and that politeness dictated that we accept his offer. He said, *'have him come in but let him look at me and keep silent.'*" " Dr. Vaya, accompanied by Dr. Treiber, was then admitted. While feeling his pulse one of them wanted to speak, but Byron said: "Recollect your promise and go away." "

Drs. Vaya and Treiber proposed a simple draft of cream of tartar, boracic, and sugar, and Dr. Millingen agreed with them that there was reason to hope for a favorable turn of the malady. Dr. Bruno took issue with the other three doctors and insisted that what was needed was immediate and abundant bleeding, and that if he were not allowed to open a vein the patient would certainly be lost, for the inflammation would mount to his brain. As the others were of a different opinion, however, he acceded to their treatment. But he added: ". . . for my own part, since

you have taken from me the remedy of bleeding, I know him already lost and dead.” ”

While Bruno was in the next room preparing the prescribed medicine, Byron sent for him. The doctors rushed in and found him in a weakened condition, almost fainting. “The honorable patient,” Bruno recorded, “said he felt a lack of strength, his pulses were weak, contracted but vibrating, and his hands and feet were cold. The three [consulting?] doctors concluded that the change of diathesis had come and that it was necessary to apply stimulants both diffusive and permanent. They gave him immediately a spoonful of tincture of china [bark], then water and wine to allay his thirst, and applied two blisters.” ”

“When on the point of applying them,” Millingen recorded, “Lord Byron asked me whether it would answer the same purpose to apply both on the same leg. Guessing the motive that led him to ask this question, I told him I would place them above the knees, on the inside of the thighs. ‘Do so,’ said he, ‘for as long as I live, I will not allow any one to see my lame foot.’ ” ”

“Meanwhile,” Bruno continued, “from that sensation of languor he passed into delirium, and then at its height with contortions in his hands he exerted all his strength to get out of bed. In the midst of his delirium he sometimes recognized his servants and spoke some reasonable and sensible words to them.” ” During the delirium of the night he had sometimes talked of fighting, and he seemed unaware of his danger.”

When Parry called on him in the morning, Byron was delirious and very ill. It was Easter Sunday, and, as it was the custom of the people to celebrate that occasion by firing off their muskets, Mavrocordatos, Parry says, arranged “that I should march with the artillery brigade and Suliotes to some little distance from the town, and exercise them, in order to carry the inhabitants along with us.” ” And, according to Gamba, “At the same time, the town guard patrolled the streets, and informing the people of the danger of their benefactor, invited them to make as little noise as possible near the place where he lay.” ” The scheme worked, and Byron was spared the rattle of musketry in his last hours.

Seeing the signs of death much more pronounced, Dr. Bruno

prevailed upon his colleagues during the morning to accede to his entreaties for further bleeding. "Twelve leeches at the temples extracted about two pounds of blood. Under such a depletion, his cadaverous expression disappeared, the pupil became more mobile, the pulse less stormy, his breathing easier, such that there was created among those who were attached to him almost the illusion that he could still turn back from the fatal peril in which he found himself." "For a short while Byron himself felt this illusion.

At noon Gamba came to the side of his bed. "He asked me," Gamba recorded, "if there were any letters come for him. There was one from the Archbishop Ignatius to him, which told him that the Sultan had proclaimed him, in full divan, an enemy of the Porte. I thought it best not to let him know of the arrival of this letter. . . . But . . . when I told him there were no letters, [Byron] said, 'I know there is one from Luriottis to Mavrocordato.' 'It is true,' said I, 'my Lord.' 'That is just what I want to see,' he replied. Accordingly in five minutes I returned with the letter. He opened it himself—it was written partly in French, partly in Greek. He read it into English from the French without hesitation, and attempted to translate the Greek. Fearing that it might fatigue him too much, I offered to get it translated. 'No, no,' he said, and at last made it out himself. This letter mentioned that the loan was concluded; that my Lord was to be the head of a commission for its disposal; and that part of the money would be immediately transmitted."

"There was another part of the letter which displeased him, and he said, 'I wish Napier and Hobhouse were here—we would soon settle this business.' " "

It was the middle of the afternoon before Byron realized that he was in mortal danger, possibly from the weeping of the servants and the perturbation of the doctors. He told Millingen: "Your efforts to preserve my life will be vain. Die I must: I feel it. Its loss I do not lament; for to terminate my wearisome existence I came to Greece.—My wealth, my abilities, I devoted to her cause.—Well: there is my life to her. One request let me make to you. Let not my body be hacked, or be sent to England.

Here let my bones moulder.—Lay me in the first corner without pomp or nonsense.” ”

According to Gamba, Drs. Bruno and Millingen called in Dr. Vaya and Dr. Treiber again about three thirty.” They were still quarreling about the treatment of the patient.

“At four o’clock, after this consultation of his physicians,” Gamba continued, “he seemed to be aware of his approaching end. I think this was the exact time, and not before. Dr. Millingen, Fletcher, and Tita were round his bed. The two first could not contain their tears, and walked out of the room. Tita also wept, but he could not retire, as Byron had hold of his hand; but he turned away his face. Byron looked at him steadily, and said, half smiling, in Italian—‘*Oh questa è una bella scena.*’ He then seemed to reflect a moment, and exclaimed, ‘*Call Parry.*’ Almost immediately afterwards a fit of delirium ensued, and he began to talk wildly, as if he were mounting a breach in an assault. He called out, half in English, half in Italian—‘*Forwards— forwards—courage—follow my example—don’t be afraid,*’ &c.” ”

When Parry returned to the house, everything was in confusion, and the doctors, now thoroughly alarmed, were still in dispute as to the best measures to be taken. It was Parry’s impression that Dr. Treiber “had warmly condemned the mode in which Lord Byron had been treated. It was by his recommendation and advice, I believe, that it was now resolved to administer bark, and I was sent for to persuade Lord Byron to take it.” This was necessary, for Byron had by then completely lost confidence in his physicians. “At the moment of administering the bark,” Parry continued, “he seemed sensible; I spoke to him, and said, ‘*My Lord, take the bark, it will do you good, it will recover your Lordship.*’ He took my hand, and said, ‘*Give it me.*’ He was able to swallow only a very small quantity, about four mouthfuls I think. Dr. Bruno seemed satisfied, however, and said, ‘*That will do.*’ When he took my hand, I found his hands were deadly cold. With the assistance of Tita, I endeavoured gently to create a little warmth in them; and I also loosened the bandage which was tied round his head. Till this was done he seemed in great pain, clenched his hands at times, gnashed his teeth, and uttered the

Italian exclamation of *Ah Christ!* He bore the loosening of the band passively; and after it was loosened, he shed tears. I encouraged him to weep, and said, 'My Lord, I thank God, I hope you will now be better; shed as many tears as you can, you will sleep and find ease.' He replied faintly, 'Yes, the pain is gone, I shall sleep now,' and he again took my hand, uttered a faint good night, and sank into a slumber; my heart ached, but I thought then his sufferings were over, and that he would wake no more." "

He did wake again, to talk sometimes wildly and sometimes calmly and pathetically to those about him." Gamba was too emotionally upset to be in the same room with him. "I wished to go to him," Gamba wrote, "—but I had not the heart. Mr. Parry went, and Byron knew him again, and squeezed his hand, and tried to express his last wishes. He mentioned names, as before, and also sums of money: he spoke sometimes in English, sometimes in Italian. From those about him, I collected that, either at this time, or in his former interval of reason, he could be understood to say—'Poor Greece!—poor town!—my poor servants!' Also, 'Why was I not aware of this sooner?' and 'My hour is come!—I do not care for death—but why did I not go home before I came here?' At another time he said, 'There are things which make the world dear to me [*Io lascio qualche cosa di caro nel mondo*]: for the rest, I am content to die.'" "

When Parry went to him, Byron scarcely knew him, though he had said that he had something of importance to say, apparently of a testamentary nature." But he came out of his delirium only at intervals. "He had then less of alienation about him," Parry recorded, "than I had seen for some time before, there was the calmness of resignation, but there was also the stupor of death. He tried to utter his wishes, but he was incapable; he said something about rewarding his Italian servant, and uttered several incoherent words. There was either no meaning in what he said, or it was such a meaning, as we should not expect at that moment." "

As the realization came to Byron that his medical men could do nothing for him, he did not hesitate to express his anger at them in his lucid moments. He told Fletcher: "The doctors have

assassinated me, and you are in the plot to assassinate me too." Bursting into tears, Fletcher said: "Oh, my Lord, how can you think so?" Then Byron was moved by his tears and replied: "No, Fletcher, I did not mean to say so: come here." Then, as Hobhouse recorded it, "he took his hand and began to talk kindly to him, saying he was sorry he had done nothing for him by his will, but Mr. Hobhouse would be his friend and see him provided for. He then expressed an anxiety to do something for his favourite *chasseur*, Tita, and his Greek boy, Luca, but Fletcher told him to speak of more important concerns. He still continued angry with the doctors, and particularly with Dr. Millingen, who had all along made light of the disorder. He told the doctor to leave the room, but Doctor Millingen said, 'I cannot leave you thus,' and wept; Byron replied, 'You have been with me too long.' He then said to Fletcher that he believed he was in a dangerous way. 'I hope not,' said Fletcher, 'but the Lord's will be done.' 'Yes,' rejoined Lord Byron, 'not mine.' " " It was then that Byron made a serious effort to convey his last wishes to Fletcher. He did apparently manage to provide for Loukas by giving him the receipt for the three thousand dollars he had loaned to the town of Missolonghi," and, knowing from his own experience that such a claim was only a problematical asset, he also ordered that he be given the bag of Maria Teresa dollars that he habitually kept in his room."

Byron told Fletcher: ". . . it is now nearly over," and added: "I must tell you all without losing a moment." The old servant who had been with him since his first voyage to Greece was eager to record his master's final requests. This is his own account, as recorded by Blaquiere: "I then said, 'Shall I go my lord, and fetch pen, ink, and paper?' 'Oh! my God, no—you will lose too much time, and I have it not to spare, for my time is now short,' said his lordship; and immediately after, 'Now, pay attention'; his lordship commenced by saying, 'You will be provided for.' I begged him, however, to proceed with things of more consequence, he then continued, 'Oh, my poor dear child!—my dear Ada! my God, could I but have seen her! Give her my blessing—and my dear sister Augusta and her children;—and you will go to Lady Byron, and say — tell her every thing—you are friends

with her.' His lordship appeared to be greatly affected at this moment. Here my master's voice failed him, so that I could only catch a word at intervals, but he kept muttering something very seriously for some time, and would often raise his voice and say, 'Fletcher, now if you do not execute every order which I have given you, I will torment you hereafter if possible.'" "

Thereafter Byron grew delirious, with only intervals of lucidity. Fletcher told Hobhouse that "he frequently muttered, 'my wife—my child—Ada—my poor sister—go & tell my sister—go to Hobhouse—tell Hobhouse—' He frequently repeated the words 'four thousand five hundred dollars.'" "

Coming out of his delirium, Byron asked Fletcher to pay close attention. "My Lord now again got me by the hand," Fletcher wrote to Mrs. Leigh, "saying be sure mind all I say and at this moment his voice began to falter and I was not able to Distinguish one word from a nother. My Lord continued talking to me for more than a Quarter of an Houre. I may say nearely half an Houre when My Lord said Quite Plain now I have told you all which I hope you will attend too i answered My Lord I am verry sorry but I have not understood one word which I hope you will now tell me over again. My Lord in Great agitation said then if you have not understood me it his too late and in a faltering Low voice Repeated I am truley sorry you have not understood me but I will try to make you understand me again but I know well it is too Late now. . . ." "

It is not surprising that his strength was waning fast. For the doctors had concocted another purgation, this time a clyster of "senna, three ounces of Epsom salts, and three of castor oil." " Fletcher later told Hobhouse that Byron "got out of bed a little before six on the evening of the eighteenth, and walked across the room with Fletcher's help to the stool—coming back he said, The Damned Doctors have drenched me so that I can scarcely stand." "

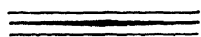
This was the last time he left his bed. At about six o'clock Fletcher heard him say: "I want to sleep now," and he turned on his back and shut his eyes." These were his last words, and he scarcely moved again. The doctors now had him in their power, and they applied leeches to his temples. The blood flowed from

Not long after he had entered this comatose state, more letters arrived from England, from Hobhouse and Kinnaird, with the most cheering news.* Hobhouse conveyed to him a resolution of the Greek Committee expressing their sense "of the great services rendered by His Lordship to the cause of Greek Independence, and . . . their gratitude for this fresh proof of his exertions in behalf of that glorious cause." Hobhouse added that "all whom I speak to out of the Committee are equally delighted with what you have done and [are] doing, and are most anxious for your safety and success." Byron would have been even more pleased with another sentence in the letter: "I shall positively if I can contrive it come out myself the moment Parliament is prorogued and if we should shake hands under the walls of Adrianople—there would, as the jester Scrope used to say, be a trait and an event for the biography." "

And a short time later Hobhouse had written again: "Your monied matters, Kinnaird will tell you, are going on swimmingly—you will have, indeed you have, a very handsome fortune—and if you have health—I do not see what earthly advantage you can wish for that you have not got. Your present endeavour is certainly the most glorious ever undertaken by man—Campbell said to me yesterday—that he envied what you are now doing (and you may believe him, for he is a very envious man) even more than all your laurels blooming as they are." "

But Byron was now beyond envy. According to Fletcher, ". . . he did not move hand or foot during the following twenty-four hours. His lordship appeared, however, to be in a state of suffocation at intervals, and had a frequent rattling in the throat, on these occasions, I called Tita to assist me in raising his head, and I thought he seemed to get quite stiff. The rattling and choaking in the throat took place every half hour; and we continued to raise his head whenever the fit came on, till 6 o'clock in the evening of the 19th, when I saw my master open his eyes and then shut them, but without showing any symptoms of pain, or moving hand or foot. 'Oh! my God!' I exclaimed, 'I fear his lordship is gone.' The doctors then felt his pulse, and said, 'You are right—he is gone.'"

CHAPTER XXX



1824

Back to England

AN OMINOUS quiet had settled over the town when the news went abroad that the great benefactor of Greece was sinking fast. A chilling fear had put a damper on the Easter festivities for which numbers of people from the surrounding country had flocked into Missolonghi." On Monday evening, Parry recorded, "at the very time Lord Byron died, there was one of the most awful thunder storms I ever witnessed. The lightning was terrific. The Greeks, who are very superstitious, and generally believe that such an event occurs whenever a much superior, or as they say, a supreme man dies, immediately exclaimed, 'The great man is gone!'" "Byron himself might have been moved by such a portent. And his detached spirit must have enjoyed the mad medley of bickering doctors and weeping servants about his deathbed, displaying a gamut of emotions worthy of a scene in *Don Juan*.

The grief, however, was not feigned. The servants had never had so good a master, and would look in vain for another so kind and generous. Fletcher, who had been with him longer than all the others, regretted his loss more deeply than the attempted rhetoric in his letter to Byron's sister might suggest. The black servant, his secretary Lega Zambelli, and Tita knew not where to turn. Tita, who during Byron's last days had been his favorite and had seldom left his room, wrote the same evening to his parents: "With tears in my eyes, I announce . . . the death of my good master and my second father." "

The doctors, despite their differences, were not free from honest tears, and Pietro Gamba was desolated. Since he had first met Byron in Ravenna in 1820, he had been his constant companion, friend, admirer, and disciple. Parry, who had known Byron so short a time, mourned him none the less deeply. He noted also how sincere was the sorrow of the Greeks. "No persons, perhaps," he wrote, "after his domestics and personal friends, felt his loss more acutely than the poor citizens of Missolonghi. His residence among them gave them food, and ensured them protection." "

There is no doubt that Mavrocordatos's personal grief for the loss of Byron was sincere, but with it was mingled a great anxiety for the consequences to himself and the cause he had espoused. Mavrocordatos was only too aware of the forces of greed and rivalry that Byron's death would release. He immediately issued a proclamation on behalf of the Provisional Government of Western Greece, calling for the firing of minute guns and for general mourning." At sunrise on the 20th those who had been wearied by grief and long vigils were awakened by the cannon of the fortress booming over the still lagoon at mournful intervals; and the stillness continued to be broken every half-hour for the next twenty-four hours by a solitary gun of Byron's own corps.

It had already been decided to embalm the body and send it back to England. At nine o'clock the physicians gathered for their gruesome task. But when the body was uncovered they paused awhile "in silent contemplation," Millingen says, awed by "the lifeless clay of one, who, but a few days before, was the hope of a whole nation and the admiration of the civilized world." This abused clay itself still bore witness to the physical beauty which had attracted so many men and women. Millingen continues: ". . . we could not but admire the perfect symmetry. . . . The only blemish of his body, which might otherwise have vied with that of Apollo himself, was the congenital malconformation of his left foot and leg.¹ The foot was deformed, and

¹ This statement of Dr. Millingen that it was the left foot contradicts those of the witnesses best qualified to know, but as it was written some years after the personal observation, the error is not surprising.

turned inwards; and the leg was smaller and shorter than the sound one. Although Lord Byron preferred attributing his lameness to the unskilful treatment of a sprained ankle, there can be little or no doubt, that he was born club-footed.”ⁿ

A tradition remains in Missolonghi that the Greek woman who was employed to lay out the body told her daughter on returning from the house by the lagoon that the corpse of Milord was “white like the wing of a young chicken.”ⁿ

But, having entered upon their task of cutting into it, the doctors allowed their sense of wonder to succumb to their clinical curiosity. The crude embalming process required the removal of the viscera, but, moved probably by the desire to settle their disputes concerning the cause of death, the doctors extended their activities to a general autopsy. Dr. Bruno added the findings to his clinical diary of Byron's illness, which was afterward signed by himself and the three consulting physicians. “On the morning of the 20th at 9:00,” Dr. Bruno wrote, “we performed an autopsy of the respectable cadaver in the presence of the Attending Consultants and Drs. G. G. Meyer and — Torti.”ⁿ The doctors noted first: “The body externally was in excellent state and appeared as one that had died suddenly of asphyxiation.” Then they started sawing and hacking at the noble head of the “respectable cadaver.” “The bony cranial vault was opened and the bones of the cranium were found very hard without any traces of the sutures like the bones of a person of 80 years, so much so that one would have said that the cranium was formed by one solitary bone. . . . The meninges (dura) [the membranes which enclose the brain] were attached to the internal walls of the cranium so firmly that while sawing the bone around the interior to detach the bone from the dura the strength of two robust men was not sufficient. . . . The cerebrum with the cerebellum weighed about six medical pounds.”²

² Dr. Nolan D. C. Lewis, Director of Research in Neurology and Psychiatry at the New Jersey Neuro-Psychiatric Institute, who has examined the clinical account of Dr. Bruno and the other physicians, writes: “I am unable to find in the literature the exact weight assigned to a ‘medical pound,’ therefore I assume that they meant troy weight, which is 12 ounces to the pound. Even at this figure, if the weighing was correct, Byron's brain weighed 2160 grams which is one of the largest on record (a 1450-gram

The rest of the report described in general terms, with an interfusion of medical language, the "bubbles of air," the "sanguineous" fluids, and the adhesions found in various organs. The lungs they found healthy, the heart "dilated and flabby," the liver and the gall bladder smaller than normal, the intestines distended with air. "The kidneys were very large but healthy, and the urinary bladder was relatively small."²

An experienced diagnostician of the present day, who has examined the other medical evidence of Byron's last illness and death, has pronounced the autopsy "miserably brief as compared even with the autopsy protocols of the early 19th century as performed by expert pathologists of that era. It should probably be expected that the autopsy was as crude as the therapy afforded him in the light of modern techniques and methods, but I would emphasize that the autopsy was so meager that it is very difficult to interpret just what was seen in the organs and, what is more important, how much was missed. Amateur pathologists of the present day still prepare autopsy protocols after this fashion, but professionals never."

The same doctor, Nolan D. C. Lewis of the New Jersey Neuro-Psychiatric Institute, concludes, in view of the paucity of evidence: "Therefore it is probable that we shall be forever in the dark concerning a number of the pertinent medical facts in connection with Byron's last days and death." But in the light of the total recorded statements he ventures the opinion that "the immediate cause of death was uremic poisoning, a metabolic disorder with terminal symptoms described for Byron's last days, with his death hastened at the end by the numerous bleedings and purgings with strong cathartics."³

brain being a top level in the 'normal' range for men). This would indicate that Byron's brain was not atrophied very much from any chronic disorder that may have affected the bones of the skull and meningeal coverings."

³ In his summary comments Dr. Lewis says: "The chronic condition of the bones of the skull and of the meninges and of the brain secondarily could well be due to a constitutional weakness or predisposition to such changes which were precipitated and perpetuated by the various excesses during his short but very intense life. . . . In the face of this chronic situation there were added at the end the factors of exposure to dampness, high fever and some form of associated secondary infection (La Grippe?) bringing on the

A tin-lined chest of rough wood was prepared to receive the body. The heart, brain, and intestines were placed in separate containers." The same day, as soon as they could summon their energies for the task, Count Gamba and Parry, who had fallen ill before Byron expired and was then, he says, scarcely sensible of what was passing around him, gathered in the next room with a commission of the government appointed by Mavrocordatos to examine and seal up Byron's personal effects and papers." They listed fourteen items, including the manuscript of the poem written on his thirty-sixth birthday, "two pages corrected in pencil in form of a ballad" (the poems to Loukas), fourteen stanzas of a seventeenth canto of *Don Juan*, and an unfinished letter to his sister."

An inventory of Byron's private wardrobe was drawn up by Fletcher, who also made a list of his extensive military wardrobe and equipage." Byron's books, some of which he had left at Argostoli, were inventoried later in Zante.

As soon as the papers and documents were sealed, Pietro Gamba wrote a letter to Samuel Barff enclosing a number of letters to England announcing Byron's death. To the trustworthy

acute uremic attack and producing the more acute changes in the intracranial structures. Thus apparently in the brain there was an acute inflammatory process superimposed upon an old chronic one with adhesions to the skull and brain sufficient to account for his symptoms of fits, headaches and vertigo. The chronic inflammatory process in the skull and the brain coverings, and the terminal cerebral congestion could both have been the result of a combination of different causes and could well have been the source of his convulsions, which were not epileptic, in my opinion, but symptomatic of a local irritation. They were controlled to a considerable extent by warm baths, various medicines and abstinence and absence from 'indulgences.' While the condition of the brain suggests the possibility of syphilis, the clinical symptoms are entirely out of keeping with this disease, which on the average shows in detectable and often in severe nervous and mental symptoms with change of character for some two years previous to death. Byron's periodic clarity of mind, even during the last week or so of his life, would practically rule out an advanced neurosyphilis." Dr. P. D. Genovese of Indianapolis agrees with Dr. Lewis as to the inadequacy of the autopsy. He writes: "After reviewing the clinical story as written by Dr. Bruno prior to his death and then correlating this with the autopsy findings I still find it impossible even to venture a diagnosis. The autopsy findings suggest a chronic inflammatory process of the brain and meninges with a terminal cerebral congestion."

Barff, who had gone out of his way to serve Byron, he wrote most fully: "For my voyage to London with the dear sweet remains I am uncertain of the method which I should choose. Several have been proposed to me. I must select the wisest and the most honorable." "

Parry, almost too sick to know what was going on, paid the brigade and other expenses for which Byron had already given him funds, and sailed with Fowke on the 21st for Zante with the letters. "For the remainder of this day and the next," Gamba records, "a silence, like that of the grave, prevailed over the whole city." They had intended to perform the funeral ceremony on that day, but the continued rain prevented it. On the 22nd the weather had cleared, and the citizens and soldiers paid their last respects to their friend and benefactor.

Gamba described the rites simply: "In the midst of his own brigade, of the troops of the government, and of the whole population, on the shoulders of the officers of his corps, relieved occasionally by other Greeks, the most precious portion of his honoured remains were carried to the church," where lie the bodies of Marco Bozzari and of General Normann. There we laid them down: the coffin was a rude, ill-constructed chest of wood; a black mantle served for a pall; and over it we placed a helmet and a sword, and a crown of laurel." "

The funeral oration, pronounced by Spiridion Tricoupi, son of a Primate of Missolonghi, educated in Western languages and culture, and recently returned to Missolonghi from the Ionian Islands, was a fine example of Greek oratory. But if the rhetoric was somewhat excessive, the feelings stirred by it were genuine enough, particularly among the common people of Missolonghi and the common soldiers who had idolized Byron. Perhaps a more heartfelt tribute than this oration is to be found in the klephtic ballads which were sung among the soldiers after his death. Some of them must have been composed soon after the event by those who knew him. One seems to be the immediate product of his illness and death:

*Missolonghi groaned and the Suliots cried
For Lord Byron who came from London.*

*He gathered the klephts and made them into an army. . . .
The klephts gave to Byron the name of father
Because he loved the klephts of Roumele. . . .
The woodlands weep, and the trees weep,
The castle of Missolonghi groans,
Because Byron lies dead at Missolonghi."*

As the news spread, almost every town in Greece had its own memorial service for Byron. At Anatolica, at Salona, at Argos, at Nauplia, and in the islands, his name had come to stand for disinterested patriotism more completely than that of any native Greek." In each town Greek rhetoric flowed, but the feelings of the people were deeper than the oratory could convey. And his death did more, perhaps, to unite Greece than all his living efforts.

In Argos on April 20 (Gregorian calendar) all the war leaders were invited to the "lugubrious ceremony" for the death of Byron." The Legislative Body, which had returned there from Kranidi, issued a proclamation appointing May 5 a day of mourning throughout the state. It asked that a grant be made to the Home Office of the means to solemnize Byron's funeral with a ceremony more splendid than in any other town of Greece." The Executive Body at Nauplia proclaimed that "because Byron does not walk any more on the Greek land, which he had loved so much years ago, and because Greece is grateful to him for ever, and the Nation must give him the name of a father and benefactor . . . it is ordered that the 5th of May be regarded as a day of mourning. . . ." And the Executive Body, in announcing the sad event to the Greek Committee in London, said "that Lord Byron, to the misfortune of Greece, has passed to the everlasting tabernacles."

Her feeling of gratefulness to Byron was something that Greece never forgot. His name soon grew into a legend. Odes and other poems in great number were written in his memory. But it is not the eloquent ode of Solomos, the national poet, which keeps his memory green, but the living tradition. Many a traveler in Greece has been struck by the almost pathetic regard with which his name is spoken. Besides the statues and public memorials, almost every Greek town has an "Odos Byronos" (Byron Street).

And a suburb of Athens is named for him, so that one sees buses running from the university to this suburb with the device: "Akademia-Byron."

In the meantime, Colonel Stanhope, Trelawny, Odysseus, and other Greek leaders arrived at Salona for the congress and were disappointed not to find Byron and Mavrocordatos there. Stanhope sent Trelawny to Missolonghi with a letter urging them to come immediately. "As for you," he wrote to Byron, "you are a sort of Wilberforce, a saint whom all parties are endeavouring to seduce; it's a pity that you are not divisible, that every prefecture might have a fraction of your person." "

Trelawny heard the news while he was on his way to Missolonghi. He wrote Stanhope: "With all his faults I loved him truly; he is connected with every event of the most interesting years of my wandering life: his every day companion,—we lived in ships, boats, and in houses together,—we had no secrets,—no reserve, and, though we often differed in opinion, never quarrelled." "

On the 24th or 25th, Trelawny entered the silent and gloomy town, made more forbidding by the recent rains. It was the first time he had seen Missolonghi, and it appeared to him to be situated "on the verge of the most dismal swamp I had ever seen."

Describing the scene long after, Trelawny, with his usual eye for the macabre picturesque, continued: "I waded through the streets, between wind and water, to the house he had lived in; it was detached, and on the margin of the shallow slimy seawaters. For three months this house had been besieged, day and night, like a bank that has a run upon it. Now that death had closed the door, it was as silent as a cemetery. No one was within the house but Fletcher, of which I was glad. As if he knew my wishes, he led me up a narrow stair into a small room, with nothing in it but a coffin standing on trestles. No word was spoken by either of us; he withdrew the black pall and the white shroud, and there lay the embalmed body of the Pilgrim—more beautiful in death than in life. The contraction of the muscles and skin had effaced every line that time or passion had ever traced on it; few marble busts could have matched its stainless white, the harmony of its proportions, and

perfect finish; yet he had been dissatisfied with that body, and longed to cast its slough."

Trelawny's account of what happened next, in the light of other evidence and of his own tendency to twist the truth in his *Recollections* written long after the event, is unreliable in the extreme. But it has been quoted so frequently by uncritical biographers that it has acquired the picturesque standing of a legend hard to refute. "I asked Fletcher to bring me a glass of water," Trelawny says. "On his leaving the room, to confirm or remove my doubts as to the cause of his lameness, I uncovered the Pilgrim's feet, and was answered—the great mystery was solved. Both his feet were clubbed, and his legs withered to the knee—the form and features of an Apollo, with the feet and legs of a sylvan satyr."

It is strange that Trelawny is the only contemporary witness who said that Byron was lame in both feet, though he modified this by saying that the right foot was worse than the other. In fact, he practically ignores his own first statement in discussing the lameness in the right foot." In his further discussion of the subject, it is apparent that Trelawny was writing from memory of his earlier association with Byron rather than from observation of his corpse. He wrote:

"It was generally thought his halting gait originated in some defect of the right foot or ankle—the right foot was the most distorted, and it had been made worse in his boyhood by vain efforts to set it right. . . . the foot was twisted inwards, only the edge touched the ground, and that leg was shorter than the other. . . . The peculiarity of his gait was now accounted for; he entered a room with a sort of run, as if he could not stop, then planted his best leg well forward, throwing back his body to keep his balance."

Trelawny was now intent upon two things: impressing the world with the closeness of his friendship with Byron, and getting as much as he possibly could of the material and money of the Greek Committee which had been at Byron's disposal for his own favorite, Odysseus. Conceiving himself one who might fill Byron's shoes in Greece, he wrote to Mary Shelley: ". . . I am again, dear Mary, in my *element*, and playing no *second* part

in Greece. If I live, the outcast Reginald will cut his name out on the Grecian hills, or set on its plains. . . . But I am sick at heart with losing my friend [Byron],—for still I call him so, you know, with all his weakness, you know I loved him. I cannot live with men for years without feeling—it is weak, it is want of judgment, of philosophy,—but this is my weakness. . . . Dear Mary, dear Jane, I am serious, turn you[r] thoughts this way. No more a nameless being, I am now a Greek Chieftain, willing and able to shelter and protect you. . . .”

How sincere Trelawny’s praise of Byron was may be judged by a letter he wrote Mary a few months later when Byron’s reputation in Greece was even greater than it had been in his lifetime: “. . . I now feel my face burn with shame that so weak and ignoble a soul could so long have influenced me. It is a degrading reflection, and ever will be. I wish he had lived a little longer, that he might have witnessed how I would have soared above him here, how I would have triumphed over his mean spirit.”

Other Englishmen who were with Byron during his last days appraised his character with somewhat cooler judgment than either Trelawny or the Greeks. Dr. Millingen wrote to Bowring: “His political character now justly deserves the admiration of mankind, an admiration not far inferior to that due to his poetical merits, but had he lived much more, I doubt much whether the former would not have lost somewhat of its brilliancy. His temper was highly irregular, I have repeatedly known him to joke and laugh at the most important affairs, and burst into violent passions about trifling ones.” Stanhope agreed essentially with Millingen. He later told Hobhouse: “He [Byron] did little—but shoot pistols—& ride—and drink punch with *Parry* an engineer whom he laughed at. . . .”

After hearing these stories, Hobhouse was inclined to agree that Byron’s fame would not have increased had he lived. He wrote to Bowring: “Had he lived I am not sure that he could not one day or the other have had cause to regret that he had not fallen by the fevers of Messolonghi, just as Pompey grieved that he had not died in Campania.”

Parry had arrived at Zante with the news of Byron’s death just

as Dr. Thomas and another physician were embarking for Missolonghi." He recorded that the information "caused almost as much gloom at the Ionian islands, as at Missolonghi." "Two days later the *Florida*, with Blaquiere aboard, arrived with the first £40,000 installment of the Greek loan." The long-expected and much-needed loan was immediately frozen until a new commissioner could be appointed. When this news reached Missolonghi, Mavrocordatos and the Primates did their utmost to extract what they could of Byron's remaining dollars before they were carried away with his corpse.

"After his death," Hobhouse recorded, "Gamba was obliged, so he says, to make a sacrifice of some 4,000 dollars, in order to save the other 7,000, which at one time he thought would have been detained. One of the captains encamped without the town offered to march his troops to protect the treasure and goods of the deceased." "

On April 25 " the coffin was sealed. Several boats had been sent from the Ionian Islands to transport the remains and Byron's household and effects to Zante. The Greeks would have been glad to keep his body in the land of which they had made him an honorary citizen, and this was also favored by Trelawny and Stanhope. The latter wrote to Bowring: "Honoured be his memory! Had I the disposal of his ashes I would place them in the Temple of Theseus or in the Parthenon at Athens." " But Byron had latterly told Fletcher, Parry, and others that he wanted his body sent back to England should he die in Greece, and that wish prevailed."

The Missolonghiots, however, pleaded for some part of the "honorable cadaver" to be left with them, and their wishes were granted. A curious document, written in Italian with Greek signatures, remains among the Byron papers at John Murray's. Sir Harold Nicolson has translated it as follows: "We, the undersigned, bear witness that in the large case, which has been sealed with the seals of the Provisional Government, is to be found the authentic body of the Honourable Lord Byron, peer of England. . . .

"We bear witness also that in the smaller case will be found the honoured intestines of the said noble and respected Lord

Byron (*'Le rispettabili viscere del sullodato nobile e benmerito Lord Byron'*) . . . contained in four separate jars. The lungs, which are missing, were deposited, in deference to the repeated representations of the citizens of Missolonghi, in the church of San Spiridione. . . ."⁴

And so the Greeks retained part of Byron's mortal remains. It would not have mattered much to him. He had written to Moore in 1817 apropos of the eviscerated carcass of Lord Guilford: "Conceive a man going one way, and his intestines another, and his immortal soul a third!—was there ever such a distribution?"⁵

To preserve the body for the long voyage, holes were bored through the wood and the tin of the coffin and it was placed in a large cask containing 180 gallons of spirits.⁶ The embarkation did not take place until the 2nd of May, when a procession followed the remains to the seaside. Minute guns were discharged until the vessel set sail. Then another salute of thirty-seven cannon announced the departure of the friend of Greece.⁷

When the vessel entered the harbor of Zante at sunset on the 4th with her colors lowered, there was great excitement.

⁴ Nicolson, p. 269. However, the lungs were apparently either deposited in the Church of St. Nicholas at the time or were moved there later. What subsequently happened to them is not known. There is no evidence that they survived the revolution. When Missolonghi was captured and largely destroyed in 1826, Augusta Leigh wrote anxiously to Lord Sidney Osborne for news of the urn that had been left there. On October 17 of that year Osborne wrote to Hobhouse that he "thought it better not to acquaint her that the Box or Urn in which her brother's intestines [*sic*] were preserved . . . had been removed to the Church of St. Spiridion when it was found necessary to convert St. Nicholas Church into a Battery. My informant has assured me that the Church of St. Spiridion is of so little inviting a nature for plunder, that, even supposing it not to have been destroyed, one may reasonably conclude that no indignity has been offered to those remains of our Friend, and the Church has not been connected with a Mosque. . . ." (Unpublished letter, Broughton Papers, Vol. VII, ff. 365-6, British Museum, Add. 36462.)

According to Spiridion Tricoupi (*Histoire de la Révolution Grèque*, 2^e ed., Londres, 1862, Tome 3, p. 341), the house in which Byron lived in Missolonghi was destroyed by the Greeks in defending the town in 1826, but the not too dependable Trelawny, in an account written in 1832 for John Murray, says that it was standing when he visited the town in 1827. The site of the house is now fenced in, and in the center stands a stele bearing a bas-relief head of Byron.

The next morning the corpse was carried by Byron's attendants to the Lazaretto. It was proposed to inter the body on the island pending word from England concerning the wishes of Byron's family and executors." On the 12th, Colonel Stanhope arrived in Zante from the Morea" and renewed his plea that Byron's remains should be sent to Athens. But Lord Sidney Osborne's arguments prevailed, and it was decided to send the corpse back to England. Colonel Stanhope had been ordered home by the Adjutant-General, his leave having been canceled because of his activities in Greece, and the English Resident, Sir Frederick Stoven, directed him to return in the *Florida* with Byron's body, servants, and chattels."

On the afternoon of the 24th, Blaquiere and others at Zante towed the casket out to the *Florida*." Dr. Bruno accompanied Stanhope and the servants aboard the ship. Byron's dogs, Lyon and Moretto, were also on board. The *Florida* sailed the next morning and reached the Downs in the Thames estuary on the evening of June 29."

Pietro Gamba, who would have wished to accompany the remains of the man who had for years been dearer than a brother to him, departed on another ship for England. The chief consideration was Pietro's loyalty to Byron's memory. He wrote to his father: "I have resolved to put the convoy in the charge of Colonel Stanhope, because I know it is feared that my accompanying it openly might produce gossip and bitterness in Byron's family, on account of his well-known relations with T . . . a." ⁵ Pietro had not had the courage to break the news to Teresa. He could only write to his father, who apparently got leave to go to Bologna from his exile in Ferrara in order to console her in her loss. Paolo Costa recorded that she bore it "with grief, but dignity." ⁶

⁵ Origo, p. 387. Pietro, after following Byron's body to London, wrote and published his book in England, and then, being still an exile from his native Romagna, returned to Greece. He died of typhoid fever in 1827 on the isthmus of Metana and was buried in the fortress of Diamantopoulos, which was later destroyed. Only his book and a few letters remain of this most faithful of Byron's followers.

⁶ Origo, p. 384. Teresa recovered from the immediate grief which Byron's death caused her, but the memory of the years she had shared with him

The dispatches, sent by express by way of Ancona, arrived in London on Friday, May 14. They were all sent to the care of Douglas Kinnaird, who was the first to learn of Byron's tragic fate. He wrote immediately to the friend who would feel the loss most deeply:

My dear Hobhouse,

I can scarcely write to tell you, yet delay is absurd & I know not how to soften what your own fortitude alone can make you bear like a man—Byron is no more—I send herewith three letters for you—Pray come here as soon as you can. . . . Much must be done—but nothing till I see you—nor any letters destroyed—”

It was at eight o'clock in the morning that this letter and those forwarded by Lord Sidney Osborne were placed in Hobhouse's hands. Roused from his bed, he anticipated some dread-

remained the dominant force of her long life. She went back to her husband in 1826, but soon separated from him again. She spent several winters in Rome, where she had a brief affair with Byron's handsome lame friend Henry Fox, Lord Holland's son. She also flirted with the French poet Lamartine, whose admiration for Byron made a strong appeal to her. She likewise philandered lightly with a number of other Englishmen in Italy, including the Earl of Malmesbury, who left a record of her recollections of Byron in his memoirs. She had long wished to go to England, and in the spring of 1832 she made her first pilgrimage to Byron's homeland, accompanied by her younger brother Vincenzo.

In later years Teresa lived much in Paris. Count Guiccioli died in 1840, and after a long courtship the Marquis de Boissy led her to the altar in the chapel of Luxembourg, a bride of forty-seven; the wealthy and doting bridegroom was forty-nine. Many visitors of later years have reported the absurdity into which she was carried by her Byron worship. She kept a portrait of her poet lover in her salon, and she would stand before it and exclaim: "*Qu'il était beau! Mon Dieu, qu'il était beau!*" (*Athenaeum*, April 5, 1873, p. 439.) The Marquis, with French complacency, was proud of his wife's former liaison with the famous poet, and when asked if she was related to the Countess Guiccioli who had once been connected with Lord Byron, replied with a beaming smile: "*Comment donc, mais c'est elle-même, c'est elle!*" (*Origo*, p. 415.) It was also reported that he used to introduce his wife as "*La Marquise de Boissy ma femme, ancienne maîtresse de Byron.*" (*Athenaeum*, Oct. 9, 1869, p. 465.)

After the Marquis's death in 1866, she devoted herself to spiritualism and talked with the spirits of both Byron and her husband. She happily reported: "they are together now, and are the best of friends." (Mary R. Darbey Smith: *Recollections of Two Distinguished Persons: La Marquise de Boissy and the Count de Waldeck*, p. 16.)

ful news. He opened Kinnaird's note first and learned that Byron was dead. He later recorded in his diary: "In an agony of grief such as I have experienced only twice before in my life, once when I lost my dear friend Charles Skinner Matthews in 1811 and afterwards when at Paris I heard my brother Benjamin had been killed at Waterloo, Quatre Bras.—I opened the dispatches from Corfu and there saw the details of the fatal event." "

Despite the years when they had lived separate lives, Hobhouse felt the loss keenly, for his memories of Byron were wrapped up with the happiest associations of his youth. Opposite a passage in Moore's life of Byron, Hobhouse wrote: "of all the peculiarities of Byron his laugh is that of which I have the most distinct recollections." "

Hobhouse sent for Kinnaird and Sir Francis Burdett. They were both much affected. Sir Francis consented to break the news to Mrs. Leigh and to take her Fletcher's letter. But in the depth of their sorrow Byron's closest friends turned their attention to protecting his reputation from his own indiscretions. Hobhouse recorded: "After the first access of grief was over I then determined to lose no time in doing my duty by preserving all that was left to me of my friend—his fame—my thoughts were turned to the Memoirs of his life given to Thomas Moore & deposited by him in Mr. Murray's hands for certain considerations."

Later in the day Hobhouse called on Mrs. Leigh, at her own request. "She was in an afflicting condition," he recorded. "She gave me Fletcher's letter to read and I could not restrain my sorrow but again burst out into uncontrollable lamentation—but when recovered I thought right to engage Mrs. Leigh not to communicate to any but the nearest friends one part of the letter, which mentioned that since Lord Byron's fit on the 15th of February he had placed on his breakfast table a *bible* every morning. This circumstance which pleased his valet Fletcher I was afraid might be mistaken for cowardice or hypocrisy—and I was anxious that no idle stories to his discredit should get abroad. . . . unless his mind was shaken by disease I am confident he made no superstitious use of it [the Bible]—that is to

say I am confident that although he might have a general belief in its contents he was not overcome by any religious terrors."

Burdett and Kinnaird agreed with Hobhouse that no "rumors prejudicial to his fame" should be allowed to get out, and so they delivered in person the letters to Mrs. Fletcher and to John Murray that had come from Fletcher. Hobhouse wrote: "Mrs. Leigh seemed to view the subject in the same point of view as myself and promised to be discreet." "

The news had already been given to the papers. Among those most shocked by the account was Mary Shelley. She wrote in her journal on the 15th: "Albè—the dear, capricious, fascinating Albè—has left this desert world! God grant I may die young!" "

Captain George Byron, who had now succeeded to the title, went down to Beckenham on the evening of the 14th to break the news to Lady Byron. Hobhouse was with Mrs. Leigh the next day when George Byron came in—"he was much affected—he had seen Lady Byron & told me she was in a distressing state—she had said she had no right to be considered by Lord Byron's friends, but she had her feelings. She wished to see any accounts that had come of his last moments—I agreed to send my letters down to her by Capt. Byron—I did so."

Hobhouse's whole attention now was turned to getting hold of the Memoirs and seeing them destroyed. He sent for Murray "to sound him respecting the memoirs—for I own," Hobhouse wrote in his diary, "I did him the injustice to think that he might prove the obstacle to their destruction." " But he found Murray very agreeable to giving up the manuscript, which was still in his hands, to Lady Byron or Mrs. Leigh. As for the money he had advanced, he was not concerned whether he recovered it or not. This pleased Hobhouse, who had not known the exact status of the agreement between Moore and Murray.⁷

⁷ Hobhouse diary, entry of May 15, 1824. A second deed was executed on May 6, 1822. It stated that "Whereas Lord Byron and Mr. Moore are now inclined to wish the said work not to be published, it is agreed that, if either of them shall, *during the life of the said Lord Byron*, repay the 2,000 guineas to Mr. Murray, the latter shall redeliver the Memoirs; but that, if the sum be not repaid *during the lifetime of Lord Byron*, Mr. Murray shall be at full liberty to print and publish the said Memoirs within Three Months

Murray departed, and Hobhouse called in Moore, who had been waiting in another room. Moore was less tractable than Murray had been. He "complained of Murray—he said he had received Kinnaird's note [Kinnaird had offered to pay £2,000 on behalf of the Byron family]—he would not let any one pay the money he would pay the money himself. He thought it shameful that Murray had not told me the MSS were his (Moore's)—he had no objection to delivering the MSS to Mrs. Leigh but he would do it himself—he would have the grace of the sacrifice himself—he would take the MSS home with him."

Hobhouse was well enough pleased with this except the last part, for he well knew that Moore wanted to copy out parts to be used in his proposed memoir of Byron. "Moore also told me," Hobhouse wrote, "that the first part of the memoirs contained nothing objectionable except one anecdote. . . . The second part contained all sorts of erotic adventures, and Gifford of the Quarterly who read it at Murray's request said that the whole Memoirs was fit only for a brothel and would doom Lord B to everlasting infamy if published—" "

Knowing this, Hobhouse, although he himself had never read the manuscript, was anxious to have it destroyed at once. He took Moore with him to see Kinnaird, who shared Hobhouse's views. Moore was determined to salvage part of it, if possible, before it was burned, but he found himself faced with stubborn opposition, "the opinion both of Hobhouse and Kinnaird being that Mrs. Leigh would and ought to burn the MS. altogether, without any previous perusal or deliberation." Moore protested. "I endeavoured," he wrote, "to convince them that this would be throwing a stigma upon the work, which it did not deserve. . . . I added, however, that as my whole wish was to consult the feelings of Lord Byron's dearest friend, his sister, the manuscript, when in my power, should be placed in her hands, to be

after the death of the said Lord Byron." (Quoted in a letter from Murray to Wilmot Horton, May 19, 1824, *Elze*, p. 459.) Moore was of the impression that by the terms of the agreement he had three months to redeem the manuscript after Byron's death. Many of the subsequent misunderstandings stemmed from this belief of Moore.



❖ BYRON'S HOUSE IN MISSOLONGHI



❖ HUCKNALL TORKARD CHURCH

disposed of as she should think proper. They asked me then whether I would consent to meet Murray at Mrs. Leigh's rooms on Monday [May 17], and there, paying him the 2000 guineas, take the MS. from him, and hand it over to Mrs. Leigh to be burnt. I said that, as to the burning, that was her affair, but all the rest I would willingly do." "

Kinnaird seized the moment to write out an agreement to this effect, which Hobhouse was to take to Murray. Moore reluctantly consented to this, but then said, as Hobhouse noted with asperity, "(that I shall never forget) 'I hope after this sacrifice that if any memoirs are to be written the family will give me the preference'—Kinnaird said—'I think they ought'—I added—why—that must be for consideration. Here was a specimen of a poet's friendship!!" "

After this meeting, Moore's determination to resist the total destruction was reinforced by several of his friends. Moore and Luttrell represented to Wilmot Horton, Mrs. Leigh's representative, "the injustice we thought it would be to Byron's memory to condemn the work wholly, and without even opening it, as if it were a pest bag; that every object might be gained by our perusing and examining it together (he on the part of Mrs. Leigh, Frank Doyle on the part of Lady Byron, and any one else whom the family might think proper to select), and, rejecting all that could wound the feelings of a single individual, but preserving what was innoxious and creditable to Lord Byron, of which I assured him there was a considerable proportion." " Horton agreed with these views and promised to see Mrs. Leigh, but he was too late, for Hobhouse had already won her over to his views on the subject.

In an interim of the activity that had engaged him since the news of Byron's death arrived, Hobhouse abandoned himself to fond memories of his friend. "Indeed," he wrote, "I see by the papers that the regret is universal. . . . no man ever lived who had such devoted friends. His power of attaching those about him to his person was such as no one I ever knew possessed—no human being could approach him without being sensible of this magical influence—There was something commanding but

stated a naked case to Doyle & W. Horton & on this they had given their opinion—but when they came to know of Moore's written proposal—when they came to know of Mrs. Leigh's wish that the MSS should be destroyed at once—they both allowed nothing else could be done and urged the necessity to Moore—I added to this that Lord Byron in 1822 had to me personally certainly expressed himself very strongly as being of my opinion as to the unfitness of making use of the MSS as originally intended—we had a good deal of squabbling—Moore still struggling against the burning—at last when the MSS and a copy made under Moore's inspection had been brought up and Wilmot Horton had declared that it was unnecessary to proceed to Mrs. Leigh's as he had her permission to see the MSS burnt for her—Moore was obliged to consent but he said recollect I told you (Hobhouse) I would be no party to the burning—No said I 'you did not—you only said you would not be present at the burning. . . .'

"Moore still remonstrated saying 'remember I protest against the burning as contradictory to Lord Byron's wishes and unjust to me.' . . . Some one then started whether or not it would not be better to deposit the MSS under seal somewhere in order to compare them with any spurious copy that might be published—this was overruled—Col. Doyle lastly said to Moore—I understand then that you stand to your original proposal to put the MSS. into Mrs. Leigh's absolute disposal—I do said Moore—but with the former protestation—Well then said Doyle—I put them into the fire—accordingly Wilmot & Doyle tore up the MSS & the copy and burnt them."⁸

The quarreling did not stop here, however, for when Murray brought out the agreement of 1822, he discovered that by its terms the Memoirs had become his absolute property on Byron's death. But Moore insisted on repaying the two thousand guineas. Murray finally consented to take the money, at the same time

⁸ Hobhouse diary, entry of May 17, 1824. John Murray's portrait of Byron by Thomas Phillips now hangs over the mantle of the fireplace in which Byron's Memoirs were consumed. And the room, the present Sir John Murray's office, is now shown to visitors as the "Byron Room," containing many relics of the poet.

urging upon Hobhouse the propriety of Byron's family (i.e., his estate) repaying Moore. Though they parted in seeming good humor, the relations between Hobhouse and Moore were permanently strained.

And Hobhouse recorded in his diary: "I should mention that this day I received a curious message from Lady Byron through Capt. George (Lord) Byron—It was that she wished me to give out that I should write Lord Byron's memoirs in conjunction with the assistance of the family including Lady Byron—as that would stop all spurious efforts, & would be particularly agreeable to her—I returned for answer that I had no spirit now nor inclination for undertaking or thinking of any such task—poor Byron! here is his dear friend Tom Moore—his publisher Murray—and his wife—the first thing they think of is of writing his life or getting it written—such are the friendships of great authors!!" "

No sooner had the news of Byron's death been published than a dozen women who had been intimate with him, and indiscreet enough to bare their hearts in letters to him, were beseeching Hobhouse to return their correspondence. Among the first of these was Caroline Lamb. There is no doubt that she was affected by Byron's death, but in view of her letters to Hobhouse and her activity in trying to recover her own letters and those of Lady Melbourne, her dramatic description of the illness that followed the shock of the news and lasted until the funeral cortege passed Brompton Hall in July may be discounted.

Caroline apparently tried first to work through a friend of those who had been closest to Byron." Getting no satisfaction by this means, she wrote directly to Hobhouse: "My dear Sir—I hardly know what to say to you by way of consolation for the death of one who loved you so sincerely." And she urged him to come to see her (she was apparently then in London), trying at the same time to arouse his interest through curiosity: "I could tell you something would surprise you. . . ." But she was too impatient to wait for his visit, and early on the morning of May 22 she called at Hobhouse's rooms before he was up and sent a note in to him: "If you are up will you see me one minute . . . if my letters are in *yr* hands it is all I care about. . . ."

Hobhouse recorded the interview in his diary: ". . . she now

added that she would not give up Byron's letters to her—but she would leave them under seal directed to me in case of her dying before me—& she was dying she said—I found her in a sad state—but I could not consent to give up her letters—the only guarantee against her making a novel out of Byron's letters—I shall give the same answer about Lady Melbourne's letters and all to whom I have spoken agree with me in the propriety of this measure.”

Close upon Caroline Lamb's entreaties for her letters came an epistle from Lady Frances Webster, then in Paris, who had heard contradictory accounts about the Memoirs and feared they might be published. She wrote: “. . . if not asking too great a favour, I should like to know what mention is made of me, but in the event of publication I feel convinced that I should be safe in your hands.” And she asked that her letters to Byron be destroyed.

But Hobhouse redeemed himself with posterity in a measure for his part in the destruction of the Memoirs by neither returning nor destroying her letters or those of the dozens of other women who eagerly sought to recover the evidence of their indiscretions. After the destruction of the Memoirs, curiously enough, the tables seemed to be turned, for, while Hobhouse resolutely opposed all biographies and memoirs of Byron, including Moore's, he as staunchly preserved Byron's own letters and papers; whereas Moore, who alone had pleaded for the saving of the Memoirs, after bowdlerizing Byron's letters to himself when he printed them in his life of Byron, apparently destroyed them (unless the Victorian vandalism was performed by his literary executor), for they have apparently vanished.

Hobhouse's opinion of Murray was lowered considerably by another letter from Caroline Lamb. “My dear Mr. Hobhouse,” she wrote, “it is strange that 13 years cannot make a silly person wise.” Speaking of Byron's letters to her, she said she was willing that they should be burned if he wished, but she would like to keep one or two that expressed affection. Then she told Hobhouse something that did indeed surprise him: “I told Murray to tell you that I read his journal with sorrow & perhaps anger but

upon my honour & soul I took no copy of any part of it—*others have I have not I swear. . . .*"ⁿ

Hobhouse immediately confronted Murray with the letter, asking: "What does C.L. mean by saying she has seen Byron's journal[:] had he any journal except his memoirs?" Hobhouse recorded in his diary: "No said Murray—looking as red as fire and turning away his head—Now I am sure notwithstanding his written & solemn assertion to the contrary Murray has shown the MSS to C.L."ⁿ

On June 10, Hobhouse met with Kinnaird and John Hanson to talk over Byron's will. Kinnaird had heard from Barry at Genoa that no will had been found among Byron's papers left there, and it was known that he had made none in Greece. Hobhouse still thought that the Countess Guiccioli might have one, but unless another one turned up, the will of 1815 would stand. By that will Hobhouse and Hanson were named executors.ⁿ And on the 19th, Hobhouse and Hanson deposited Byron's will at Doctors' Commons, where, by a curious coincidence, they found themselves in the same room to which Hanson had accompanied Byron when he applied for his marriage license.

Byron's body was soon due in England, and Hobhouse advised Mrs. Leigh to ask Lady Byron if she had any wishes respecting the funeral. On the 25th he recorded: "This night I had her answer—saying if the deceased had left no directions she thought the matter might be left to the judgement of Mr. Hobhouse—There was a postscript saying, 'If you like you may show this.'"ⁿ Hobhouse, ever ready to take offense at any supposed slight to the memory of his friend, added: "The coldness & calculation of this person on such an occasion are quite unaccountable—It would be impossible to live with such a woman."ⁿ

Hobhouse was troubled by the knowledge that in certain quarters he was already being condemned for the destruction of the Memoirs. "Sam Rogers & I suspect the Hollands do not like the share they suppose me to have had in the business—poor Byron—he always kept his friends in hot water during his life and it seems his remains[?] will be of no very easy management after his death."ⁿ The prediction was correct. The *Florida*, carry-

ing Byron's remains, his servants and dogs, Dr. Bruno, and Colonel Stanhope, had arrived at the Downs in the Thames estuary the night of the 29th. Stanhope addressed a pretentious note to the executors recommending that the body be buried either in St. Paul's or in Westminster Abbey. "I think the funeral apparatus cannot be too plain, or the crowd too great." "

The news did not reach Hobhouse until July 1, when he posted immediately to Rochester. The next morning he hired a boat and got on board. The journey up the river was a melancholy one for Hobhouse. He wrote in his diary: "I found Colonel Leicester Stanhope in charge of the remains of my friend and of all his effects—there also were Fletcher and Dr. Bruno a young Italian physician—a courier—a groom (a black American) & a maitre d'hôtel—three dogs belonging to Lord Byron were playing about—I could hardly bear to look at them. The remains were below—I could not bring myself to see where they were placed. . . .

"We had to beat up the river—The sensation I experienced during the passage for five or six hours up to Gravesend—I cannot describe—I was the last person that shook hands with Lord Byron when he left England at Dover in 1816—I recalled him waving his cap as the packet bounded off on a swelling sea from the pier head—and here I was coming back to England with him—but—

"Poor Fletcher burst out into tears & sobs when he first saw me—and several times when telling me the sad story of his Lord's last illness & death he could not contain his grief. So much real feeling I never saw—" "

Dr. Bruno presented him with his narrative of Byron's last illness, and Fletcher gave him Blaquiere's account, drawn up mainly from Fletcher's information. At five o'clock the *Florida* arrived at Gravesend, and Hobhouse and Stanhope took the coach for London.

On the 5th the *Florida* had quietly proceeded up the river. Hobhouse in the meantime had made arrangements with the undertaker Woodeson to meet him on board. He found Woodeson and his assistants "emptying the large but in which the chest was enclosed containing the remains of Lord Byron—It took a long time to get out all the spirit—when it had been done—the head

of the barrel was knocked out and the chest appeared. . . . I staid by whilst they were knocking off the hoops of the chest—but when they began to break it open I could stand it no longer and went into the cabin. . . . Mr. Woodeson came into the cabin & told me the body was placed in the coffin & asked me if I wished to see it—I believe I should have dropt down dead if I had ventured to look at it. He told me as did the physician, Bruno, that it had almost all the freshness & firmness of life.

“They did not open the chest containing the vases that hold the heart & brains & intestines. . . . I remained on board—& continued leaning on the coffin which I had now covered with a lid & the ship flag & felt an inclination to take a last look of my friend—just as one wishes to jump down a precipice—but I could not—and I walked away—and then I came back again & rested again on the coffin—Lord Byron’s large Newfoundland dog was lying at my feet. . . .

“At intervals Fletcher talked to me of his master—he told me that he had said he loved me better than any man on earth, & yet had never passed 24 hours without quarrelling with me—

“At last the Captain came with the order from the Custom House and in half an hour we got the coffin & chest with the heart &c on board the barge brought by the undertaker—The coffin was wrapped in a mat only and put under awning with a sail to conceal it—poor Fletcher said ‘what is there to be no pall’?—There were a great many boats round the ship at the time and the shore was crowded with spectators.””

Hobhouse’s account continues: “We passed quietly up the river and landed at Palace Yard Stairs at a quarter after five in the afternoon. . . . [The coffin] was put upon six men’s shoulders who without the least remark from any one—or any crowd being collected—bore it across Palace Yard to the House in George Street—I walked a little before it and saw it deposited in the room prepared for its reception—The room was decently hung with black—but with no decorations except the escutcheon of the Byrons roughly daubed on a deal board—I waited till the chest with the heart &c was also lodged in the same room & then went away—””

But Hobhouse’s day was not ended. His sensibilities were

further frayed by "a note from Murray stating that Dr. Ireland [Dean of Westminster] had sent a polite answer but saying *No* to the proposal for burying in Westminster Abbey—Meeting G. Tierney I asked his advice whether an application should be made to Lord Liverpool. Tierney said on the whole *not* considering that the family wished to bury Lord Byron in the family vault in Nottinghamshire."⁹

The next day Hobhouse accompanied Kinnaird to Great George Street, where the body lay in state. They met Hanson and his son there. "Hanson had just been looking at Lord Byron," Hobhouse wrote; "he told me he should not have known him except he had looked at his ear and his foot—Kinnaird went into the room to look at him—I followed—& drawn by an irresistible inclination—though I expected to be overcome by it—approached the coffin—I drew nearer by degrees—till I caught a view of the face—it did not bear the slightest resemblance to my dear friend—the mouth was distorted & half open showing those teeth in which poor fellow he once so prided himself quite discoloured by the spirits—his upper lip was shaded with red mustachios which gave a totally new character to his face—his cheeks were long and bagged over the jaw—his nose was quite prominent at the bridge & sank in between the eyes—perhaps from the extraction of the brain—his eye brows shaggy & lowering—his forehead marked with hack marks probably—his eyelids closed & sunken—I presume the eyeballs having been removed when he was embalmed—his skin was like dull yellow parchment—So complete was the change that I was not affected as I thought

⁹ Hobhouse was considerably disturbed because Murray had applied to the Dean of Westminster in his (Hobhouse's) name. (Hobhouse diary, entry of July 5, 1824.)

A few years later some agitation to have a monument to Byron placed in the Abbey caused a great furor in the press, but the ecclesiastical authorities rejected the proposal. When a subscription was finally taken to commission a statue of Byron by Thorwaldsen, it was without a home until finally accepted for the Library of Trinity College, Cambridge, in 1843. It had been offered to Westminster and refused by the Dean. So far the Abbey has been unsullied by any reminder that Byron ever lived. Recently, however, a plaque was unveiled there to the memory of Keats and Shelley. Perhaps another hundred years will wash Byron's memory as white as that of Charles II.

I should be—It did not seem to be Byron—I was not moved so much scarcely as at the sight of his hand writing or any thing that I knew to be his—I did not remark what Hanson told me he had observed in his life time that his left eye was much larger than his right.

“Mrs Leigh had seen the body the same morning. She afterwards told me that she made exactly the same remark as myself—as [she] had not been so affected as she had anticipated—One effect, however, the sight produced upon me—namely to make me despise existence and think less of the end of it than ever—

“I called on Mrs. Leigh—settled with her that the funeral should take place on Monday next [July 12] and that he should be buried in the family vault at Hucknall in Nottinghamshire.” *

Many requests now came in from those who wished to have a private view of the gruesome relics of that once beautiful countenance. Hobhouse recorded that “a young Frenchman going . . . in the suite of Lafayette to America sent me a note to tell me that he had come all the way from Havre to see the funeral or the remains of Lord Byron.” But the coffin was closed, and Hobhouse sorrowfully turned him away. “Phillips the artist also applied,” Hobhouse wrote, “but . . . I did not wish to show the altered face of Byron—he would have made a sketch of it—there was a mask taken at Missolonghi—but so badly as to be no likeness—I had thought of taking a mask here—but dropt the intention when I saw the change.” *

Mary Shelley, who had been unequal to the ordeal of viewing Shelley’s remains in Italy, was seized with an intense desire to see Byron’s. And she was successful because she appealed to Hanson, who was considerably less sensitive than Hobhouse.” Mary wrote to Trelawny later in the same month: “Going about a fortnight ago to the house where his remains lay, I found there Fletcher & Lega[,] Lega looking a most preposterous rogue—Fletcher I expect to call on me when he returns from Nottingham—From a few words he imprudently let fall, it w[oul]d seem that his Lord spoke of C[laire] in his last moments, and of his wish to do something for her at a time when his mind, vacillating between consciousness & delirium, would not permit him to do any

thing. Did F[letcher] mention this to you. It seems that this doughty *Leporello* speaks of his lord to strangers with the highest respect—more than he did a year ago—the best, the most generous, the most wronged of peers—the notion of his leading an irregular life quite a false one.”^a

There is little doubt that Fletcher, despite his genuine grief at the loss of his master, enjoyed his role of chief mourner and the attention paid him as one who had heard the poet's last words and wishes. It seems too that he was willing to remember, or at least hint at, things which would enlist the interest of those who had been most vitally involved with Byron.¹ Ethel Mayne says that when Fletcher came to Annabella in July with his story of Byron's death, she walked about the room, “sobbing so that her whole frame was shaken, while she implored him to remember the words muttered earnestly, unintelligibly, ‘for nearly twenty minutes.’”^a

Hobhouse's days were still filled with Byron's affairs. He recorded that Millingen “made a demand of 100£ for embalming Lord B's body—Bruno did the same!!!”^a As executor, Hobhouse had been left £1,000 by the provisions of Byron's will, but he resolved to set the example among Byron's friends for unselfishness, and he informed Mrs. Leigh that he would return the legacy to one of her family.”

On Friday and Saturday (July 9 and 10) the body lay in state, and “immense crowds applied for admittance, but very few persons of any name or note.”^a On Sunday no one was admitted but Hobhouse and his favorite sister Sophy, who came to pay her respects.

Hobhouse had made every effort to provide respectable attendance at the funeral, but there was an obvious reluctance on

¹ Fletcher, in later years, having found the small annuity which Hanson and Hobhouse arranged for him inadequate, started a macaroni factory with Lega Zambelli. When it failed in 1835, he appealed for help to Hobhouse. (Nicolson, pp. 280-1.) He frequently sent similar appeals for help to Augusta Leigh, and sometimes to Murray. One of his appeals to Augusta caused her some concern, for he said he was starving. She wrote to Murray: “I never can divest myself of the kindest feelings towards Fletcher associated as he is with a memory so dear to me—but really, he has in *several* instances (I say this between ourselves) been guilty of gross deception.” (Unpublished letter, Murray MSS.)

the part of the great families, particularly those actively connected with the government, to be seen in the procession, though a large number of empty carriages were sent out of deference to Hobhouse and his friends to swell the escort that accompanied the hearse through the streets. Despite the acclaim in the newspapers, there was an undercurrent of timidity among the great which stemmed partly from the feeling that, though Byron's actions in aiding Greek independence might be applauded privately, the British government was still neutral and should not give official recognition to a supporter of a rebel cause. Moreover, the Greek Committee, whose representative he had been, had for its chief supporters, aside from a few classical-minded Philhellenes, mostly Radicals and Radical Whigs. But a deeper timidity really arose from the half-acknowledged association of social ostracism which had clung to Byron's name since the days of the separation, and which had grown with rumors about his life in Italy. It was not what he had done but what he had frankly proclaimed to the world that made him in many eyes no longer an Englishman, or an English gentleman. And the fact that Mrs. Leigh was his nearest of kin and the chief mourner did not increase the eagerness of the beau monde to be seen at the funeral. The feeling of many was no doubt expressed by Henry H. Milman, Dean of St. Paul's, who wrote to Byron's Harrow friend William Harness: "What a miserable failure they made of poor Lord Byron's funeral—to bring him from Greece where he might have reposed with dignity to be buried among all the other old Byrons at Huckley or Hockley in the Hole, with Nottingham weavers for the mourners, is really pitiful." "

There was no lack of people in the streets, however. Hobhouse wrote in his diary for July 12: "There was a vast concourse of people—and about 47 carriages of which a list was given in the papers probably correct—Lord Carlisle & Lord Morpeth sent theirs, and Lord Aberdeen—These were the only carriages of persons of not strongly opposition principles."

The procession started at eleven, proceeding north to Oxford Street, following it to Tottenham Court Road, where it turned north again. The day was fine, and crowds filled the streets. It was significant that no ladies were in the carriages, though many

were watching from windows. Augusta had not the heart or the strength, moral or physical, to enter the mourning coach, and sent her husband in her place. Hobhouse continued: "George Leigh—Capt. Richard Byron [the new Lord Byron was reportedly ill at Bath]—Hanson & myself went in the first coach. Burdett—Kinnaid—Bruce—Ellice—Stanhope—& Trevanion (one of the family) in the second—Moore—Rogers—Campbell—and Orlando the Deputy in the last." Following these were the empty carriages. Hobhouse concluded rather pathetically: "On the whole as much honour was done to the deceased as circumstances would admit of—He was buried like a nobleman—since we could not bury him as a poet."

As the procession came to Tottenham Court Road, it was observed by a young man of twenty-one by the name of George Borrow who had just come to London to make his living as a literary hack. Seeing the crowds straining for a sight from upstairs windows, he thought the object of their interest might be some famous criminal being brought to execution. But as he looked up Oxford Street he saw a hearse and "immediately behind the hearse were three or four mourning coaches, full of people, some of which, from the partial glimpse which I caught of them, appeared to be foreigners; behind these came a very long train of splendid carriages, all of which, without one exception, were empty."

Asking a dapper-looking individual: "Whose body is in that hearse?" he got for reply: "The mortal relics of Lord Byron, the illustrious poet. . . ."

"'An illustrious poet was he?' said I.

"'Beyond all criticism,' said the dapper man; 'all we of the rising generation are under incalculable obligation to Byron; I myself, in particular, have reason to say so; in all my correspondence my style is formed on the Byronic model.'

"I looked at the individual for a moment, who smiled and smirked to himself applause, and then I turned my eyes upon the hearse proceeding slowly up the almost endless street."

Another observer watched the procession climb Highgate Hill. Mary Shelley wrote to Trelawny: ". . . connected with him in a thousand ways, admiring his talents & with all his faults feeling

affection for him, it went to my heart when the other day the hearse that contained his lifeless form, a form of beauty which in life I often delighted to behold, passed my window going up Highgate Hill on his last journey. . . .”ⁿ

When the cobblestones came to an end at the edge of the city, all the carriages returned, and Mr. Woodeson, the undertaker, and his assistants accompanied the cortege on its slow progress toward Nottingham. According to her own perhaps dramatized story to Medwin, Caroline Lamb was taking her first drive in an open carriage after a long illness when the mournful train passed close by Broomfield Hall. She wrote: “. . . as I was slowly driving up the hill here,—Lord Byron’s Hearse was at that moment passing under these very walls, and rested at Welwyn. William Lamb, who was riding on before me, met the procession at the Turnpike, & asked whose funeral it was. He was very much affected and shocked—I of course was not told; but, as I kept continually asking where & when he was to be buried, & had read in the papers it was to be at Westminster Abbey, I heard it too soon, & it made me very ill again.”ⁿ

But she was writing to Murray the next day about her letters to Byron: “Will you write and tell me every particular of what has passed since I saw you?” She added: “Lord Byron’s death has made an impression on me which I cannot express. I am very sorry I ever said one unkind word against him.”²

The hearse and its sable escort were four days on the way, following the high Leeds road rather than the more traveled road through Leicester, halting at Welwyn, Higham Ferrers, and Oakham. In every town through which they passed, the interest was intense, and it grew as they neared Nottingham. Before the hearse arrived, Hobhouse, who had left London on the 14th, overtook it with his friend Lord Ranelagh and proceeded to make arrangements for a lying-in-state at the Blackmoor’s Head Inn at the bottom of Pelham Street.” The black plumes were covered

² Smiles, I, 437. Letter of July 13, 1824. “That beautiful pale face” did indeed haunt Caroline Lamb until her dying day. She found a confidante willing to listen sympathetically to her accounts of Byron in Lady Morgan, whom he had not taken the trouble to meet in Italy. And when Caroline died in 1828, she bequeathed Byron’s picture to Lady Morgan.

with dust, but silent crowds watched the procession roll into the innyard, and the gates were closed. The bell of St. Mary's tolled and the Town Clerk waited upon the executors with a resolution expressing the Corporation's tribute to Byron's memory and its desire to be represented in the procession to Hucknall."

Hobhouse returned with Ranccliffe to Bunny Park. Being in the neighborhood of Newstead reminded him of Byron's high spirits when he had visited him there in 1809. Other memories followed: "Of the five that often dined at Byron's table at Diodati near Geneva—Polidori—Shelley—Lord Byron—Scrope Davies & myself—the first put an end to himself—the second was drowned—the third killed by his physicians—the fourth is in exile—!!!" "

Through the evening and the next morning great crowds gathered about the Blackmoor's Head, and twenty were admitted at a time to the parlor where the body lay in state, special constables being required to keep the way clear.

At eight on Friday morning, the 16th, Hobhouse returned with Ranccliffe to accompany the corpse to its last resting-place. Byron's old friend Francis Hodgson had come to join the mourners, as had Colonel Wildman, the owner of Newstead Abbey, and some of his tenants."

The procession started at about eleven o'clock, while the mournful bell tolled. The pomp—the pages, the mutes, the rich black silk velvet pall, the black horses with their plumes—satisfied a sense of fitness in John Cam Hobhouse, M.P., but his thoughts carried him constantly back to other carefree times when he had ridden about these regions with Byron. "We went very slowly by the longest road," he recorded, ". . . first going seven miles on the Mansfield road and then turning down towards Papplewick. . . . The procession altogether extended about a quarter of a mile—the coronet was carried the whole distance—the view of it as it wound through the very romantic villages of Papplewick and Lindly [Linby] & then towards Hucknall excited emotions in me which I shall never forget. As we passed under the hill of Annesley to our right covered with 'the peculiar diadem of trees' which Colonel Wildman reminded me had been immortalised by Byron in his dream [i.e., his poem "The Dream"], I called to mind a thousand particulars of my first visit to Newstead when

I visited in company with my friend Annesley Park & saw his first love & his continued favorite Mrs. Chaworth—and now I was following his remains—

“We were five hours on the road to Hucknall—the churchyard & little church of this sequestered village were crowded so thickly that with difficulty we could follow the coffin up the aisle. There was something striking in the contrast between the gorgeous apparel of the coffin & urn & the coronet and the appearance of this humble church—after the first part of the service had been read whilst the coffin rested in the aisle—the coffin was then moved into the chancel—The mourners followed it—I saw it lowered into the vault of the Byron family—the remainder of the service was then performed—I had been so long familiarized to the contemplation of the irreparable loss of my friend that the seeing him buried was no source of more profound grief to me—But I felt stunned & unable to lament—I went down into the vault to see where they had laid him—They told me that his coffin stood upon that of the late Lord—& I saw that beside it was the coffin—all mouldered & with the plate scarcely visible of his mother—I wished to have his coffin placed on this—but was told that it would give way—so I left his coffin & the urn where it had been first placed—& ascended from the vault—Taking one last look at the coffin I withdrew—” *

This was the end of the long journey from Missolonghi. One side of the multiform personality of Byron would have been pleased with this ending: his bones had come back to rest with those of his ancestors. And another facet of his spirit would have seen “a deal of fun,/ Like mourning coaches when the funeral’s done,” * in the solemn pageantry which ended with the reading of the Church of England service over his sunken visage.

But in *Childe Harold* Byron had written his own epitaph in terms more sincere and more moving than any words spoken over his corpse in Greece or in England:

*But I have lived, and have not lived in vain:
My mind may lose its force, my blood its fire,
And my frame perish even in conquering pain;
But there is that within me which shall tire*

*Torture and Time, and breathe when I expire;
Something unearthly which they deem not of,
Like the remembered tone of a mute lyre,
Shall on their softened spirits sink, and move
In hearts all rocky now the late remorse of Love."*

NOTES

Notes to Chapter XXIV

P.943, l.16 *LJ*, V, 478-9. Letter of Nov. 16, 1821.

p.943, l.20 Actually, there was nothing Gothic or medieval about the palace, which was constructed in the sixteenth century of fine Carrara marble in a simple mid-Renaissance design. The marble in aging had taken on a golden hue. There seems to be no truth to the local tradition that the staircase, or the whole building, as Leigh Hunt wrote (*Lord Byron*, I, 24-5), was the work of Michelangelo. The Lanfranchi family was old enough, having settled in Pisa about 980, and having taken the part of the Ghibellines in the civil strife of the time. Dante's mention of a Lanfranchi in the *Inferno* (XXXIII) gave rise to the tradition that one of them was largely responsible for the death of Ugolino. (Ross and Erichsen, p. 349.) But these local stories all increased Byron's interest in the old house and he did not inquire too closely into their authenticity.

p.943, l.25 *LJ*, V, 486-7. Letter of Dec. 4, 1821.

p.944, l.14 Archivio di Stato, Firenze. Carte Valtancoli—Acquisto Pagli M. 739: "Politica anticarbonaria partes tres"—Vol. 2, pp. 206-7, Nov. 1821. (From copy in Keats-Shelley Memorial, Rome.)

p.944, l.28 *Letters of Mary W. Shelley*, I, 150. Letter of Nov. 30, 1821.

p.944, l.34 Shelley: *Works*, Julian ed., X, 342. Letter of Jan. [11?], 1822.

p.945, l.25 Williams, p. 109. Entry of Nov. 5, 1821.

p.946, l.10 Ross, pp. 754-5.

p.946, l.32 The account of Taaffe here given is freely summarized from C. L. Cline's in his *Byron, Shelley and Their Pisan Circle*. From family papers and letters as well as Taaffe's unpublished autobiography Cline has sketched in greater detail than has hitherto been given in biographies of Byron and Shelley the life and character of this interesting Irishman who was so closely associated with Byron in Pisa.

p.947, l.28 Angeli, pp. 246-7.

p.947, l.32 Rogers, p. 239.

p.947, l.35 Williams, p. 118; *Mary Shelley's Journal*, p. 162.

p.948, l.14 The weekly dinners at Byron's house seem to have started in December. Mary and Williams both record dinner parties at the Casa Lanfranchi on Dec. 17 and Dec. 25, and there are frequent references to such dinners in the diaries thereafter.

p.948, l.20 Shelley: *Works*, Julian ed., X, 347. Letter of Jan. 25, 1822.

p.948, l.27 Archivio di Stato, Firenze. Carte Valtancoli—Acquisto Pa-

lagi M. 739: "Politicae anticarbonariae partes tres"—Vol. 2, p. 259, Jan. 1822. (My translation from copy in Nelson Gay Papers, Keats-Shelley Memorial, Rome.)

p.949, l.7 *Mary Shelley's Journal*, p. 161; Williams, p. 112.

p.949, l.16 About the time of Byron's arrival the spy's reports are full of accounts of student riots in Pisa and elsewhere. A report of Oct. 4, 1821, directed to the Grand Duke of Tuscany from Aurelio Puccini, President of the "Buon Governo," after speaking of Byron's fortune and influence, says that, "having heard from the Government of Pisa that the aforesaid Milord was about to move to that city where at the opening of the University there will be gathered the flower of Tuscan youth," he wishes to warn the authorities in Pisa to be vigilant. (R. Archivio di Stato di Firenze, Segretaria di Finanze, No. 6 del Protocollo 40 dell' anno 1821. From copy in the Nelson Gay papers, Keats-Shelley Memorial, Rome.)

p.949, l.18 Torelli listed Byron's servants as the following: "Lega-Zambelli Antonio di Brisighella, Guglielmo Fletcher Inglese, Vincenzo Papi di Macerata, Gaetano Forestieri di Ravenna, Gio. Batta Faliar di Venezia [Giovanni Battista Falcieri (Tita)], Agostino Cappellari d'Ancona, Giovanni Vicchi di Faenza, Giovanni Mannuzzi di Faenza."

p.949, l.22 Quoted in Ross, p. 755. This same passage is quoted in Ross and Erichsen, p. 351, but the name is spelled "Kunstein." Neither Byron nor any of his friends ever made any reference to this strange friendship with the lady with four daughters.

p.949, l.33 Ross, pp. 753-4. Letter of Feb. 9, 1822.

p.950, l.18 Medwin: *Life of Shelley*, 1913, p. 331.

p.951, l.4 Medwin, II, 138-40.

p.951, l.12 Shelley: *Works*, Julian ed., X, 303-4. Letter of Aug. 9-10, 1821, to Mary.

p.951, l.14 Ibid., X, 392. Letter of May 1822.

p.951, l.19 Ibid., X, 345. Letter of Jan. 12, 1822.

p.952, l.3 Origo, p. 295.

p.952, l.8 Medwin, II, 137-8.

p.952, l.16 LJ, V, 469-70. Letter of Nov. 3, 1821.

p.952, l.24 Smiles, I, 413.

p.952, l.27 LJ, V, 471. Letter of Nov. 3, 1821.

p.952, l.33 LJ, V, 477n. Letter of Sept. 30, 1821.

p.953, l.4 Broughton, II, 172. Diary entry of Oct. 28, 1821.

p.953, l.17 Medwin, I, 153-4.

p.953, l.14 LBC, II, 207.

p.953, l.28 Unpublished portion of letter of Nov. 28, 1821. Murray MSS.; Hobhouse proofs. It is stated, probably erroneously, in the memoir of Murray (Smiles, I, 425) that the publisher paid Byron £2,710 for the three dramas alone, and this is apparently the source of the same figure given by E. H. Coleridge (*Poetry*, V, 203).

p.953, l.29 *Poetry*, V, 5.

p.954, l.19 LJ, V, 479-80. Letter dated Nov. 17, 1821. Byron later enclosed the letter to Lady Blessington (May 6, 1823), and it was first published by Moore (II, 645-6).

p.955, l.6 LJ, V, 491-2.

p.955, l.17 LJ, V, 488n. The prayer was dated Hastings, July 31, 1814. This was while Byron was staying at Hastings with Augusta.

p.955, l.25 LJ, V, 490.

p.955, l.31 Trelawny: *Records*, p. 45.

p.956, l.4 Medwin, I, 93-4.

p.956, l.12 Medwin, I, 120-1. Medwin's unreliableness as to dates is well illustrated here. He says that the news came by the "next morning's courier" after Ada's birthday (Dec. 10), but on Jan. 2, 1822, Williams, after dining with Byron, wrote in his diary: "Heard of Pollidori's suicide which was effected by a most subtle poison of his own composition." (Williams, p. 122.)

p.956, l.31 Medwin, II, 18-20.

p.956, l.37 Frederick North, the fifth Earl of Guilford, was the youngest son of George III's prime minister. Byron spoke disparagingly of him as "the charlatan Frederic North." (LJ, IV, 141; letter to Murray, June 18, 1817.) The Shelleys had met him in Rome in 1819. (*Mary Shelley's Journal*, p. 117; entry of March 10, 1819.)

p.957, l.9 Cline (p. 65), after weighing the conflicting evidence of Williams, Medwin, and others, arrives at this conclusion.

p.957, l.18 *Mary Shelley's Journal*, p. 162. Entry of Dec. 7, 1821.

p.957, l.22 Hunt: *Lord Byron*, I, 25.

p.957, l.28 *Letters of Mary W. Shelley*, I, 152-3.

p.958, l.7 Williams, p. 119.

p.958, l.12 Williams, p. 122.

p.958, l.21 LJ, VI, 37. Letter of March 6, 1822.

p.958, l.24 LJ, VI, 62. Letter of May 16, 1822.

p.959, l.13 Origo, p. 299. Letter of May 9, [1822].

p.959, l.24 Medwin, I, 20.

p.960, l.5 Unpublished letter, Morgan Library, dated Dec. 20, [1821] from 32 Lessor Grove North, New Road, London. It was addressed to Byron at Ravenna, from which place he had replied to her previous request for money. See *Harriette Wilson's Memoirs*, p. 614.

p.960, l.8 Medwin, I, 154.

p.960, l.21 LJ, VI, 2-5. Letter of Jan. 12, 1822.

p.960, l.37 Trelawny: *Recollections*, pp. 10-19.

p.961, l.16 *Mary Shelley's Journal*, p. 165.

p.962, l.4 Lady Anne Hill, by a careful study of Navy Logs and family records, has traced the early life and the naval career of Trelawny, comparing it with his account in *The Adventures of a Younger Son*. See her article "Trelawny's Family Background and Naval Career," pp. 11-32.

p.962, l.6 Williams, p. 125. Trelawny implies that only he and Shelley called on Byron on this day, but Williams writes: "Call'd with T—— on Taaffe and Lord B. and accompany them to the shooting ground."

p.962, l.26 Trelawny: *Recollections*, pp. 24-6.

p.963, l.3 Ibid., pp. 36-7.

p.963, l.7 Cline, p. 76. This is from some MS. notes on Byron written out for John Murray in 1832. This one is dated Dec. 1832. It is apparent that Trelawny's opinion of Byron was then much more favorable than it was in later years when, in the *Recollections* and the *Records*, he was attempting to puff Shelley at a time that Byron's reputation was diminishing.

Trelawny's intention in the *Recollections* is made apparent in a sentence of a letter of Sept. 19, 1858, to Roberts: ". . . the book is brief and to the point and has elevated Shelley and shown Byron as he was." (Trelawny: *Letters*, p. 216.)

p.963, l.13 Origo, p. 298.

p.963, l.25 Trelawny: *Recollections*, pp. 89-90.

p.963, l.31 Ibid., p. 91. Trelawny, always vague about dates and prone to telescope events in the telling or to distend them, gives the impression that this happened some time after his arrival, but Williams records on Jan. 19: "Called on Lord B. who wishes to have a boat on the model of ours now building at Genoa—intending to enter into a competition with us in sailing." (Williams, p. 126.) And in a letter to Sir Walter Scott on Jan. 27, Byron wrote: "I am building a little cutter at Genoa, to go a cruising in the summer." (*LJ*, VI, 6.)

p.964, l.5 Trelawny: *Letters*, p. 1.

p.964, l.9 *LBC*, II, 217. Letter of Feb. 23, 1822.

p.964, l.10 In a letter to Kinnaid, Sept. 12, 1822 (Cline, p. 190), Byron said: ". . . my great expense this year has been a Schooner which cost me a thousand pounds or better."

p.964, l.17 Trelawny: *Letters*, pp. 1-2.

p.964, l.20 Williams, p. 125.

p.964, l.32 Rossetti, p. 145. Byron told Medwin: "I myself never knew a man, except Shelley, who was companionable till thirty." (Medwin, II, 38.)

p.965, l.6 Trelawny: *Records*, pp. 18-19.

p.965, l.22 Trelawny: *Recollections*, p. 56.

p.965, l.32 Mary had begun the copying as early as Jan. 8, when Williams wrote in his *Journal* (p. 123): "Mary read to us the two first acts of Lord B's 'Werner'. . ."

p.966, l.2 Medwin, I, 189.

p.966, l.5 *LJ*, VI, 8. Byron finally prefixed the dedication to his drama *Werner*. (*LJ*, VI, 75-6.)

p.966, l.14 This letter is dated Jan. 23, 1822, in the Murray MSS.; Hobhouse proofs. Part of it, in garbled form, is published in *LJ*, VI, 24-5, from *The Keepsake* (1830) under the date of Feb. 25, 1822.

p.966, l.26 Moore (New and Complete Edition, 1892), 548n.

p.966, l.27 Rivington was the publisher of the pamphlet.

p.966, l.31 *LBC*, II, 210-11. Letter of Feb. 6, 1822.

p.966, l.38 Medwin: *Life of Shelley*, 1913, pp. 361-2.

p.967, l.5 Mary Shelley wrote in her journal on Feb. 4: "Southey's letter concerning Lord Byron." (*Mary Shelley's Journal*, p. 166.)

p.967, l.28 Medwin, I, 181-2.

p.968, l.4 *LJ*, VI, 389-92. Southey's letter to *The Courier* is reproduced in its entirety in *LJ*.

p.968, l.14 *LBC*, II, 210. Letter of Feb. 6, 1822. Corrected from the MS.

p.968, l.18 Byron's letter was first published, from the MS. in the Morgan Library, by C. L. Cline in an article in the *Keats-Shelley Journal*, Vol. III (Winter 1954), pp. 33-7. The letter was never recopied, and it was not sent, but remained among Byron's papers which came into the possession of the Countess Guiccioli. She later refused to let John Murray publish the

letter in his new edition of Byron's works because she doubted that it would enhance Byron's reputation. (See my note attached to Cline's article, p. 38.)

p.968, l.24 LBC, II, 212.

p.968, l.32 B-SP, II, 687-8.

p.969, l.18 Blessington, p. 148.

p.969, l.24 LJ, VI, 18. Letter of Feb. 8, 1822.

p.969, l.26 Williams, p. 130.

p.969, l.29 *Letters of Mary W. Shelley*, I, 156.

p.970, l.5 Prothero says (LJ, VI, 19n.): "Lady Noel died at Kirkby Malory, January 22, 1822, aged seventy." If this were true, her death would have fallen on Byron's birthday, another coincidence which he would have thought the work of fate and probably would have commented on. But Ethel Mayne (*Lady Byron*, p. 294), who had access to Lady Byron's papers, gives the date as Jan. 28, 1822.

p.970, l.14 Medwin, I, 131.

p.971, l.2 LBC, II, 213. Letter of Feb. 17, 1822. The Noel arms were granted to Byron on March 2, 1822. (LJ, VI, 21-2n.)

p.971, l.10 From a copy of the document in the Murray MSS.

p.971, l.14 Copy of letter of April 4, 1822, Murray MSS.

p.972, l.13 Hunt refers to Shelley's letter of Dec. 22, 1818.

p.972, l.30 Unpublished letter, Berg Collection, New York Public Library.

p.973, l.8 Shelley: *Works*, Julian ed., X, 356-7.

p.973, l.19 Ibid., X, 357-8. Letter of Feb. 17, 1822.

p.974, l.4 Grylls: *Claire Clairmont*, p. 267. From a letter to Trelawny of c. March 1870. The account should be read with some caution because of obvious errors in some of Claire's statements.

p.974, l.14 Dowden, II, 483-4. Dowden does not quote the letters, and their whereabouts is not now known.

p.974, l.16 Dowden, II, 484-5.

p.974, l.27 Medwin: *Life of Shelley*, 1913, p. 371.

p.975, l.4 Medwin, I, 162-3.

p.975, l.6 Williams, p. 132.

p.975, l.10 Medwin, I, 164.

p.975, l.15 Williams, pp. 131-2.

p.975, l.26 Grylls: *Claire Clairmont*, p. 141. The letter was apparently written about 1870.

p.975, l.35 Dowden, II, 486.

p.976, l.16 Dowden, II, 487. Dowden cautioned his readers that this letter might not be too reliable because it existed only in a copy in Claire's hand, but the substance and tenor of it fit so well with what Shelley himself said of this interview and with what we know of his character that there is little reason to doubt its general outline of the event.

It may have been while he was still heated with this interview that Shelley wrote the following undated letter to Claire: "It is of vital importance both to me and to yourself, to Allegra even, that I should put a period to my intimacy with L[ord] B[yrone], and that without *eclat*. No sentiments of honour or justice restrain him (as I strongly suspect) from the basest in-

sinuations, and the only mode in which I could effectually silence him I am reluctant (even if I had proof) to employ during my father's life. But for your immediate feelings I would suddenly and irrevocably leave this country which he inhabits, nor ever enter it but as an enemy to determine our differences *without words*." (Shelley: *Works*, Julian ed., X, 367.) Could the "basest insinuations" which Shelley talked of wishing to silence have been an intimation by Byron, when he was wrought up about Claire, that he still believed the story of Shelley's having had a child by Claire?

p.976, l.38 *Letters of Mary W. Shelley*, II, 29. Letter of Jan. 19, [1830].

p.977, l.9 Shelley: *Works*, Julian ed., X, 361.

p.978, l.1 *LJ*, VI, 31-3. Letter of March 4, 1822.

p.978, l.13 *LJ*, VI, 38-9. Letter of March 8, 1822.

p.978, l.21 Williams, p. 133.

p.979, l.6 Trelawny: *Recollections*, pp. 45-8.

p.979, l.9 Cline, p. 86.

p.979, l.33 Origo, p. 307. Letter of Feb. 25, 1822.

p.980, l.2 *LJ*, VI, 42n.

p.980, l.5 According to Ethel Mayne, Lady Noel had sent Byron a message of forgiveness from her deathbed. (Mayne: *Lady Byron*, p. 294n.)

p.980, l.11 *LJ*, VI, 42. Letter of March 22, 1822.

p.980, l.18 This narrative is condensed here from that of C. L. Cline, who made a most exhaustive comparative study of the depositions of witnesses as well as accounts in diaries and letters of the principal participants. (See Cline, Chapter VI, pp. 91-106.)

p.980, l.31 This is the spelling in the documents examined by Cline; the Marchesa Origo uses Teresa's spelling, "Maluchielli."

p.984, l.4 Williams, pp. 136-7.

p.984, l.23 Williams, p. 137.

p.984, l.29 Cline, pp. 105, 108.

p.984, l.35 Williams, p. 137.

p.985, l.8 Williams, pp. 137-8.

p.985, l.13 Williams, p. 138.

p.985, l.20 Cline, p. 111.

p.985, l.24 *LJ*, VI, 408.

p.985, l.33 Williams, p. 139.

p.985, l.35 *LJ*, VI, 408.

p.986, l.9 Cline, p. 113.

p.986, l.21 *Letters of Mary W. Shelley*, I, 163. Letter of April 6, 1822.

p.987, l.3 Williams, pp. 139, 140.

p.987, l.5 *LJ*, VI, 43n.

p.988, l.4 Williams, p. 141.

p.988, l.12 *LJ*, VI, 413.

p.988, l.19 Williams, p. 143.

p.988, l.25 *LJ*, VI, 95. Letter of July 8, 1822.

p.988, l.30 *LJ*, VI, 49. Letter of April 13, 1822.

p.988, l.38 *LBC*, II, 220. Letter of April 11, 1822.

p.989, l.6 Unpublished letter of April 13, 1822, Murray MSS.; Hob-house proofs.

p.989, l.15 Cline, pp. 133-4. Letter of April 15, 1822. Collini arrived on

April 20 and remained only two days in Pisa collecting material on the case, returning to Florence on the 22nd. Whether he actually stayed at the Palazzo Lanfranchi is not clear.

p.989, l.32 Williams, p. 144.

p.989, l.34 Cline, pp. 150, 242, note 103; Williams, p. 144.

p.990, l.12 Ross, p. 758.

p.990, l.14 Williams, p. 143.

p.990, l.22 Shelley: *Works*, Julian ed., X, 365-6. Letter dated "Sunday Morn" [March 24, 1822].

p. 991, l.2 Trelawny: *Records*, p. 31. The "savage satire" mentioned by Trelawny must have been the "Question and Answer," composed some two years before. See Chapter XIX, p. 724.

p.991, l.6 Trelawny: *Records*, p. 31.

p.991, l.18 Rogers, pp. 238-9.

p.991, l.24 Letter of Ghigi to Lega Zambelli, dated April 13, 1822, from copy of the original, Public Library of Forlì.

p.991, l.27 From copy of letter in Public Library, Forlì.

p.991, l.29 Moore, II, 615.

p.991, l.33 Origo, pp. 310-11.

p.992, l.8 Unpublished letter in the Public Library, Forlì.

p.992, l.19 Unpublished letter, Ghigi to Lega Zambelli, April 21, 1822, Public Library, Forlì.

p.992, l.29 This statement, in French, is among the Byron papers at John Murray's.

p.992, l.34 Origo, p. 311.

p.993, l.12 Moore, II, 615.

p.993, l.27 *LJ*, VI, 51-2. Letter of April 22, 1822. In a postscript Byron wrote: "You are aware that protestants are not allowed holy ground in Catholic countries." This suggests that he was unaware that Allegra had been confirmed (see p. 992), and that she had apparently been baptized before she died (see Gatteo: *Un' Oasi nel Deserto*), and therefore in the eyes of the Church was a Catholic.

p.993, l.35 Moore, II, 615-16.

p.994, l.6 Blessington, p. 44.

p.994, l.21 Origo, pp. 312-13.

p.994, l.35 *LJ*, VI, 53-4.

p.995, l.8 Williams, pp. 144-5.

p.995, l.14 Williams, p. 146.

p.995, l.25 Shelley: *Works*, Julian ed., X, 385. Letter of May 3, 1822.

p.995, l.29 Ghigi had prepared three lead boxes, one for the body, one for the heart, and one for the viscera, as was then customary in shipping bodies. The lead casket was enclosed in an oak box. On April 30 he wrote to Byron that he was sending the "precious remains of your esteemed daughter" in the care of a priest, Don Gaetano Fabiani, and Girolamo Baldini, who knew the road. To Lega he wrote the same day that he was uncertain what compensation Dr. Marmani would expect for the embalming, probably "a good price, as he is accustomed to say, for an operation so rare, and done only for great people." (Unpublished letters, Public Library, Forlì.)

p.995, l.31 The letter is not extant, and the only indication of its contents is Shelley's reference to it in his letter of May 8, 1822, to Byron.

p.996, l.2 Shelley: *Works*, Julian ed., X, 386-7. Letter of May 8, 1822.

p.996, l.11 Unpublished letter of Ghigi, May 11, 1822, Public Library, Forli.

p.996, l.21 A letter of Ghigi dated from Ravenna, Oct. 16, 1824, together with an itemized list of his expenses in behalf of Allegra and of Byron, is among the Byron papers at John Murray's. Hobhouse wrote on the cover of the letter: "answered Nov. 23, 1824 & told him we would pay him if he would pay Lega Zambelli." (Apparently Lega too had some unpaid claims.)

p.996, l.29 Cline, p. 141. Letter of April 24, 1822.

p.996, l.35 Cline, p. 142. Letter of April 26, 1822.

p.997, l.2 Ross, p. 760.

p.997, l.7 Cline, pp. 143-5. When Tita asked to be allowed to board a ship for Spezia, Viviani refused on the ground that he might be drowned. (Cline, p. 143.)

p.997, l.11 *Letters of Mary W. Shelley*, I, 169. Letter of June 2, 1822, to Maria Gisborne.

p.997, l.13 Cline, p. 145.

p.997, l.19 Ross, p. 760.

p.997, l.23 Shelley: *Works*, Julian ed., X, 385. Tita apparently remained at Casa Magni until after Shelley's death. We do not hear any more of him until he joined Byron in Genoa in September.

p.997, l.33 Cline, p. 165.

p.998, l.16 *LJ*, VI, 409.

p.998, l.30 Ross, p. 758.

Notes to Chapter XXV

P.1000, l.12 Bancroft, pp. 191-3.

p.1000, l.14 *LJ*, VI, 82. Letter of June 8, 1822.

p.1000, l.22 Bancroft, p. 199.

p.1000, l.29 Bancroft, pp. 205-6.

p.1001, l.7 *LJ*, VI, 80. Letter of June 8, 1822.

p.1001, l.15 Moore, II, 614.

p.1001, l.19 Unpublished letter, Murray MSS.

p.1001, l.21 Unpublished Letter, Murray MSS. According to a letter of Kinnaird dated Aug. 9, 1822, the mortgage was taken on the estate of Lord le Despencer.

p.1002, l.6 "*Vie*," p. 1197.

p.1002, l.14 As in the case against Merryweather in Venice, Byron was eager to vindicate himself and bring a rascal to justice at whatever cost. But he would not take the time or trouble to discuss the details with his advocate, leaving it all to Lega Zambelli, his secretary. No compromise could be arranged, and in July of the following year the judgment went against Byron, who was ordered to pay three months' rent (300 francesconi) and interest on the sum. (*LJ*, VI, 413-14.) Prothero has summarized the account

of the lawsuit against Dupuy given by Felice Tribolati in his *Saggi Critici e Biografici*, Pisa, 1891, pp. 211-24.

p.1002, l.25 LJ, VI, 90. Letter of June 12, 1822. Ellice sent a discouraging reply because of the disorganized state of the countries following the revolutions that had liberated them from Spain. (Moore, II, 602n.)

p.1002, l.32 Williams, p. 148.

p.1002, l.34 Williams, p. 149. Entry of May 15, 1822.

p.1003, l.2 Shelley: *Works*, Julian ed., X, 388. Letter of May 13, 1822.

p.1003, l.10 Williams, p. 149.

p.1003, l.18 *Letters of Mary W. Shelley*, I, 170-1. Letter of June 2, 1822.

p.1003, l.22 Shelley, in writing to Roberts and to Trelawny just after the arrival of the boat, refers to it as the *Don Juan*. Jones has discussed the matter at length in a footnote to Mary's letter of June 2, 1822. (*Letters of Mary W. Shelley*, I, 170-1n.)

p.1003, l.29 Cline, p. 169.

p.1004, l.9 Williams, pp. 154-5.

p.1004, l.14 Trelawny: *Recollections*, pp. 101-2.

p.1004, l.29 Ibid., pp. 105-6.

p.1004, l.36 Cline, p. 171.

p.1005, l.17 Moore, II, 602-3.

p.1005, l.25 Williams, pp. 150, 153.

p.1005, l.29 Shelley: *Works*, Julian ed., X, 396-7. Letter dated "Thursday" [May 30, 1822].

p.1006, l.2 Ibid., X, 410. Letter of June 29, 1822.

p.1006, l.5 The police records of the affray at the Villa Dupuy the day Hunt arrived are dated June 28. (Cline, p. 244.) But Hunt says he set sail from Genoa for Leghorn on June 28. (Hunt: *Lord Byron*, II, 367.) One additional piece of evidence is the statement of Forestieri, Byron's cook. Complaining to Count Guiccioli, in whose interests he had been spying on Teresa, he wrote on June 30: "Know then that in the course of yesterday, for a word taken amiss by the Countess Gamba Guiccioli, I was discharged at a moment's notice by Milordo." (Copy in the Elliot papers, Keats-Shelley Memorial, Rome.) This might well indicate that Hunt arrived in Leghorn on June 28 and visited Byron on the 29th. The whole question of the date is further confounded by Hunt's statement in a letter of July 2: "We arrived at Leghorn yesterday. . . . But yesterday I had a still more novel opportunity. . . ." He then proceeds to tell the incident at Montenero. (*Correspondence of Leigh Hunt*, I, 185-6.)

p.1006, l.9 Hunt: *Lord Byron*, I, 14.

p.1006, l.17 "Vie," p. 1281.

p.1006, l.22 Cline, p. 172.

p.1006, l.36 Hunt: *Lord Byron*, I, 15-16.

p.1007, l.13 Ibid., I, 17-18.

p.1007, l.20 Ibid., I, 21.

p.1008, l.11 Ross, p. 761.

p.1008, l.33 Cline, pp. 176-7. Letter of July 4, 1822.

p.1009, l.12 Shelley: *Works*, Julian ed., X, 413.

p.1009, l.20 LJ, VI, 93.

p.1010, l.9 Williams, p. 163.

p.1010, l.32 Hunt: *Lord Byron*, I, 44-6.

p.1011, l.12 *Letters of Mary W. Shelley*, I, 183. Letter of Aug. 15, 1822.

p.1011, l.19 *LJ*, VI, 94-5. Letter of July 8, 1822.

p.1011, l.24 *LJ*, VI, 96-7. Letter of July 12, 1822.

p.1011, l.28 Ross, p. 762.

p.1012, l.7 Cline, p. 180. Letter of July 9, 1822.

p.1012, l.24 Origo, p. 309. The Pope's revocation of the allowance was issued on July 11, probably before news had gone to Rome that Teresa was living alone with Byron in Pisa while her father was at Lucca.

p.1013, l.11 Hunt: *Lord Byron*, I, 64-5.

p.1013, l.18 *Ibid.*, I, 66-8.

p.1014, l.7 *Ibid.*, I, 72-3. Hunt's is the only contemporary record that identifies the brunette at the farm where the shooting was done as the sister of one of Byron's servants.

p.1014, l.19 *Ibid.*, I, 76-7. It was, however, after reading Spenser while he was in Albania that Byron adopted the stanza of the *Faerie Queene* in *Childe Harold*.

p.1014, l.38 "Vie," pp. 1071-2.

p.1015, l.5 Malmesbury, I, 32.

p.1015, l.16 Trelawny: *Recollections*, pp. 115-16. For an account of the varying details of Trelawny's narrative of Shelley's death and cremation see my article "Trelawny on the Death of Shelley," pp. 9-34.

p.1015, l.26 *Letters of Mary W. Shelley*, I, 183. Letter of Aug. 15, 1822, to Maria Gisborne.

p.1015, l.34 Trelawny: *Recollections*, p. 119.

p.1015, l.37 *Letters of Mary W. Shelley*, I, 182.

p.1016, l.13 *Ibid.*, pp. 182-3.

p.1016, l.32 *Ibid.*, I, 184. Letter of Aug. 15, 1822, to Maria Gisborne.

p.1017, l.2 Cline, pp. 181-2. Letter of July 14, 1822.

p.1017, l.11 Marchand: "Trelawny on the Death of Shelley," p. 18.

p.1017, l.18 *The Correspondence of Leigh Hunt*, I, 184.

p.1017, l.25 See Marchand: "Trelawny on the Death of Shelley," p. 17. In his later account in the *Recollections*, Trelawny said: "The face and hands, and parts of the body not protected by the dress, were fleshless. The tall slight figure, the jacket, the volume of Sophocles in one pocket, and Keats's poems in the other, doubled back, as if the reader, in the act of reading, had hastily thrust it away, were all too familiar to me to leave a doubt on my mind that this mutilated corpse was any other than Shelley's." (P. 120.) But the copy of Sophocles, which was for many years a part of the Shelley exhibit at the Bodleian Library, Oxford, is not mentioned by Trelawny or by any other witness in the contemporary accounts. In my article "Trelawny on the Death of Shelley" I have discussed this matter of the Sophocles volume in some detail. The *Times Literary Supplement* (Jan. 23, 1953, p. 61), referring to this discussion, says: "One effect of the article is that the volume of Sophocles supposed to have been in Shelley's pocket when he was drowned loses that melancholy distinction, and has already been withdrawn from the permanent exhibition of relics in the Bodleian Library."

- p.1017, l.29 *The Correspondence of Leigh Hunt*, I, 184.
 p.1018, l.3 *Letters of Mary W. Shelley*, I, 185.
 p.1018, l.7 *LJ*, VI, 99. Letter of Aug. 3, 1822.
 p.1018, l.11 *LJ*, VI, 99. Letter of Aug. 8, 1822.
 p.1018, l.27 Origo, p. 319. Letter of July 17, 1822, Pietro to Teresa.
 p.1018, l.31 R. Archivio di Stato, Firenze. Vari Acquisti, 738. Pars Tertia—Politica Anticarbonaria, An. 1822, p. 177. (From copy in Nelson Gay papers, Keats-Shelley Memorial, Rome.)
 p.1019, l.9 Hunt: *Lord Byron*, I, 30.
 p.1019, l.23 *Ibid.*, I, 63-4.
 p.1020, l.7 Trelawny: *Records*, pp. 99-100.
 p.1020, l.11 Blunden: "A Lover of Books, J.-W. Dalby (1799-1880)," p. 199.
 p.1020, l.13 *LJ*, VI, 119. Letter of Oct. 6, 1822, to Mary Shelley.
 p.1020, l.22 Journal of Mrs. Marianne Hunt, entry of Sept. 23, 1822, *Bulletin and Review of the Keats-Shelley Memorial*, Rome, No. II, London, 1913, pp. 72-3.
 p.1020, l.35 *Don Juan*, VII, 2.
 p.1021, l.10 Letter of Trelawny to the Rev. Thomas Hall, Aug. 10, 1822, English chaplain in Leghorn, who made the arrangements with the ironmonger. (Marchand: "A Note on the Burning of Shelley's Body," p. 2.)
 p.1021, l.11 *Ibid.* Letter of Trelawny to the Rev. Thomas Hall, Aug. 8, 1822.
 p.1021, l.17 *Ibid.*, p. 3. Letter of Roberts to the Rev. Thomas Hall, Aug. 13, 1822. It is possible that the boxes were not yet ready when Trelawny left, or that he wanted Byron to bring them in his carriage to the exact spot of the cremation to save him the trouble of carrying them.
 p.1021, l.32 Trelawny: *Letters*, pp. 6-7. Trelawny wrote ten separate narratives, all different in some details, of the drowning and cremation of Shelley and Williams. These differences are discussed in some detail in my article "Trelawny on the Death of Shelley." In general the early manuscript accounts, of which six or seven are extant, are probably nearer to the facts than are the narratives in the *Recollections* and the *Records*, apparently written years after the events without reference to the early manuscripts.
 p.1022, l.12 Trelawny: *Letters*, p. 8.
 p.1022, l.14 Trelawny wrote to Byron on Sept. 2, 1822: "If not objectionable to you and Mr. Hunt I should like much to put the last poor tribute from an unliterary and sincere friend—to Shelley—in your journal. . . ." (Grylls: *Trelawny*, p. 95.) At the end of one of his narrative accounts, probably the one he intended for Hunt, Trelawny wrote: "The 'Pilgrim of Eternity' has declared his intention of doing that justice to his character & genius, which his long intimacy and great talent can so nobly execute." (Marchand: "Trelawny on the Death of Shelley," p. 11.) It may be that both these proposed accounts were vetoed by Mary Shelley, who was afraid that any publicity concerning Shelley would be detrimental to her chances of getting support for her son from Shelley's father.
 p.1022, l.33 Massingham, p. 178.
 p.1023, l.5 Trelawny: *Letters*, p. 12.
 p.1023, l.11 *Ibid.* This rather effectively disposes of the legend perpet-

uated by Dowden: "It has been stated that the volume of Keats's poems was doubled back at 'The Eve of St. Agnes.'" (Dowden, II, 529n.)

p.1023, l.12 Hunt: *Autobiography*, ed. Morpurgo, p. 328.

p.1023, l.18 Trelawny: *Recollections*, p. 133.

p.1023, l.23 Trelawny: *Letters*, pp. 12-13.

p.1023, l.33 Ibid., pp. 269-70. Letter of Dec. 18, [1878].

p.1023, l.37 At the end of one of Trelawny's narratives Byron wrote: Ld. Byron was not present at the burning of Mr. Shelley's body—some delay having taken place in the exhumation. Ld. B took the opportunity of bathing in the interim and having swum to the Schooner which lay in the offing the operation was finished before his return." (Marchand: "Trelawny on the Death of Shelley," p. 24.) But, unless Trelawny transferred some of the conversations of the day before to the ceremony of the cremation of Shelley, it seems that Byron was present at least at the beginning of the burning.

p.1024, l.11 Trelawny: *Letters*, pp. 13-14. In the narrative which came to Hunt, Trelawny had written that the heart "was unusually small." (Marchand: "Trelawny on the Death of Shelley," p.23.) Hunt (though he omitted this part entirely when he printed the account), perhaps because he could not bear to have it said that Shelley's heart was small, crossed out these words and wrote: "It is a curious circumstance that the heart, which was unusually large," seemed proof against the fire. (Ibid.)

p.1024, l.26 Hunt: *Autobiography*, ed. Morpurgo, p. 328.

p.1025, l.24 Unpublished letter, Murray MSS.; Hobhouse proofs.

p.1026, l.6 *Correspondence of Leigh Hunt*, I, 189.

p.1026, l.17 LJ, VI, 109.

p.1026, l.22 Norman, p. 16. The episode is summarized from Hunt's *Tatler*, Jan. 14, 1831. "Rhyme and Reason" was published in the first number of *The Liberal*, but it made no reference to specific writers.

p.1026, l.37 Ibid. (From *Tatler*, Jan. 15, 1831.)

p.1027, l.12 Origo, p. 322. ("Vie," p. 1532.) On the flyleaf of her copy of Hunt's book Teresa later wrote: "Tout cela est un chef d'œuvre de méchanceté, qui n'a d'égal que dans l'énormité du mensonge." (Origo, p. 323.) In the margins of this book, which I have seen in Teresa's library at Settimello, appear such exclamatory comments as "Mensonge!" "Menteur."

p.1027, l.18 It has been said in biographies of Byron and of Shelley and Mary (on the authority of Trelawny's *Recollections*, p. 149) that Mary Shelley took a house for Byron in Genoa after she arrived there, but her own statement is: "[L]ord B[Byron] has a house here & will arrive soon; I have taken a house for Hunt & myself, outside one of the gates." (*Letters of Mary W. Shelley*, I, 193. Letter of Sept. 17, 1822, to Maria Gisborne.) That she did not take the house for Byron is indicated by the fact that arrangements for Byron's occupancy of the Casa Saluzzo were completed before Mary left Pisa on Sept. 11, 1822. On Sept. 2, Byron wrote to Hobhouse: "I am in all the agonies of hiring feluccas, and packing furniture, &c., &c., for Genoa, where I have taken a house for a year. . . ." (*LBC*, II, 227.) And on the 10th he wrote to Douglas Kinnaird: "Address to me, Genoa, Villa Saluzzi, where I mean to pass the winter. . . ." (Unpublished letter, Murray MSS.; Hobhouse proofs.) The Marchesa Origo refers to it as

"the villa that Pietro had taken for them . . . at Albaro." (Origo, p. 326.)

p.1027, l.34 LJ, VI, 110-12. Letter of Aug. 27, 1822.

p.1028, l.2 Hunt: *Lord Byron*, I, 68.

p.1028, l.11 Unpublished letter, Murray MSS.; Hobhouse proofs.

p.1028, l.22 Unpublished letter, Sept. 11, 1822, Murray MSS.; Hobhouse proofs.

p.1028, l.29 Cline, p. 190. Letter of Sept. 12, 1822.

p.1028, l.37 LJ, VI, 106.

p.1029, l.5 See LBC, II, 284. Letter of Oct. 29, 1823.

p.1029, l.9 *Letters of Mary W. Shelley*, I, 191n. On Sept. 20, only a week before Byron himself left Pisa for Genoa, Claire set out for Vienna. (Grylls: *Claire Clairmont*, p. 160.)

p.1029, l.15 Medwin says (II, 110, 141) that he arrived on Aug. 18 and left on the 28th, but he is demonstrably unreliable as to dates. In his record of conversation between these two dates he says: "'Since you left us,' said Lord Byron, 'I have seen Hobhouse for a few days'" (II, 135). But Hobhouse arrived in Pisa on Sept. 15 and departed on Sept. 21. Of course Medwin could have returned once more late in September just before Byron left for Genoa, but he does not say so.

p.1029, l.26 Medwin, II, 124-5.

p.1030, l.9 Medwin, II, 140-1.

p.1030, l.15 LBC, II, 227-8. Letter of Sept. 2, 1822.

p.1030, l.19 Unpublished portion of Hobhouse diary, entry of Sept. 15, 1822.

p.1030, l.25 Moore, II, 613-14.

p.1030, l.27 Medwin, II, 136.

p.1030, l.34 Hobhouse diary, entry of Sept. 15, 1822.

p.1030, l.38 Ibid.

p.1031, l.4 Gronow, I, 154.

p.1031, l.13 Hobhouse diary, entry of Sept. 16, 1822.

p.1031, l.26 Hobhouse diary, entry of Sept. 17, 1822.

p.1032, l.4 Trelawny: *Recollections*, pp. 148-9.

p.1032, l.7 Hobhouse diary, entry of Sept. 20, 1822.

p.1032, l.17 Hobhouse diary, entry of Sept. 20, 1822. This passage is garbled in Broughton (III, 7-8.)

p.1032, l.22 Unpublished letter, Sept. 21, 1822, Murray MSS.; Hobhouse proofs.

p.1032, l.28 Unpublished letter, Sept. 10, 1822, Huntington Library, HM 2245.

p.1032, l.34 There were, however, many more laudatory things said of Byron than derogatory in Williams's journal, but there were no doubt severe remarks about Byron in the letters of Shelley and perhaps of others in his possession.

p.1033, l.7 LJ, VI, 117. Letter of Sept. 23, 1822.

p.1033, l.13 Trelawny: *Recollections*, p. 150. According to Mrs. Hunt's diary, Trelawny left Pisa for Leghorn on Sept. 23. (*Bulletin and Review of the Keats-Shelley Memorial*, Rome, No. II, 1913, p. 72.)

p.1033, l.17 As usual, Trelawny's elliptical description gives a false picture of the procession to Genoa. He says: "In September we all left Tuscany,

Byron by land, the Hunts in one felucca; and Byron's servants . . . in another. . . ." (*Recollections*, p. 150.) But from Mrs. Hunt's diary it is clear that the Hunts came as far as Lerici in a carriage.

p.1034, l.7 Trelawny: *Recollections*, p. 150.

p.1034, l.13 Teresa says the halt was for a few days, but it must have been for only one night if the chronology of the trip recorded by Byron and Mrs. Hunt at the time is correct.

p.1034, l.15 Trelawny: *Recollections*, p. 150.

p.1035, l.18 *Ibid.*, pp. 43-5.

p.1035, l.23 *LJ*, VI, 121. Letter of Oct. 9, 1822, to Murray.

p.1036, l.4 Trelawny: *Recollections*, pp. 150-1.

p.1036, l.14 *LJ*, VI, 122. Letter of Oct. 9, 1822. It is a little difficult to date accurately the arrival of Byron in Albaro. According to his own statement, he left Pisa at daybreak on Sept. 27. That night, according to Teresa, was spent in Lucca. The next day, the 28th, they went on to Lerici. If the swimming contest took place on the 29th and Byron was then in bed for four days and proceeded on the fifth, arriving in Genoa the same night, it must have been Oct. 3. Mrs. Hunt's diary (*Bulletin and Review of the Keats-Shelley Memorial*, Rome, No. II, 1913, p. 75) seems to confirm this. The Hunts arrived later at Sestri and spent the night at the inn there, arriving at Albaro at midnight on the 4th. The only confusing thing is that Byron wrote to Mary Shelley on the 6th: "Poor Hunt, with his six little blackguards, are coming slowly up. . . ." (*LJ*, VI, 120.) Apparently when he wrote this he did not yet know of Hunt's arrival, though Hunt was staying in the same house with Mary.

p.1036, l.30 Trelawny: *Recollections*, pp. 151-2.

p.1036, l.38 Archivio di Stato, Firenze. Vari Acquisti, 738. Pars Tertia—*Politicæ Anticarbonariæ*, An. 1822, p. 189. (From copy in Nelson Gay papers, Keats-Shelley Memorial, Rome.)

Notes to Chapter XXVI

P.1037, l.6 *LJ*, VI, 158; letter of Dec. 25, 1822.

p.1037, l.7 Hunt: *Lord Byron*, I, 105.

p.1037, l.15 *LBC*, II, 239. Letter of Dec. 23, 1822.

p.1038, l.2 *LJ*, VI, 119-20. Letter of Oct. 6, 1822.

p.1038, l.25 Hunt: *Lord Byron*, I, 61.

p.1038, l.34 Unpublished letter, Oct. 24, 1822, Murray MSS.

p.1038, l.36 Unpublished letter, Oct. 29, 1822; copy in Hunt's handwriting, Murray MSS.

p.1038, l.38 Unpublished letter, Oct. 29, 1822, Murray MSS.

p.1039, l.11 *LJ*, VI, 127. Letter of Oct. 22, 1822.

p.1039, l.18 Unpublished letter, Oct. 17, 1822, Murray MSS.

p.1039, l.25 *LJ*, VI, 134.

p.1039, l.28 Unpublished letter, Nov. 2, 1822, Murray MSS.; Hobhouse proofs.

p.1039, l.36 Brewer, p. 155. Letter of Oct. 26, 1822. What Murray actually wrote was: "Every day of my life I sit opposite to your Lordship's Bust." (Murray MSS.)

p.1040, l.13 These were Cantos VI, VII, and VIII, which took Juan through the harem and the battle of Ismael.

p.1040, l.27 Unpublished letter, Oct. 29, 1822, Murray MSS.

p.1040, l.34 *The Courier*, Oct. 26, 1822; quoted in *LJ*, VI, 122n.

p.1041, l.2 *LJ*, VI, 138. Letter of Nov. 18, 1822.

p.1042, l.10 *LJ*, VI, 156-7. Letter of Dec. 25, 1822.

p.1042, l.17 *Letters of Mary W. Shelley*, I, 199.

p.1042, l.19 Ibid.

p.1042, l.28 *Mary Shelley's Journal*, p. 184.

p.1042, l.30 *Letters of Mary W. Shelley*, I, 204. Letter of Nov. 22, 1822.

p.1043, l.15 Unpublished letter, Murray MSS.

p.1043, l.34 Unpublished letter, Dec. 16, 1822, Murray MSS.; Hobhouse proofs.

p.1044, l.11 Trelawny: *Recollections*, pp. 155-6.

p.1044, l.14 Trelawny left Genoa about Dec. 20. On that date Mary Shelley wrote to Claire Clairmont that he was "on the eve of his departure for Leghorn." (*Letters of Mary W. Shelley*, I, 210.)

p.1044, l.24 *Don Juan*, XII, 2-3.

p.1044, l.33 The dots possibly indicate an omission by the editor. The "silly person" probably refers to Augusta herself.

p.1044, l.35 *Sharpe's London Magazine*, Vol. XXXIV, New Series [1869], p. 71. This is a continuation of the letter of Nov. 7, 1822, part of which is printed in *LJ*, VI, 135-6.

p.1045, l.5 *Sharpe's London Magazine*, Vol. XXXIV, New Series [1869], p. 72.

p.1045, l.13 *LBC*, II, 237. Letter of Dec. 14, 1822.

p.1045, l.16 Anne Louisa Emily, daughter of Admiral Sir George Berkeley, married in 1807 Admiral Sir Thomas Masterman Hardy, who was with Nelson when he died on the *Victory* in 1805. Hardy was sent on an expedition to South America in 1819 and did not return until 1824. In 1822 Lady Hardy was in her early thirties. Through the Berkeley family she was distantly related to Byron, whose great-grandmother, wife of the fourth Lord Byron, was a daughter of Lord Berkeley of Stratton.

p.1045, l.36 Gore, pp. 44-5. Letter of Nov. 10, 1822.

p.1046, l.6 Trelawny: *Recollections*, p. 47.

p.1046, l.18 Blessington: *Idler*, II, 25.

p.1047, l.6 Countess Guiccioli: *My Recollections of Lord Byron*, p. 42.

p.1047, l.27 From a copy among the Murray MSS. The only date given is Dec. 1822.

p.1048, l.4 *LJ*, VI, 152. Letter of Dec. 21, 1822.

p.1048, l.19 Unpublished letter of Kinnaird to Byron, Nov. 15, 1822, Murray MSS.

p.1048, l.21 Unpublished letter, Kinnaird to Byron, Murray MSS.

p.1048, l.23 Unpublished letter, Nov. 26, 1822, Murray MSS. The phenomenal popularity of *Werner*, not only as a closet drama but also as a stage presentation (it was kept alive for twenty years by Macready and had a total stage life of fifty-nine years), has led one critic to suggest that Byron wrote it deliberately with his tongue in his cheek to demonstrate that he could create a drama bad enough to suit the public taste: that he "patently surrendered his ideals in favor of a theatrical taste which he

despised, in order to woo a public for which he felt contempt." (Motter, pp. 243-75.) The greater probability, however, is that the gothic melodrama merely happened to be more congenial to Victorian tastes than Byron's historical dramas.

p.1048, l.34 Unpublished letter, Dec. 26, 1822, Morgan Library.

p.1048, l.38 *Quarterly Review*, Vol. XXVII (July 1822), p. 477.

p.1049, l.3 LJ, VI, 155-6. Letter of Dec. 25, 1822.

p.1049, l.10 Murray MSS.; Hobhouse proofs. Letter of Dec. 14, 1822. Printed, with omissions, in LBC, II, 238.

p.1049, l.18 Murray MSS.; Hobhouse proofs. Printed, with omissions, LJ, VI, 149-51.

p.1049, l.33 Unpublished letter, Murray MSS.

p.1050, l.6 Unpublished letter, Abinger Collection.

p.1050, l.18 Unpublished letter, undated, Abinger Collection. This eight- or nine-page letter of Byron explaining his position with respect to Claire would be a valuable document if it were still extant, but I have been unable to locate it.

p.1050, l.25 Unpublished letter, Feb. 19, 1823, Abinger Collection.

p.1051, l.8 Unpublished letter, Dec. 5, 1822, Abinger Collection.

p.1051, l.16 *Letters of Mary W. Shelley*, II, 65-6.

p.1051, l.24 Unpublished letter, March 7, 1823, Abinger Collection.

p.1051, l.36 Origo, p. 335. Letter of Feb. 15, 1823.

p.1052, l.9 LJ, VI, 163-4. Letter of Jan. 18, 1823.

p.1052, l.30 Watson: "Byron at First Hand, A Talk with His Doctor." Dr. Alexander, who had received his M.D. from the University of Glasgow, served as surgeon with the Scots Greys at Waterloo and was later appointed medical attendant to Lord Berwick, British Minister at Turin, who introduced him to Byron in Genoa. (Bates, p. 86.)

p.1053, l.8 Letter of Jan. 10, 1823. From facsimile in *English Romantic Poets*, ed. by James Stephens *et al.*, New York, 1933, pp. 394-5.

p.1053, l.19 Moore, II, 628.

p.1053, l.23 LJ, VI, 167. Letter of Feb. 20, 1823.

p.1053, l.35 Unpublished letter, Feb. 27, 1823, Murray MSS.; Hobhouse proofs.

p.1054, l.4 LJ, VI, 172. Letter of March 17, 1823.

p.1054, l.13 Unpublished letter, Murray MSS. Letter of April 1, 1823. Hunt had printed six thousand copies of No. 2, thinking that Byron's *Heaven and Earth* would help to sell it.

p.1054, l.16 Unpublished letter, April 13, 1823, Murray MSS.

p.1054, l.26 LJ, VI, 182. Letter of April 2, 1823.

p.1055, l.4 LJ, VI, 165. Letter of Feb. 2, 1823.

p.1055, l.19 Gore, p. 49. Letter of May 17, 1823.

p.1055, l.29 Unpublished letter, March 31, 1823, Murray MSS.; Hobhouse proofs.

p.1056, l.2 LJ, VI, 178-9.

p.1057, l.10 These and other details of the lives of the Blessingtons I have taken from Michael Sadleir's *The Strange Life of Lady Blessington* (Revised American Edition).

p.1058, l.29 Blessington: *Idler*, I, 389.

p.1059, l.3 Blessington, p. 8.

p.1059, l.9 Ibid.

p.1059, l.11 It must be remembered that this is not the original diary, but the diary touched up for publication. Lady Blessington published two accounts of her meeting with Byron: *Conversations of Lord Byron with the Countess of Blessington* (1834) and *The Idler in Italy* (1839), in which she devoted most of a chapter to Byron. Both accounts show evidences of suppressions and changes.

p.1059, l.31 Blessington: *Idler*, I, 393-6.

p.1059, l.37 Ibid., II, 5.

p.1060, l.10 Blessington, p. 12.

p.1060, l.25 LJ, VI, 179-80. Letter of April 2, 1823.

p.1060, l.30 LJ, VI, 187. Letter of April 5, 1823.

p.1060, l.34 *Don Juan*, XIII, 95.

p.1061, l.10 Trelawny takes credit for having suggested that Blaquiére get in touch with Byron, but this seems scarcely probable, since the Greek Committee met first on Feb. 28, and Blaquiére left for Greece on March 4, and Trelawny was then in Rome and out of touch with the latest moves in London as well as with Byron. (Trelawny: *Recollections*, p. 156.)

p.1061, l.20 LJ, VI, 185.

p.1062, l.18 LBC, II, 254-6. Letter of April 7, 1823.

p.1062, l.22 This was a snuffbox which Byron bought from Love, the London jeweler, for 100 guineas in 1818. It was decorated with miniature portraits of Napoleon, Marie-Louise, and the King of Rome. On April 19, Byron wrote to a correspondent, possibly his banker Webb in Leghorn, saying that he would not take less than 100 guineas for it. (*Notes and Queries*, 4th series, Vol. IV, Oct. 9, 1869, p. 291.)

p.1062, l.32 Blessington: *Idler*, II, 17-18.

p.1063, l.5 Ibid., II, 17.

p.1063, l.17 Ibid, II, 19.

p.1063, l.26 Blessington, pp. 109-10.

p.1063, l.31 Blessington, pp. 30-1.

p.1064, l.2 Blessington, p. 114.

p.1064, l.10 Trelawny: *Recollections*, p. 47.

p.1064, l.18 Blessington, p. 47.

p.1064, l.24 Blessington, pp. 47-8.

p.1064, l.29 Blessington, p. 55.

p.1064, l.34 Blessington, p. 87.

p.1064, l.37 Blessington, p. 99.

p.1065, l.5 Blessington, p. 70.

p.1065, l.12 Blessington, p. 86.

p.1065, l.19 Blessington, p. 110.

p.1065, l.22 Blessington, p. 103.

p.1065, l.25 Blessington, p. 161.

p.1065, l.28 Blessington, p. 88.

p.1066, l.18 Blessington, pp. 211-12.

p.1066, l.25 Blessington, p. 58.

p.1066, l.38 "To Lord Byron," pp. 261-2.

p.1067, l.25 Ibid., p. 265.

p.1068, l.2 Portions of this letter were reproduced in facsimile in the third volume of *The Life, Writings, Opinions, and Times of the Right Hon. George Gordon Noel Byron* . . . published anonymously in 1825 by Matthew Iley.

p.1068, l.8 "To Lord Byron," p. 269.

p.1069, l.6 LBC, II, 257-8. Letter of April 17, 1823.

p.1069, l.10 Blessington, p. 27.

p.1069, l.17 Unpublished letter of April 10, 1823, Abinger papers.

p.1069, l.23 *Letters of Mary W. Shelley*, I, 226.

p.1069, l.27 Byron was actually elected a member in March, but the official letter of the Chairman was somehow delayed and did not reach Byron until May 21, when he wrote a formal note of acceptance (now in the Yale University Library).

p.1069, l.29 Unpublished letter, Murray MSS.; Hobhouse proofs.

p.1070, l.5 LJ, VI, 205-6.

p.1070, l.18 Gore, p. 50.

p.1070, l.38 Origo, p. 337.

p.1071, l.15 LBC, II, 258. This letter is mistakenly dated April 19 in LBC, but the MS. (Murray collection) bears the date May 19, which is consistent with the context.

p.1071, l.25 LBC, II, 260. Letter of May 21, 1823.

p.1072, l.26 Blessington, p. 43.

p.1072, l.32 Origo, p. 344. According to the titles on the back of a large leather folder in the Gamba collection, the manuscripts left to her by Byron were those of *Manfred*, *Ode on Venice*, *Werner*, *Marino Faliero*, *Morgante Maggiore*, "Stanzas to the Po," "Francesca of Rimini," *Prophecy of Dante*, *Beppo*, *Mazeppa*, and the first five cantos of *Don Juan*, as well as some minor poems.

p.1073, l.10 Blessington, p. 67.

p.1074, l.6 Blessington, p. 213.

p.1074, l.16 Blessington, pp. 217-18.

p.1074, l.30 Blessington, p. 126.

p.1075, l.4 Blessington: *Idler*, II, 84-5. Entry of May 23, 1823.

p.1075, l.8 Ibid., II, 82-3. Entry of May 22, 1823.

p.1075, l.14 LJ, VI, 223. Letter of June 4, 1823, Byron to Barry.

p.1075, l.22 Blessington: *Idler*, II, 93.

p.1075, l.30 Origo, p. 343.

p.1075, l.33 LJ, VI, 222. Letter of June 2, 1823.

p.1076, l.5 Gore, p. 51. Letter of June 10, 1823.

p.1076, l.8 Unpublished letter, Byron to Kinnaird, May 26, 1823, Murray MSS.; Hobhouse proofs.

p.1076, l.10 LBC, II, 261-2. Letter of May 28, 1823.

p.1077, l.4 Trelawny: *Letters*, p. 58. Letter of May 12, 1823.

p.1077, l.12 Unpublished letter, June 18, 1823, Murray MSS. The original "Charter-party" between Byron and Captain Scott, signed by both, for the charter of the brig *Hercules*, a document in four folio pages, was lately in the Gabriel Wells Byron collection.

p.1077, l.28 Trelawny: *Letters*, p. 64.

p.1077, l.34 Ibid., p. 65. Letter of June 27, 1823.

p.1078, l.3 Gamba, p. 7.

p.1078, l.7 Trelawny: *Recollections*, p. 169. For some reason Trelawny in the *Recollections* gave the impression that he had received Byron's letters while he was in Rome, and he omits or deliberately distorts the fact of his having spent a month in Florence and a week in Leghorn.

p.1078, l.23 Ibid., pp. 175-6.

p.1078, l.32 Nicolson, p. 82.

p.1078, l.38 Nicolson, p. 83; Hunt: *Lord Byron*, I, 119.

p.1079, l.10 Hunt: *Lord Byron*, I, 119.

p.1079, l.14 Nicolson assumes that Byron left the helmets behind in Genoa after Trelawny's lack of enthusiasm had dampened his ardor for the heroic gesture. But a British naval officer by the name of Forrester, who visited Byron at Missolonghi, reported that "he showed us three ponderous helmets, with blue silk starry crests, his arms in front, *Crede Biron*." (Medwin: *The Angler in Wales*, II, 211.) According to Maud Howe Elliott, Dr. Samuel Gridley Howe, her father, who as a young man arrived in Greece just after Byron's death and allied himself with the Greek cause, bought one of these helmets at a sale of the poet's possessions at Poros and brought it back with him to America, where for many years it was a family treasure. Mrs. Elliott took it back to Athens in 1926 and presented it to the Ethnological Museum. (Elliott: *Lord Byron's Helmet*.) Two helmets were brought home with Byron's effects from Missolonghi, for Fletcher's list (now in the Morgan Library) mentions under "Military Wardrobe & Equipage": "2 Helmets with Gilt Ornaments." Barry wrote Byron on Sept. 12, 1823: "Mr. Bowring says that there was a report you had been buying Helmets—the fame of that purchase of a couple of Helmets spread you see to England." (Unpublished letter, Murray MSS.) The person most likely to have spread the rumor was Leigh Hunt.

p.1079, l.31 Unpublished letter of April 10, 1823, Abinger papers.

p.1080, l.11 Brewer, p. 128.

p.1080, l.12 Hunt: *Lord Byron*, I, 115-16.

p.1081, l.8 Only the last paragraph of this letter was published by Hunt's son in his father's *Correspondence* (I, 203). The remainder of the letter I have taken from the text as written in the margin of his copy of Byron's *Letters and Journals* (Prothero edition) by Walter E. Peck. Peck's annotated set of Byron is now in the Houghton Library, Harvard University. The date, June 28, 1823, the day of Hunt's first quarrel with Byron over Mary's affairs, makes it probable that Byron was impelled to renounce the legacy by Hunt's bringing up the subject of Byron's supposed debt of £1,000.

p.1081, l.15 Nicolson, pp. 32-3.

p.1082, l.7 Unpublished letter, dated "July," Murray MSS. Part of this letter is published in a footnote in *Letters of Mary W. Shelley*, I, 229.

p.1082, l.18 Unpublished letter, Murray MSS. July 5, 1823.

p.1082, l.27 "Vie," p. 1366. Mary's letter to Byron has not been preserved.

p.1083, l.3 Origo, p. 331.

p.1083, l.24 "Vie," p. 1541.

p.1083, l.30 "Vie," pp. 1580-1. According to Teresa, Byron's letter to the Countess d'Yson proposing this scheme was dated June 17. ("Vie," p. 1543.)

p.1083, l.34 "Vie," p. 1581.

p.1084, l.4 Moore, II, 664n. I have followed the translation of the Marchesa Origo (p. 346). Moore gives the wrong impression by translating *cuore* as *mind* instead of *heart*.

p.1084, l.31 LJ, VI, 227-8. The text of the letter is here corrected from the notes made by E. S. De Beer and Walter Seton from the MS. ("Byroniana: The Archives of the London Greek Committee," p. 402.)

p.1084, l.36 Unpublished letter, Murray MSS.

p.1085, l.13 Origo, p. 346. Translated from the original letter, in Italian, in the Abinger Collection.

p.1085, l.17 Teresa could not remember with whom he had left orders, but *thought* it was Barry. She was right, for Barry paid Hunt what Byron had promised him after Byron had sailed.

p.1085, l.25 Origo, pp. 346-7. Translated from the original letter in the Abinger Collection.

p.1085, l.27 Byron must have indicated in his letter enclosed with Teresa's that he would take care of Mary's needs, for she wrote him on the 13th that she intended to "settle this pecuniary matter first by letter, there being better subjects for discourse in this world; & then to come down & bid you farewell, which I will do accordingly if you please, tomorrow morning.

"In the meantime as the message which Mad. Guiccioli has been kind enough to transmit to me, still leaves me an uneasy sense of vagueness in my mind, will you do me the favour to state in whose hands you have left this matter & what is its precise nature." (*Letters of Mary W. Shelley*, I, 230-1.)

p.1085, l.34 Trelawny: *Letters*, p. 67.

p.1086, l.3 Unpublished letter, July 16, 1823, Murray MSS. In the final account of Webb & Co. (Barry's firm) to Byron's executors, under date of July 14, 1823 (all items chargeable on Byron's departure are put under this date), is listed: "paid Leigh Hunt by Order 856. 10." This was £30 in Genoa livres (about thirty to the pound sterling).

p.1086, l.14 Trelawny: *Recollections*, p. 152.

p.1086, l.24 Webb & Co., account to the executors of Byron, Murray MSS.

p.1086, l.29 In a letter to Bowring on the 12th he said: "We were to set sail today, but the winds are very feeble." (De Beer and Seton, p. 402.)

p.1086, l.34 Origo, p. 347.

p.1087, l.6 "Vie," pp. 1590-1.

p.1087, l.12 Pratt: "An Italian Pocket Notebook of Lord Byron," p. 209. The notebook is now in the University of Texas Library.

p.1087, l.18 "Vie," p. 1593.

p.1087, l.21 Trelawny (*Recollections*, p. 180) says carelessly that Sklitzy was one of two Greeks taken on board at Leghorn, but Hunt had taken him to see Bryon at Casa Saluzzo only a few days before the

Hercules was due to sail, and Gamba (p. 9) names him as among those who came on board at Genoa.

p.1087, l.25 LJ, VI, 203. Letter of May 5, 1823.

p.1087, l.26 Gamba (p. 9) says there were "eight domestics," Trelawny (*Recollections*, p. 178) says there were five or six servants and mentions his Negro separately, but James Hamilton Browne gives the number as five. Perhaps some were let off at Leghorn.

p.1087, l.30 Gamba, p. 10. Unpublished letter, Barry to Byron, June 5, 1823, Murray MSS. Blessington had not yet paid for the vessel, and it remained in the harbor at Genoa.

p.1087, l.34 Gamba, p. 10.

p.1087, l.38 On the credit side of Webb & Co.'s account to the executors are the following items: 1823: "Aug. 10 By Cash for sundry Articles of Furniture—4475 [Genoa Livres]"; 1824: "Mar. 10 By Cash for Sundry Books—455"; and "Sept. 8 By Cash for three old Carriages—2050." Barry also had the job of disposing of sundry creatures of Byron's menagerie.

p.1088, l.3 Broughton, III, 50-1.

p.1088, l.12 Gamba, p. 10.

p.1088, l.34 Trelawny: *Recollections*, pp. 178-9.

p.1089, l.3 Gamba, p. 12.

p.1089, l.7 Broughton, III, 153. Diary entry of Oct. 3, 1826.

p.1089, l.10 It appears that they did not actually leave the port until the morning following their final embarkation. Mary Shelley wrote Jane Williams on July 23: "Lord Byron, Trelawny, and Pierino Gamba sailed for Greece on the 17th. . . ." (*Letters of Mary W. Shelley*, I, 231.) And Pietro's hurried note to his sister, given into the hands of a servant just before they left, is dated July 17. (Gamba papers.)

p.1089, l.16 Trelawny: *Recollections*, p. 180.

p.1089, l.28 *Letters of Mary W. Shelley*, I, 231. Letter of July 23, 1823.

p.1089, l.37 From the original letter, Murray MSS. Part of this letter is quoted in Nicolson, p. 103. Barry's devotion extended to his taking a lease for the rest of the year on Byron's house at Albaro in order to hold it for him until he returned. And when Byron did not return by December, he wrote that he had renewed the lease on the Casa Saluzzo for another year. (Unpublished letters, Sept. 17 and Dec. 12, 1823, Murray MSS.) He was still living there when Hobhouse visited him in Oct. 1826. He showed Hobhouse proudly "the little round table at which he [Byron] used to dine, and the spot where he placed his chair." (Broughton, III, 151.)

p.1090, l.5 Broughton, III, 152, 154. Among these pieces was an unfinished prose skit on Sotheby. The MS. is now in the Murray collection.

p.1090, l.15 Pratt: "An Italian Pocket Notebook of Lord Byron," p. 211.

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P.1091, l.10 Gamba, p. 13.

p.1091, l.14 Two letters in the Murray MSS. are perhaps fair samples

of the appeals that were made by the Greeks in Leghorn. One, without place or date (it might have been written later, while Byron was in Greece) is from Christophoros Krateros. The writer had lost everything in the fire at Jannina. He appealed to the generosity and magnanimity of Byron as an Englishman and as a poet—"the first poet in Europe, of world-wide fame, whose poems will remain immortal like those of Homer and Virgil. . . ." (Translated by George Savidis.) The other is from St. Zygomas to Const. Stavridi in Smyrna. The writer hopes that Mr. Noibar [?] will pay the ransom for his (the writer's) son. (Summary by George Savidis.)

p.1091, l.19 De Beer and Seton, p. 403. Letter of July 24, 1823.

p.1092, l.3 My translation of part of Ignatius's letter of July 3, 1823, written in French, as given in Nicolson, pp. 87-8.

p.1092, l.9 Nicolson, p. 88.

p.1092, l.20 Gamba papers.

p.1092, l.31 Trelawny: *Letters*, pp. 69-70.

p.1092, l.36 Ibid., p. 72. Letter of July 23, 1823.

p.1093, l.5 Unpublished letter, Abinger papers. Letter of July 23, 1823.

p.1093, l.14 Nicolson, p. 105; Trelawny: *Recollections*, p. 181.

p.1093, l.28 Browne: "Voyage from Leghorn," pp. 56-7. Browne observed that the others on board, instead of addressing Byron "with a prolonged emphasis on the first syllable of his name, pronounced it short, as if it had been 'Byrne,' that of Byron seeming distasteful to him, so I adopted the same." ("Voyage from Leghorn," p. 58.)

p.1093, l.32 Barry to Byron, July 19, 1823, Murray MSS.

p.1093, l.36 Moore (II, 671-2) gives the three quatrains in German; Medwin (II, 153-4) gives a translation. Goethe's version of the episode, written June 15, 1824, after Byron's death, was printed by Professor Brandl. (*Goethe-Jahrbuch*, XX, 22-3; translated, Moore, II, 671-2.)

p.1094, l.5 LJ, VI, 237-8. Letter dated July 24, 1823.

p.1094, l.23 LJ, VI, 236. Letter of July 24, 1823.

p.1095, l.11 Browne: "Voyage from Leghorn," p. 58.

p.1095, l.23 Ibid., p. 61.

p.1095, l.28 Trelawny: *Recollections*, pp. 182-3.

p.1095, l.35 Unpublished manuscript account written for John Murray in 1832, Murray MSS.

p.1095, l.37 Trelawny: *Recollections*, p. 187.

p.1096, l.16 Ibid., pp. 190-1.

p.1096, l.23 Ibid., p. 191.

p.1096, l.29 Browne: "Voyage from Leghorn," p. 61.

p.1096, l.37 Trelawny: *Recollections*, pp. 191-3.

p.1097, l.8 Gamba, p. 288.

p.1097, l.17 Browne: "Voyage from Leghorn," p. 65.

p.1097, l.31 Ibid., pp. 64-5. Byron had also taken with him Vincenzo Papi and Gaetano Forestieri, whom he sent back from Cephalonia. (See LJ, VI, 290.)

p.1097, l.35 Trelawny: *Recollections*, p. 212.

p.1098, l.7 From the manuscript account written by Trelawny for John Murray in 1832, Murray MSS. Trelawny gave a slightly different account

of the episode in the *Recollections* (pp. 193-4), and elaborated and adorned it considerably in the *Records* (pp. 178-80). I have taken the earlier version as probably nearer the facts.

p.1098, l.14 Trelawny: *Letters*, pp. 257-8. Letter of Jan. 14, 1878.

p.1099, l.4 Browne: "Voyage from Leghorn," p. 59.

p.1099, l.23 Trelawny: *Recollections*, p. 201.

p.1099, l.25 Gamba (p. 17) and Trelawny (*Recollections*, pp. 200-1) agree on the date of arrival. But in a letter to Teresa dated from Argostoli on Aug. 4, Pietro says: "We arrived in this port this morning." (Gamba papers.) As we have already seen, however, Pietro was not always accurate in dating his letters. More substantial evidence is Byron's letter to Blaquiére dated: "Brig 'Hercules,' Capt. Scott, Cephalonia, August 3rd, 1823." (Unpublished letter, Murray MSS.; Hobhouse proofs.)

p.1100, l.5 Origo, p. 353.

p.1100, l.10 Gamba, p. 19.

p.1101, l.5 LJ, VI, 240-1. Journal entry of Sept. 28, [1823].

p.1101, l.9 LBC, II, 275. Letter of Sept. 11, 1823, to Hobhouse.

p.1101, l.19 Moore: *Prose and Verse*, p. 432.

p.1102, l.7 Trelawny: *Recollections*, pp. 202-3. The dialogue, of course, sounds more like Trelawny than Byron.

p.1102, l.31 Ibid., p. 202.

p.1103, l.11 The history of the Suliotes is given briefly by Finlay (VI, 45-52). See also Teignmouth, pp. 541-54.

p.1103, l.34 Trelawny: *Recollections*, p. 202.

p.1105, l.1 Kennedy, p. 342.

p.1105, l.13 Kennedy, p. 10.

p.1105, l.23 Kennedy, p. 64.

p.1105, l.26 Kennedy, p. 66.

p.1105, l.32 Napier, I, 328. Letter of Aug. 10, 1823.

p.1106, l.11 LJ, VI, 253-5. Letter of Aug. 10, 1823.

p.1106, l.18 Origo, pp. 354-5.

p.1106, l.21 Gamba says they left most of the servants aboard; Byron mentions Trelawny's Negro as "one of the servants" who accompanied them.

p.1107, l.9 Browne: "Narrative," pp. 392-3.

p.1107, l.15 Thomas Smith, later of the legal firm of Barron and Smith, has a curious relation to Byronic history. He became the legal representative for Augusta Leigh's daughter Medora, who believed Byron to be her father, when she was engaged in controversies with her mother and Lady Byron. Smith later (in 1869) furnished Charles Mackay with the autobiography of Medora and other documents and letters which were published in Mackay's pamphlet entitled *Medora Leigh; A History and an Autobiography*, published in 1869. There Smith is referred to as Mr. S—. In an appendix (Part IV) Smith's "Conversations with Lord Byron" appears anonymously. The original manuscript, part in Smith's own hand and part in that of an amanuensis, is now in the Morgan Library. From it I have supplied portions omitted by Mackay.

p.1107, l.30 *Medora Leigh*, pp. 57-8.

p.1107, l.33 There is some confusion about the day of the excursion.

To make the date harmonize with the accounts of Browne and Gamba (Trelawny seldom gives dates and is usually inaccurate when he does) we must assume that Smith met Byron on the evening after the day of his arrival in Vathy. Browne ("Narrative," p. 393) says: "On the second day, Knox proposed that we should form a pic-nic to the fountain and grotto of Arethusa. . . ." If this was true, then all the other dates fall into place, including the return to Argostoli on Aug. 17.

p.1108, l.14 *Medora Leigh*, p. 59.

p.1108, l.18 Browne: "Narrative," p. 393.

p.1108, l.26 From Smith's manuscript, as published in Lovell: *His Very Self and Voice*, p. 416.

p.1109, l.5 *Medora Leigh*, p. 60.

p.1109, l.7 Browne ("Narrative," p. 394) says they were entertained at the country house of Count Vretò.

p.1109, l.14 Browne: "Narrative," p. 394.

p.1109, l.19 See Chapter VII, p. 218.

p.1109, l.26 Browne: "Narrative," p. 394.

p.1109, l.34 *Medora Leigh*, p. 61.

p.1110, l.3 *Ibid.*

p.1110, l.23 Moore: *Prose and Verse*, p. 438. Moore does not name Browne, but attributes the conversation to "a scottish gentleman who accompanied him from Ithaca."

p.1110, l.29 Browne: "Narrative," p. 394.

p.1111, l.20 *Medora Leigh*, p. 62.

p.1111, l.24 From the Greek *καλος* (good) plus *γερον* (old [man]), a term applied formerly to all Greek monks.

p.1112, l.3 Browne: "Narrative," p. 396.

p.1112, l.30 *Medora Leigh*, pp. 62-3. Trelawny's account of the episode (*Recollections*, pp. 205-8) is picturesque but hardly reliable as to details), though it is the one which has been quoted most frequently. Contrary to all the other witnesses, he placed the monastery on top of a high mountain in Ithaca instead of Cephalonia.

p.1112, l.34 Browne: "Narrative," p. 396.

p.1113, l.1 *Medora Leigh*, p. 63.

p.1113, l.12 Browne: "Narrative," pp. 396-7.

p.1113, l.23 Trelawny: *Recollections*, pp. 209-10.

p.1113, l.35 Origo, p. 356.

p.1114, l.13 *Napier*, I, 328. Letter of Aug. 20, 1823.

p.1114, l.23 Kennedy, p. 5.

p.1114, l.37 Gamba, p. 32.

p.1115, l.2 Gamba says Botzaris was killed the same night that he wrote the letter, but he was probably relying on the statement in the letter itself. I follow here the account of Finlay, as probably more accurate (Finlay, VI, 315).

p.1115, l.4 Finlay, VI, 315; Gamba, p. 291.

p.1115, l.19 A number of these appeals are among the Greek papers in the Murrays' Byron collection. One of them is a letter from the Legislative Body to Byron asking his aid (financial) in securing Crete and Euboea (Dec. 22, 1823); another, from the Representative of Crete, urges him

to lend from twenty to thirty thousand dollars upon which the existence of Crete depends (Dec. 22, 1823). I am indebted to Mr. George Savidis for summarizing these documents for me.

p.1115, l.20 Letter of July 31 [Aug. 12, Western calendar], 1823, Archives of the State, Athens: Archives "Hellenike Palingenesia" [Regeneration of Greece], B-138-139.

p.1115, l.31 Gamba, p. 4.

p.1116, l.3 Millingen, p. 18.

p.1116, l.19 Finlay, VI, 325-6.

p.1117, l.2 LJ, VI, 246-7.

p.1117, l.9 The condition of their taking refuge in Cephalonia was that they should give up their arms. Byron had been a little irked that the arms had not been returned to those he took on as a bodyguard. (LJ, VI, 255.)

p.1117, l.13 According to an unpublished letter of Barry (Sept. 7, 1823, Murray MSS.), he had sent all Byron's letters "under cover to Domeneghini at Zante as arrang'd between us before your departure."

p.1117, l.18 LJ, VI, 243.

p.1117, l.19 Writing to Leigh Hunt on Sept. 2 (from the MS., Abinger papers), Trelawny says: "a letter from Mr. Hobhouse arrived yesterday—with information of Lord B. being appointed by the London Committee as their agent. . . ."

p.1118, l.4 Browne: "Narrative," p. 399.

p.1118, l.11 Trelawny: *Recollections*, p. 211.

p.1118, l.25 From the MS., Abinger papers. Part of this letter is published by Lovell: *His Very Self and Voice*, p. 432.

p.1118, l.28 Gamba, pp. 37-8.

p.1118, l.37 This seems to indicate that Trelawny was on the point of accompanying the Suliotes to the mainland when Byron dismissed them, but was deterred by news of the death of Marco Botzaris.

p.1119, l.4 From the MS., Abinger papers. Part of this is printed by Lovell: *His Very Self and Voice*, pp. 432-3. Trelawny told Mary that the real purpose of his letter was to tell her that he had discovered that Hamilton Browne "with a Greek mistress lived last year at the same lodgings you had when at the Baths of Pisa," and that a woman of the house gave him some papers which turned out to be a will of Shelley's signed and witnessed. He had left it with his papers at Leghorn. If this was the lost changed will of Shelley, it was never found.

p.1119, l.9 Grylls: *Trelawny*, p. 116.

p.1119, l.11 Browne: "Narrative," p. 399.

p.1120, l.7 Gamba, pp. 45-6. According to local tradition, Byron used frequently to sit on a rock on a little eminence not far from his villa, which gives a commanding view of the island of Zante and the wide sweep of the Ionian Sea. It was pointed out to me as "Byron's rock."

p.1120, l.12 Moore: *Prose and Verse*, p. 421.

p.1120, l.24 LBC, II, 273-7. Letter of Sept. 11, 1823.

p.1120, l.38 Origo, pp. 361-2.

p.1121, l.38 Napier, I, 336-7.

p.1122, l.27 Finlay, VI, 324-5.

p.1123, l.4 LJ, VI, 269. Letter of Oct. 25, 1823.

p.1123, l.19 Translated from the original letter in Pietro Gamba's hand, now in the possession of Mr. Dam. Kyriasis of Athens. The letter is dated Oct. 1, 1823. A copy in French, which omits a postscript telling of the vessel with supplies being sent by the Committee, is printed by De Beer and Seton (pp. 405-6.)

p.1123, l.33 Origo, pp. 363-4. This letter is dated Oct. 8, 1823, in the transcript furnished me by the Marchesa Origo, but since Byron's accompanying letter, written as a sort of postscript, is dated Oct. 7, he may be, as he was in previous letters, a day ahead in his dating.

p.1124, l.3 LBC, II, 282. Letter of Oct. 16, 1823, to Hobhouse.

p.1124, l.20 Gamba, pp. 47-8.

p.1124, l.23 Origo, pp. 363-4. Letter of Oct. 8, 1823.

p.1124, l.32 LJ, VI, 249.

p.1124, l.35 LJ, VI, 430.

p.1125, l.8 Gamba, p. 48.

p.1125, l.17 LJ, VI, 263. Letter of Oct. 12, 1823.

p.1125, l.32 LJ, VI, 263-4. Letter of Oct. 12-13, 1823. The last paragraph of this letter is printed in *Astarte* (pp. 312-13) under date of Oct. 8, 1823. Augusta forwarded Byron's request to Lady Byron and she dutifully replied just before Ada's eighth birthday (she wrote from Hastings on Dec. 1, 1823). She enclosed a profile of Ada. These reached Byron shortly before he died in Missolonghi.

p.1126, l.12 Kennedy, pp. 139-40.

p.1126, l.23 Kennedy, p. 161.

p.1126, l.29 Kennedy, pp. 166-7.

p.1127, l.3 Kennedy, p. 189.

p.1127, l.10 Kennedy, p. 196.

p.1127, l.15 Kennedy, p. 208.

p.1127, l.22 Kennedy, p. 211.

p.1127, l.30 LJ, VI, 430.

p.1128, l.13 Kennedy, pp. 299-300.

p.1128, l.31 Stanhope, 2nd ed., pp. 511-12.

p.1128, l.37 LJ, VI, 265. Gamba (p. 50) says it was a certain "Anarghiro" who "brought a pressing invitation to Lord Byron, requesting him to come to Napoli di Romania, or to Tripolizza. To this latter place he resolved to go."

p.1129, l.23 De Beer and Seton, pp. 408-9. The document in the Archives is a French translation of the long letter; I give here a part of the English summary made by De Beer and Seton.

p.1130, l.3 Unpublished letter (undated, but probably Oct. 1823), Finlay Collection, British School of Archæology, Athens.

p.1130, l.7 Unpublished letter, undated, Finlay Collection, British School of Archæology, Athens.

p.1130, l.8 Hastings's dairy, Oct. 16 (Copy in Finlay's hand, British School of Archæology, Athens.)

p.1130, l.12 Unpublished letter, undated, but probably written in Nov. 1823, Finlay Collection, British School of Archæology, Athens.

p.1131, l.14 Unpublished letter, Abinger papers.

p.1131, l.26 Unpublished postscript, Murray MSS.; Hobhouse proofs.

p.1131, l.28 Unpublished letter, Oct. 17, 1823, Byron to Kinnaird, Murray MSS.; Hobhouse proofs.

p.1132, l.5 LJ, VI, 268-9. Letter of Oct. 25, 1823.

p.1132, l.12 LJ, VI, 270. Postscript of Oct. 27, 1823.

p.1132, l.18 Kennedy, pp. 231-2.

p.1132, l.23 Nicolson, p. 150.

p.1132, l.32 Stanhope, 2nd ed., p. 516.

p.1132, l.36 The Germans were Baron von Quass, Lieut. Kindermann, who in his Philhellenic enthusiasm had given up his commission in the Prussian Artillery, and a young Saxon of the name of Fels, whose brother had fallen at Petta.

p.1133, l.2 Millingen, pp. 2-3.

p.1133, l.7 Millingen, p. 4.

p.1133, l.25 Millingen, pp. 6-7.

p.1134, l.7 Millingen, p. 8.

p.1134, l.16 Gamba, pp. 50-1. It was actually on or before Nov. 10.

p.1134, l.27 The date of the action of the Legislative Body in authorizing the loan is given in Dalleggio, p. 7, note 3.

p.1134, l.29 Millingen, p. 29.

p.1134, l.34 Gamba, pp. 51-2. Hastings in his diary on Oct. 29, 1823 (Finlay Collection, British School of Archæology, Athens), said that 18,000 dollars had been raised by the primates.

p.1134, l.38 Unpublished letter, Sept. 12, 1823, Byron to Grant, quoted in catalogue of City Book Auction, Sale No. 325, Nov. 24, 1945; *B-SP*, II, 751. Letter of Nov. 13, 1823, Byron to Grant.

p.1135, l.4 Gamba, pp. 54-5.

p.1135, l.18 LJ, VI, 427-8. Letter of June 1, 1824, from Hancock to Henry Muir.

p.1135, l.21 According to the provisions of the document, a copy of which is in the Archives of the State in Athens, the deputies requested the loan in accordance with a directive of the Legislative Corps of Oct. 13, 1823. The deputies agreed, in the name of the government, to repay Byron within six months from the proceeds of the Greek loan raised in London. If it were not repaid in that time, the government would pay interest at four per cent until it was repaid.

p.1135, l.29 Stanhope, 2nd ed., p. 518.

p.1135, l.31 Quoted in H. B. Smith sale catalogue, item 133. This letter and one of the same date (Nov. 10, 1823) to Lord Erskine, introducing the Greek deputies, indicate that the deputies and Browne arrived in Cephalonia earlier than the middle of November, as Gamba says.

p.1135, l.34 LJ, VI, 286-7. This is a postscript of Byron's letter of Dec. 13, 1823.

p.1135, l.37 Stanhope, 2nd ed., p. 518.

p.1136, l.17 Quoted in Bodley Book Shop Catalogue No. 80 (1946).

p.1136, l.19 Hobhouse's notes headed "Lord Byron" written in Aug. 1824, with Hobhouse diary.

p.1136, l.29 Stanhope, p. 31. Letter of Nov. 26, 1823, to Bowring. On Dec. 7 he addressed a letter to Mavrocordatos from Zante (Stanhope, p. 36), and he arrived in Missolonghi on Dec. 12 (Stanhope, p. 37).

p.1137, l.3 LJ, VI, 272-3. Letter of Nov. 29, 1823.

p.1137, l.27 Gamba, pp. 59-61.

p.1138, l.5 Malmesbury, I, 33.

p.1138, l.18 Origo, pp.369-70.

p.1139, l.5 Stanhope, p. 33.

p.1139, l.12 Gamba, p. 54. It seems that in aiding the relief of Missolonghi, Byron still hoped that he could keep aloof from the party divisions. (Millingen, pp. 32-3.)

p.1139, l.12 Stanhope wrote Mavrocordatos from Zante on Dec. 7 asking for a meeting, and crossed over to Missolonghi on the 12th. (Stanhope, p. 37.)

p.1139, l.15 Millingen, p. 34.

p.1139, l.21 Nicolson, pp. 160-2.

p.1139, l.32 LJ, VI, 282. Letter of Dec. 10, 1823.

p.1140, l.4 LJ, VI, 285.

p.1140, l.21 LJ, VI, 285. Letter of Dec. 13, 1823.

p.1140, l.26 Nicolson, p. 172.

p.1140, l.36 Nicolson, p. 174. The original of this letter is in the Murray collection. It is written in French and is dated "le 1^{er} D^{bre} 1823" (The 1 is the date by the Gregorian calendar, the 13 by the Western calendar.)

p.1141, l.15 Unpublished letter, dated from Hydra, Dec. 1, 1823, Finlay Collection, British School of Archaeology, Athens.

p.1141, l.25 Origo, p. 371. Letter of Dec. 14, 1823.

p.1141, l.31 According to the Marchesa Origo (p. 372), "Dr. Gaetano Grasseti was a doctor of Ravenna who had been obliged to fly from the Romagna in 1815, owing to having taken sides with the French. He was at that time living at Patras."

p.1141, l.35 Origo, p. 372.

p.1141, l.38 LJ, VI, 291; Origo, p. 373.

p.1142, l.14 LJ, VI, 249.

p.1142, l.36 LJ, VI, 287, 289.

p.1143, l.3 LJ, VI, 289.

p.1143, l.15 Gamba, pp. 66-7.

p.1143, l.18 Kennedy, p. 279; Gamba, p. 68.

p.1143, l.38 LJ, VI, 293-4. Letter of Dec. 26, 1823.

p.1144, l.3 Gamba, p. 67. See also LJ, VI, 296-300. Gamba implies that a third boat was hired for part of the baggage, but this is not mentioned in Byron's or Gamba's account of the voyage across.

p.1144, l.5 Gamba, p. 68.

p.1144, l.11 LJ, VI, 294-5. The phrase is from "The Legacy," one of the poems in Moore's *Irish Melodies*.

p.1144, l.21 *Notes and Queries*, 4th series, IV, Sept. 25, 1869, p. 250.

p.1144, l.27 LBC, II, 286.

p.1144, l.33 Mavrocordatos had written Byron on Dec. 20 to tell of his plight. (Nicolson, p. 177. The original letter in French is among the Murray MSS.)

- p.1145, l.4* Stanhope, pp. 49-50. Letter of Dec. 20, 1823.
p.1145, l.18 Gamba, pp. 295-6.
p.1145, l.21 Gamba, p. 295.
p.1145, l.28 Kennedy, pp. 279-81.
p.1146, l.3 *LJ*, VI, 429.
p.1146, l.10 Gamba, p. 28.
p.1146, l.13 Nicolson, pp. 183-4.
p.1146, l.17 *LJ*, VI, 297, 302. Byron told Hancock that the "negro, steward, and domestics" were on the bombard when it was captured, but did not say specifically whether Tita was with him or with Gamba.
p.1146, l.20 Barff settled as a banker and merchant at Zante in 1816. (*LJ*, VI, 302n.) Until recently his descendants were still living at Zante. Thomas Gordon (*History of the Greek Revolution*, II, 104n.) says Barff was "one of the steadiest friends of the cause, and sacrificed every year considerable sums in relieving distressed refugees and needy Philhellenes, besides loss of his business at Constantinople."
p.1146, l.21 *LJ*, VI, 302.
p.1146, l.25 Gamba, p. 68; *LJ*, VI, 300.
p.1146, l.37 Gamba, pp. 69-70.

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- P.1147, l.4* Millingen, p. 85.
p.1147, l.6 Stanhope, p. 60.
p.1147, l.17 Millingen, p. 85.
p.1147, l.20 Gamba, p. 85. Millingen (p. 86) says "two hours before daylight," and Moore (II, 704) "two or three hours before daybreak."
p.1147, l.23 *LJ*, VI, 301. Letter (in Italian) of Dr. Bruno to Hancock, Jan. 2, 1824.
p.1148, l.4 Moore, II, 704.
p.1148, l.9 *LJ*, VI, 298. Letter of Jan. 2, 1824.
p.1148, l.10 Gamba, p. 70.
p.1148, l.21 *LJ*, VI, 298-9. Letter of Jan. 2, 1824.
p.1148, l.24 Draco was one of the Suliote chieftains whom Byron had taken into his pay at Cephalonia, and whom he subsequently sent to join his comrades on the mainland. (See Gamba, p. 31.)
p.1148, l.35 *LJ*, VI, 297. Letter of Dec. 31, 1823.
p.1149, l.2 Gamba, p. 85.
p.1149, l.3 From an unpublished portion of letter of Jan. 7, 1824. The original is in the Morgan Library. Part of this letter is published by Gamba (p. 160), under date of Feb. 9, 1824, but the manuscript is clearly dated "Jy 7th 1824."
p.1149, l.5 *LJ*, VI, 299.
p.1149, l.6 Gamba, p. 86.
p.1149, l.17 Nicolson, p. 186.
p.1149, l.22 Blaquiere, II, 7.
p.1149, l.29 *LJ*, VI, 303. Letter of Jan. 13, 1824; Gamba, pp. 86-7; Blaquiere, II, 7.

p.1150, l.6 *LJ*, VI, 304-5. Bruno, however, gives a somewhat different account. (Moore, II, 713n.)

p.1150, l.8 Blaquiere, II, 7.

p.1150, l.13 Unpublished part of letter of Jan. 7, 1824, from the MS., Morgan Library. Moore, who reported Fletcher's side of the story, wrote: ". . . the sea was rough and the night cold, it being then the 3d of January. . . . 'I am fully persuaded,' says his valet, in relating this imprudent freak, 'that it injured my lord's health. He certainly was not taken ill at the time, but in the course of two or three days his lordship complained of a pain in all his bones, which continued, more or less, to the time of his death.'" (Moore, II, 710.)

p.1150, l.17 Byron spelled the name "Valsamachi." (*LJ*, VI, 303.)

p.1150, l.26 Gamba, p. 71. The whole account here is summarized from Gamba, pp. 70-83.

p.1150, l.29 Gamba, p. 71; Millingen, p. 88.

p.1151, l.32 Blaquiere, II, 8.

p.1151, l.38 Gamba, p. 84.

p.1152, l.4 Blaquiere, II, 8.

p.1152, l.16 Millingen, pp. 65-6.

p.1152, l.26 Blaquiere, II, 65.

p.1153, l.2 Millingen, pp. 66-7.

p.1153, l.4 Finlay, VI, 245-6.

p.1153, l.9 Millingen, p. 68.

p.1153, l.21 Millingen, p. 69; Gamba, p. 89.

p.1153, l.25 The commoner Greek name was Naupaktos.

p.1154, l.3 *LJ*, VI, 306.

p.1154, l.14 Gamba, pp. 100-1.

p.1154, l.28 Gamba, pp. 95-6.

p.1154, l.34 Millingen, p. 87.

p.1155, l.5 Millingen, p. 90.

p.1155, l.24 Colonel Stanhope has printed a letter of April 11, 1824, signed by the leading men of Missolonghi, including Apostoli Capsali, as one of "The Ephores of Missolonghi." (Stanhope, p. 329.)

p.1155, l.27 A much idealized engraving of the house appears in Parry, opposite p. 68. It is there shown as of only two stories, facing a court surrounded on three sides by lower buildings and running into a neat stone jetty. A perhaps more realistic picture, from what source is not indicated, is printed in M. D. Bolonaki's *Ellenikai Selides*, Athens, 1939, after p. 192. Here it looks like a cluster of low sheds with tile roofs.

p.1155, l.37 Nicolson, p. 191.

p.1156, l.4 Parry, p. 16.

p.1156, l.35 Gamba, p. 97; Stanhope, p. 56.

p.1157, l.6 Gamba (p. 102) says the 12th of January, but he is in error. Although it was the intention to publish the first number on the Greek New Year's Day (see Stanhope, p. 46), it was one day late. (De Beer and Seton, p. 399.)

p.1157, l.12 Stanhope, pp. 78-9. Letter of Jan. 14, 1824.

p.1157, l.21 Millingen, pp. 81-2.

p.1157, l.32 Millingen, pp. 83-5.

p.1157, l.33 Millingen, p. 92.

p.1157, l.37 Millingen, p. 29; Stanhope, p. 79.

p. 1158, l.16 Stanhope, 2nd ed., pp. 543-4.

p.1158, l.25 *LJ*, VI, 306.

p.1158, l.29 Gamba, p. 112. Under the diary entry of Jan. 17, Gamba wrote: "Another portion of our loan was this day paid to Mavrocordato, who required it to satisfy part of the arrears of the Suliotes."

p.1158, l.36 *LJ*, VI, 312. Letter of Jan. 19, 1824.

p.1159, l.6 Parry, p. 191.

p.1159, l.10 Origo, p. 374. This is from a letter of Jan. 8, 1824 (as indicated in a typed copy of the original furnished me by the Marchesa Origo).

p.1159, l.15 Origo, p. 375.

p.1159, l.24 Unpublished letter of Kinnaird to Byron, Murray MSS. But on Nov. 23 Kinnaird wrote that he hoped within a week to receive £11,250 for Rochdale. On Feb. 20, 1824, Kinnaird wrote again to say that the money had not yet been paid. On March 19 he announced that Dearden's son was bringing the deeds of conveyance for Byron's signature, but they did not arrive before his death. (Murray MSS.)

p.1159, l.35 Stanhope, p. 81. Stanhope gives the name as Nicolo Londos of Patras, but Finlay does not mention any Greek leader by that name.

p.1160, l.3 Gamba, p. 105. There are copies of these letters and memorials to Byron in the Archives of the State in Athens, some of which have been summarized for me by M. Protopsaltis.

p.1160, l.15 Stanhope, 2nd ed., pp. 546-7.

p.1161, l.17 Gamba, pp. 106-10.

p.1161, l.26 Gamba, pp. 111-12.

p.1162, l.2 Gamba, pp. 117-18.

p.1162, l.21 Gamba, pp. 118-20; Stanhope, pp. 87-8.

p.1162, l.25 Gamba, p. 121; Stanhope, p. 88.

p.1162, l.28 Gamba, pp. 121-3.

p.1163, l.8 Gamba, p. 124.

p.1163, l.19 Stanhope, 2nd ed., pp. 533, 536.

p.1163, l.37 Gamba, p. 125.

p.1165, l.14 Gamba, p. 129.

p.1165, l.24 The Greeks argued that the Ionian government had recognized the Greek blockade, but the officers replied that they recognized only an effective blockade and five Greek ships against fourteen Turkish was not effective. They were determined to recover the prize or make reprisals. (Gamba, p. 130.)

p.1165, l.31 Gamba, pp. 131-2. The original letter was written in Italian and dated "23/11 Gennajo, 24." It is given in *LJ*, VI, 312-13. In the Byron papers at John Murray's is the official receipt of the Turkish authority dated March 1, 1824, for the four prisoners brought to Patras from Misolonghi by Maris Kephalinakos, but no reply to Byron's letter to Yussuf Pasha. The letter is addressed "To whom it may concern."

p.1165, l.37 Gamba, pp. 133-4.

p.1166, l.6 Noto Botzaris, the uncle of the heroic Marco, was one of the most influential of the Suliote chieftains. Stornares was, according to Stan-

hope, one of the most powerful and wealthy of the *capitani* in Greece, being the owner of 120 villages and possessing 500,000 head of cattle. (Stanhope, pp. 93-4.)

p.1166, l.9 Unpublished letter, Murray MSS. Among the communications is a notation of the Suliote tribes and their leaders. Mavrocordatos wrote: "All the Suliotes together do not add up to the number of 400: But in order not to wrong a number of brave men in the vicinity of Suli who have served with them the government admits another 200 of them. They will all be under the orders of Mylord, but a hundred will be paid by the government." (Unpublished document, Murray MSS. My translation.)

p.1166, l.11 De Beer and Seton, pp. 406-7. Letter of Jan. 28, 1824.

p.1166, l.19 LJ, VI, 315. Letter of Feb. 5, 1824.

p.1166, l.29 Gamba, pp. 134-5.

p.1167, l.5 De Beer and Seton, p. 406. Letter of Jan. 28, 1824.

p.1167, l.22 Gamba, pp. 137-8.

p.1168, l.13 Medwin: *The Angler in Wales*, II, 198-212.

p.1168, l.19 Gamba, pp. 138-9.

p.1168, l.26 Stanhope, pp. 96-7.

p.1168, l.31 Gamba, pp. 140-1.

p.1169, l.5 Stanhope, p. 45; letter of Dec. 18, 1823, to Bowring; Gamba, pp. 141-3.

p.1169, l.8 Gamba, pp. 143-4; Stanhope, pp. 98-9.

p.1169, l.16 Sir Harold Nicolson, who got his information from the headmaster of the municipal school in Missolonghi, says the name of Byron's boatman was Costa Ghazis. (Nicolson, p. 190.) According to a tradition still persisting in Missolonghi, Byron gave a pair of Turkish slippers to Ghazis which are now an heirloom of a Missolonghiot family. (Tompkins, pp. 80-94.)

p.1169, l.17 Gamba, p. 143.

p.1169, l.34 Stanhope, p. 99.

p.1170, l.3 Stanhope, p. 103. Letter of Feb. 4, 1824, to Bowring.

p.1170, l.15 LJ, VI, 316. Letter of Feb. 5, 1824.

p.1170, l.33 Stanhope, p. 108. Letter of April 7, 1824, to Bowring.

p.1171, l.2 Unpublished letter, dated Jan. 30, 1824, in the possession of Dam. Kyriasis, of Athens. The letter of Mavrocordatos is in French. At the bottom of the page on which Mavrocordatos declined Blaquiere's invitation to come to England, Byron wrote: "Certainly *not* unless P. Mavrocordato wishes to risk his influence—and the hopes of Greece for the present."

p.1171, l.17 Parry, p. 178.

p.1171, l.24 Finlay, VI, 335n.

p.1171, l.28 Moore, II, 729. The original letter, in Italian, is in Gamba, p. 147.

p.1171, l.32 Gamba, p. 148.

p.1171, l.35 Gamba, p. 150.

p.1172, l.10 Gamba, pp. 151-3.

p.1172, l.13 Finlay, VI, 363.

p.1172, l.23 Gamba, pp. 153-5.

p.1172, l.28 Gamba, p. 155.

p.1172, l.35 LJ, VI, 314-15. Letter of Feb. 5, 1824.

p.1173, l.7 Millingen, p. 94. Millingen says that finally the supplies were carried by the soldiers attached to the artillery brigade. They were not the proud Suliotes, but local Greeks.

p.1173, l.15 Gamba, pp. 155-6.

p.1173, l.19 LJ, VI, 315.

p.1173, l.22 Gamba, p. 156.

p.1173, l.24 Gamba (p. 156) says Parry arrived in Missolonghi on the 5th, and this is confirmed by Byron, who in his letter of Feb. 5 to Hancock says that Parry has "just landed." Parry himself (p. 12) says "we arrived on February 7th." But Parry was writing after the event, and other facts seem to confirm the earlier date.

p.1173, l.28 Parry, p. 11. Letter of Jan. 30, 1824, from Stanhope to Parry.

p.1174, l.6 Stanhope, pp. 105-7.

p.1174, l.10 Gamba, p. 157.

p.1174, l.19 Parry, p. 15.

p.1174, l.29 Parry, pp. 16-17.

p.1175, l.2 Parry, p. 18.

p.1175, l.10 Parry, p. 21.

p.1175, l.16 LJ, VI, 317. P.S., dated Feb. 7, 1824, to a letter of Feb. 5.

p.1175, l.25 Stanhope, p. 109. Letter of Feb. 7, 1824, to Bowring.

p.1175, l.28 Gamba, p. 157.

p.1175, l.33 Stanhope, pp. 109-10. Letter of Feb. 7, 1824, to Bowring.

p.1176, l.1 Gamba, p. 158.

p.1176, l.5 A receipt signed by Mavrocordatos, dated Feb. 9, 1824 [Gregorian calendar?], credits Byron with paying the wages of 484 soldiers of the Corps of Suliotes for one month, a total of 1,544 "Kolonata" dollars—1,464 to the soldiers and 80 for the two generals. (Greek document in the Murray MSS., translated for me by Professor James A. Notopoulos. A copy of this document in Italian is also among Byron's papers in the Murray MSS.) This might indicate that a full 600 could not be recruited.

p.1176, l.6 Gamba, p. 158.

p.1176, l.27 Parry, pp. 27-8.

p.1176, l.36 Millingen, pp. 96-7.

p.1177, l.13 The announcement came to Byron in a note in French from Mavrocordatos, dated "Mardi" [Feb. 10, 1824]. (Murray MSS.) The messenger was "attaché au C^o Stornari," perhaps his friend and confidant Kasomoules.

p.1177, l.18 Parry, pp. 35-6. In an article which appeared in the *Telegrafo Greco* on April 17, 1824, and which from internal evidence may clearly be ascribed to Byron, he denied the report of the *Frankfort Gazette* of Feb. 20, 1824, that he had written a triumphal poem on the occasion and that there had been public rejoicing at Missolonghi on the announcement of Maitland's death. The article gave a fair and even complimentary account of "King Tom's" person and government. (De Beer and Seton, pp. 400-1.)

p.1177, l.29 Gamba, pp. 163-4; Stanhope, p. 112.

p.1177, l.32 Stanhope, p. 112. Letter of Feb. 11, 1824, to Bowring.

p.1178, l.12 Parry, p. 40.

p.1178, l.15 Parry, p. 38.

p.1178, l.18 Gamba, pp. 164-5. Gamba says distinctly, under date of Feb. 11, that the 1,500 "were sent two days in advance," but neither Byron nor any of the other contemporary witnesses mentions this fact. Perhaps it was designed in part to get the excess number of soldiers out of Missolonghi.

p.1178, l.32 Gamba, pp. 165-7; Stanhope, p. 113.

p.1179, l.20 Gamba, pp. 167-9.

p.1179, l.30 Parry, p. 220.

p.1180, l.5 LJ, VI, 326n.

p.1180, l.18 Gamba, pp. 170-3.

p.1180, l.25 Gamba, pp. 173-4.

p.1180, l.33 Gamba, p. 174; Parry, p. 42.

p.1181, l.5 Gamba, in a letter to his sister, confirmed Millingen's report (Millingen, pp. 117-18) that Byron had been drinking excessive amounts of Parry's brandy. ". . . Mylord drank seven very strong punches on the day before his accident, and five on the same day." (Origo, p. 377. Letter of Feb. 24, 1824.)

p.1181, l.18 Parry, pp. 42-3.

p.1181, l.21 Parry, pp. 42-3.

p.1181, l.27 Millingen, p. 118. Gamba, who also arrived after Byron had recovered, said that "in three minutes he recovered his senses and his speech." (Gamba, p. 175.) Byron's own account, written in his journal two days later, referred to his attack as "of a convulsive description, but whether Epileptic, Paralytic, or Apoplectic, is not yet decided by the two medical men. . . . It was very painful, and, had it lasted a minute longer, must have extinguished my mortality—if I can judge by sensations. I was speechless with the features much distorted. . . ." (LJ, VI, 323-4.)

p.1181, l.33 Parry, p. 43.

p.1182, l.3 Gamba, pp. 175-6.

p.1182, l.16 Gamba, pp. 178-9.

p.1182, l.27 Parry, p. 44.

p.1182, l.32 Millingen, p. 118; Parry, p. 45.

p.1182, l.35 LJ, VI, 334. Letter of Feb. 25, 1824.

p.1183, l.1 Parry, pp. 45-6.

p.1183, l.5 Millingen, p. 118.

p.1183, l.7 Parry, p. 46.

p.1183, l.8 LJ, VI, 324.

p.1183, l.26 LJ, V, 10. Letter of April 16, 1820, to Murray.

p.1184, l.18 Millingen, pp. 99-100.

p.1184, l.26 Origo, p. 375.

p.1184, l.31 Kennedy, p. 310.

p.1184, l.35 Millingen, p. 101.

p.1185, l.4 Gamba, pp. 181-2. Gamba implies that this was written on the 16th, the day after Byron's convulsive seizure, although he does not give the date of the letter. Byron referred to the matter in a letter of Feb. 20. (LJ, VI, 325.)

p.1185, l.11 Gamba, pp. 182-3.

p.1185, l.21 Gamba, pp. 184-5; Parry, pp. 54-5.

p.1186, l.7 This account is summarized from those of Stanhope (p. 118),

Parry (pp. 60-1), Gamba (pp. 188-91), and Kasomoules (Notopoulos, p. 43), which agree in essentials, though each has certain unique details.

p.1186, l.10 Parry, p. 56. Parry says (pp. 61-2) that Byron requested the Greek Committee to send Sass's widow in Sweden a small sum on his account.

p.1186, l.11 Stanhope, p. 118.

p.1186, l.24 Kasomoules (Notopoulos, p. 43); Parry, p. 62.

p.1186, l.31 Stanhope, 2nd ed., p. 537.

Notes to Chapter XXIX

P.1187, l.13 Millingen, pp. 118-19.

p.1187, l.23 Millingen, pp. 119-20.

p.1188, l.6 Finlay, VI, 326.

p.1188, l.13 Gamba, p. 191.

p.1188, l.28 Gamba, pp. 192-3.

p.1188, l.34 Parry, pp. 64-7. Two of the more reliable mechanics, Hodges and Gill, remained. According to Gamba, however, they were assistants rather than artificers. (Gamba, pp. 194-5.)

p.1188, l.34 *LJ*, VI, 327. Letter of Feb. 21, 1824, to Barff.

p.1189, l.3 Stanhope, 2nd ed., p. 549.

p.1189, l.25 Stanhope, 2nd ed., pp. 531-2.

p.1189, l.35 Stanhope, 2nd ed., 532-3.

p.1190, l.9 Parry, p. 69.

p.1190, l.35 Kasomoules (Notopoulos, pp. 44-5). The Suliotes apparently did not leave Missolonghi for some days. According to Hodges and Gill, it was not until Tuesday, March 2, that "the principal part of the Suliots left town." (Stanhope, p. 301.)

p.1191, l.5 *LJ*, VI, 334-5. Letter of Feb. 25, 1824.

p.1191, l.10 In a poem written to Loukas shortly after this, Byron confessed his anxiety for the boy at the time of the earthquake. See p. 1207.

p.1191, l.16 Origo, p. 378.

p.1191, l.22 Unpublished letter, Kinnaird to Byron, Nov. 23, 1823, Murray MSS. Kinnaird wrote: "I continue to think very favorably of Mr. Hunt. He renders me most particular and accurate accounts—I keep them all for you." These accounts, still among the Byron papers at John Murray's, reveal that Hunt had printed, of Cantos 6, 7, and 8, 1,500 copies of the octavo edition, of which 1,250 had been sold by Jan. 1, 1824; 3,000 of the 16^{mo} foolscap edition, of which 2,300 had been sold; and 16,000 of a cheap edition, of which 14,700 had been sold. Gross receipts were £1287. 12s. After expenses (including Hunt's 15-per-cent commission) were deducted, there was a balance in Byron's favor of £599. 15s. 5½d. Hunt did almost as well with Cantos 9, 10, and 11, which, when he rendered his account on March 17, 1824, showed a balance in Byron's favor of £566. 8s. 6d. There is no record of the sale of the later cantos, which were not published until after Byron's death. These were not the sums he had received from Murray for earlier cantos, but they were more than he had ever expected to

receive from Hunt. Hunt had turned over to Byron's account earlier £108. 4s. 6d. for *The Age of Bronze*, and £256. 15s. 4d. for *The Island*.

p.1191, l.27 LBC, II, 288. Letter of Feb. 21, 1824.

p.1191, l.29 LJ, VI, 333. Letter of Feb. 25, 1824.

p.1192, l.4 Broughton, III, 60. Diary entry of July 2, 1824.

p.1192, l.25 Parry, pp. 74-5.

p.1193, l.1 Millingen, p. 117. Gamba says the illusion of the earthquake was caused by rolling some barrels full of cannon balls in the room above. (Gamba, p. 205.)

p.1193, l.3 Parry, pp. 153-4.

p.1193, l.10 Parry, pp. 152-3. Parry's account differs somewhat from Gamba's, but, written shortly after the event, Gamba's is probably the more accurate.

p.1193, l.24 Origo, pp. 379-80. Letter of March 17, 1824.

p.1193, l.33 Parry, p. 76.

p.1194, l.4 Parry, pp. 72-3.

p.1194, l.9 Millingen, p. 106; Stanhope, p. 124.

p.1194, l.24 Kennedy, pp. 306-7.

p.1194, l.33 Kennedy, p. 307; Stanhope, 2nd ed., p. 520.

p.1194, l.36 Kennedy, pp. 311-12.

p.1194, l.38 Kennedy, p. 307.

p.1195, l.7 Stanhope, 2nd ed., pp. 521-2.

p.1195, l.15 Parry, p. 258.

p.1195, l.24 Gamba, pp. 198-9.

p.1195, l.28 Unpublished letter, undated but probably written about the middle of February, Murray MSS.

p.1195, l.30 Gamba, p. 201.

p.1195, l.36 Kennedy, p. 312.

p.1196, l.7 Gamba, p. 203.

p.1196, l.10 Gamba, pp. 204-5.

p.1196, l.17 Gamba, p. 48; Moore, II, 741-2n.

p.1196, l.25 LJ, VI, 336. Letter of March 4, 1824.

p.1196, l.27 Moore wrote on the back of an enclosing envelope (now in the Huntington Library): "Byron's last letter to me written the month before he died." And, not wishing the public to think that Byron's last letter to him was less cordial than former ones, he changed the final salutation to "Ever and affectionately yours" when he printed it.

p.1196, l.31 Writing to Murray on Feb. 25, 1824, Byron said: ". . . on sunday [Feb. 22] we heard that the Vizier is come down to Larissa, with one hundred and odd thousand men." (LJ, VI, 335.)

p.1197, l.7 Letter dated March 16 [Gregorian calendar], Murray MSS. Summarized for me by Mr. George Savidis.

p.1197, l.9 Parry, p. 82.

p.1197, l.17 Stanhope, pp. 157, 303.

p.1197, l.21 Kennedy, p. 289.

p.1197, l.26 LJ, VI, 347. Letter of March 10, 1824.

p.1197, l.28 Millingen, p. 113.

p.1197, l.30 Kennedy, p. 314. Millingen (p. 114) records that Byron also facetiously proposed for a motto from St. Paul's Epistle to the Romans,

which he was fond of repeating since his disillusionment with Corgialeagno in Argostoli: "Between Greeks and Jews there is here no difference."

p.1197, l.35 *Odyssey*, Book XVII, lines 322-3. (Translation by E. V. Rieu, Pelican Classics, p. 228.) Gamba quoted it in his prospectus as: "When man becomes enslaved, Jove deprives him of half his virtues." (Gamba, p. 305.)

p.1197, l.37 Gamba, pp. 305-7.

p.1198, l.6 A copy of the article was made in the neat Greek hand of George Finlay, and it was reprinted in the French newspaper *Le Messager d'Athènes*, published at Athens, April 23, 1929.

p.1198, l.8 Millingen, p. 82. At the end of his copy of the article, now in the library of the British School of Archæology in Athens, Finlay wrote: "In consequence of the insertion of this article No. 20 was seized by the police & cancelled."

p.1198, l.20 Finlay, VI, 326.

p.1198, l.24 Millingen, p. 104.

p.1198, l.30 Kennedy, pp. 310-11.

p.1198, l.35 Millingen, p. 104.

p.1199, l.21 Origo, p. 380.

p.1199, l.29 Gamba, p. 220.

p.1199, l.34 Nicolson, pp. 234-5.

p.1200, l.1 LJ, VI, 352. Letter of March 19, 1824.

p.1200, l.8 Kennedy, p. 313.

p.1200, l.15 Gamba, p. 221.

p.1200, l.22 Gamba, p. 222.

p.1200, l.30 Gamba, pp. 223-4.

p.1200, l.35 Parry, p. 94.

p.1201, l.8 Gamba, pp. 225-6.

p.1201, l.21 Parry, p. 166.

p.1202, l.3 Parry, p. 174.

p.1202, l.10 Parry, p. 211.

p.1202, l.31 Parry, pp. 212-13.

p.1203, l.8 Parry, p. 219.

p.1203, l.15 Kennedy, p. 308.

p.1203, l.30 Parry, pp. 184-5.

p.1203, l.33 Gamba, p. 227.

p.1203, l.37 Gamba, p. 206.

p.1204, l.3 From Mavrocordatos's letter in French, Murray MSS.

p.1204, l.6 Gamba, p. 227.

p.1204, l.9 Gamba, p. 231. Gamba gives a facsimile of the document opposite p. 208.

p.1204, l.21 LJ, VI, 363.

p.1204, l.31 Parry, p. 95. Gamba later told Hobhouse "that occasionally he was afraid Byron's house would be broken into, to obtain his money, which was said to be much more than it really was. The artillery brigade was composed partly to protect him and his dollars." (Broughton, III, 63.)

p.1205, l.11 Parry, p. 193.

p.1205, l.18 In the Murray manuscripts is a letter in Greek from Andreas Zaimis to Byron, dated March 8, 1824 (Gregorian calendar), introducing

his brother John Zaimes, who had been officially appointed a member of the loan delegation.

p.1205, l.26 LJ, VI, 366. Letter of March 31, 1824.

p.1205, l.32 LJ, VI, 367.

p.1206, l.3 Parry, p. 94.

p.1206, l.16 Parry, pp. 106-7.

p.1206, l.36 Finlay, VI, 327.

p.1207, l.6 Mavrocordatos Archives, 154-6, Archives of the State, Athens. Summarized for me by the director, Emm. Protopsaltis. This letter is dated March 26, 1824. This would be April 7, Western calendar.

p.1208, l.9 Nicolson, p. 239.

p.1208, l.14 Gamba, p. 236.

p.1208, l.17 Millingen, p. 122.

p.1208, l.22 Gamba, pp. 237-8.

p.1208, l.26 Gamba, p. 238; Parry, p. 102.

p.1209, l.14 Gamba, pp. 239-40; Millingen, p. 122.

p.1209, l.22 Millingen, p. 124.

p.1209, l.26 Gamba, p. 240; LJ, VI, 370-1.

p.1209, l.38 Millingen, pp. 124-5. The following evening Mavrocordatos informed Byron that the father-in-law of his landlord, one Constantine Volpiotti, then living in Byron's house, was suspected as a spy, and Byron promptly turned him over to the police. (LJ, VI, 371; Gamba, p. 242; Millingen, p. 123.)

p.1210, l.6 Millingen, p. 125.

p.1210, l.17 Millingen, pp. 126-7.

p.1210, l.31 LJ, VI, 434. Letter of Aug. 17, 1824, to Augusta Leigh.

p.1211, l.2 Millingen, p. 128.

p.1211, l.6 Gamba, pp. 247-8; Parry, p. 109.

p.1211, l.7 LJ, VI, 434. This is in Gamba's letter to Augusta of Aug. 17, 1824. He does not mention it in his *Narrative* and may have confused this letter with that which Byron received in February enclosing a portrait and Lady Byron's account of the disposition of Ada.

p.1211, l.10 Gamba, p. 248.

p.1211, l.18 LBC, II, 292. Letter of Feb. 12, 1824. (Date corrected from MS.)

p.1211, l.31 Gamba, pp. 248-9.

p.1211, l.34 Millingen (p. 128) says: ". . . he complained in the evening of shooting pains in his hips and loins. . . ."

p.1211, l.37 Gamba, p. 249.

p.1212, l.4 Fletcher's account, as published in the *Westminster Review*, Vol. II (July 1824), p. 253.

p.1212, l.6 Gamba, who is not too reliable as to dates, records (p. 250) this second ride as taking place on the 11th, but all the other witnesses—Fletcher, Millingen, Bruno, Parry—say it was on the 10th, and this seems likely also because the saddle was wet from the rain of the day before.

p.1212, l.8 Millingen, p. 128.

p.1212, l.24 Millingen, p. 129.

p.1213, l.4 My translation of the manuscript diary of Byron's illness in the neat Italian hand of Dr. Bruno, Murray MSS. Sir Harold Nicolson has

translated a large part of the diary in the last pages of his *Byron: The Last Journey*, but with some omissions here included. Subsequent quotations from the diary will also be my translations from the manuscript.

p.1213, l.10 Parry, pp. 116-17.

p.1213, l.22 Bruno diary, Murray MSS.

p.1213, l.28 Gamba, p. 251.

p.1213, l.32 Parry, p. 118.

p.1214, l.7 Bruno, diary, Murray MSS.

p.1214, l.11 Medwin, II, 236. An acrimonious debate between Bruno and Millingen as to who was responsible for the delay in bleeding Byron took place after his death. See also Millingen, pp. 136-7. Millingen says that he was not called into consultation until Byron himself sent for him.

p.1214, l.18 Parry, p. 118. Although Parry does not mention it, it seems probable that Loukas also had free access to Byron's room.

p.1214, l.24 Parry, pp. 110, 119.

p.1214, l.31 Gamba, p. 252n.

p.1214, l.37 *Westminster Review*, Vol. II (July 1824), p. 254. (Reprinted in Medwin, II, 229.) In his letter of April 20, 1824, to Mrs. Leigh, Fletcher says it was on the third day in the evening that he became very much alarmed and entreated Byron to allow him to send for Dr. Thomas. (Briscoe, p. 278.) But in his account published in the *Westminster Review* he says it was on the 14th that he made that request.

p.1215, l.7 Bruno, diary, Murray MSS.

p.1215, l.13 Gamba, pp. 252-3.

p.1215, l.30 Millingen, pp. 130-1.

p.1216, l.1 Bruno, diary, Murray MSS.

p.1216, l.13 Millingen, pp. 139-40.

p.1216, l.20 Parry, p. 120.

p.1217, l.4 Parry, pp. 112-13.

p.1217, l.18 Parry, pp. 120-1.

p.1217, l.23 Parry, pp. 122-3.

p.1217, l.31 Millingen, p. 141.

p.1218, l.3 Parry, p. 123.

p.1218, l.25 Bruno, diary, Murray MSS.

p.1219, l.4 Millingen, p. 132.

p.1219, l.7 Bruno, diary, Murray MSS. Millingen said they drew out about twenty ounces.

p.1219, l.10 Millingen, p. 132.

p.1219, l.15 Bruno, diary, Murray MSS. Millingen (p. 133) says the second bleeding was on the morning of the 17th. Fletcher, writing to Mrs. Leigh just after Byron's death, says that on the seventh day (April 16) "My Lord still Refused to be Let Blood till at Last I went to his Lordship to not lose one moment in having 6 or 8 ounces took From his Lordship which he at last Consented and the Doctor took at Least 8 ounces which as soon has I saw I said My Lord will Never be better in This world for I saw that his Blood was Quite Gone in such a state of Inflammation that there was not more than $\frac{1}{2}$ an ounce of Reale blood in the 8 ounces." (Fletcher's letter of April 20, 1824, to Augusta Leigh, printed from the manuscript with all the misspellings in Briscoe, pp. 278-9.) Fletcher's

statement that the serum was much better in the second bleeding cannot, of course, stand against the clinical account of Dr. Bruno.

p.1219, l.28 Parry, p. 124.

p.1219, l.36 Briscoe, p. 278.

p.1220, l.3 Gamba, pp. 253-4. In his letter to Augusta Leigh (*LJ*, VI, 436) Gamba says: "He himself wrote a letter to the Turk. . . ." It was probably the last letter he ever wrote.

p.1220, l.32 Bruno, diary, Murray MSS.

p.1221, l.2 Ibid.

p.1221, l.4 Gamba, p. 255.

p.1221, l.9 *Westminster Review*, Vol. II (July 1824), p. 255.

p.1221, l.15 Parry, pp. 124-5.

p.1221, l.18 Medwin, II, 237. Fletcher wrote: "As my master had a slight fit of delirium on the 16th, I took care to remove the pistols and stiletto which had hitherto been kept at his bed side in the night." (*Westminster Review*, Vol. II [July 1824], pp. 255-6.) But Bruno said: "The pistols and stiletto were removed from his Lordship's bed,—not by Fletcher, but by the servant Tita, who was the only person that constantly waited on Lord Byron in his illness, and who had been advised to take this precaution by Dr. Bruno, the latter having perceived that my Lord had moments of delirium." (Medwin, II, 237.)

p.1221, l.33 Gamba, p. 254.

p.1222, l.14 Bruno, diary, Murray MSS.

p.1222, l.20 Millingen, pp. 60-2.

p.1222, l.26 Bruno, diary, Murray MSS.

p.1222, l.28 Gamba, p. 260.

p.1223, l.2 Bruno, diary, Murray MSS.

p.1223, l.12 Ibid.

p.1223, l.18 Millingen, p. 133.

p.1223, l.23 Bruno, diary, Murray MSS.

p.1223, l.25 Gamba, p. 256.

p.1223, l.32 Parry, pp. 125-6.

p.1223, l.35 Gamba, p. 258.

p.1224, l.8 Bruno, diary, Murray MSS.

p.1224, l.26 On Feb. 21, 1824, Orlando and Luriottis signed a contract with Lougham and O'Brien for a loan of £800,000. The terms were usurious. Greece was to receive only £59 out of every £100 share of the stock sold, and they were to pay five-per-cent interest on the whole £800,000. All the national property of Greece, and customs, fisheries, and salt-works especially, were assigned to the lenders as security. The money was to be lodged with Samuel Barff and Count Cæsar Logotheti, a Greek merchant, at Zante, and was to be paid only with the sanction of three commissioners, Byron, Stanhope, and Konduriottes. The first installment of £40, 000 was sent on the *Florida* on March 31, but did not arrive at Zante until April 24, five days after Byron's death. (*LJ*, VI, 359n.)

p.1224, l.29 Gamba, pp. 256-8. Gamba later gave a somewhat different account of this episode to Hobhouse, who recorded in some notes with his diary in the summer of 1824: ". . . the 18th he was up sitting in a chair in another room—he asked if there were any letters for him—there was

one from me which they did not like to show him—and two from Kinnaird which they did not show him, but Prince Mavrocordato read to him a letter which he had received from the metropolitan Ignatius in which were these words—"Lord B enjoys so great a consideration &c that perhaps you had better open your designs to him." This made Byron look up & say, "Oh the damned — they think to take me in, but I'll be too much for them—wait until Hobhouse & Napier come out.""

p.1225, l.2 Milligen, p. 141. Fletcher later told Hobhouse that Byron once said, "Fletcher, if I die in Greece, what will you do with me?" "My Lord," replied Fletcher, "what should we do but take you home?" "Why," said Byron, "it is not worth while to take such a body as this home." But a little afterwards he added, "Perhaps, on the whole, it would be better to do so." (Broughton, III, 60.) This is included in an undated set of notes headed "Lord Byron," probably written shortly after Hobhouse had interviewed Fletcher and others who returned with Byron's body on the *Florida*.

p.1225, l.4 Gamba, pp. 259-60. Gamba, however, seems to have confused this conference with the one of the 17th described by Dr. Bruno.

p.1225, l.18 Gamba, pp. 260-1.

p.1226, l.9 Parry, pp. 126-7.

p.1226, l.11 Hobhouse later wrote: "I heard, on undoubted authority, that, until Lord Byron became delirious, he was perfectly calm; and I called to mind how often I had heard him say that he was not apprehensive as to death itself, but as to how, from physical infirmity, he might behave at that inevitable hour. On one occasion he said to me, 'Let no one come near me when I am dying, if you can help it, and we happen to be together at the time.'" (Broughton, III, 59.)

p.1226, l.24 Gamba, pp. 264-5. In translating this sentence as Pietro Gamba wrote it to Byron's sister (letter of Aug. 17, 1824, Broughton, III, 373) Hobhouse renders it: "I leave those that I love behind me; in other respects I am willing to die." The Marchesa Origo objects to the inaccuracy of the translation of both parts of the sentence. The ending, *Per il resto son contento di morire*, she says, should be translated: "as to the rest, I am *glad* to die." (Origo, p. 383n.) A literal translation of the first part would be: "I leave something dear in the world." But it is still a little ambiguous. The Marchesa Origo implies that he meant *someone*, and suggests that it could have been a last veiled message to Teresa. It is equally possible to suppose that he meant *something*: his work, his efforts for the liberation of Greece? And, of course, we have only Pietro's second-hand report, perhaps from someone who did not understand Italian too well.

p.1226, l.27 LJ, VI, 437. Gamba's letter of Aug. 17, 1824, to Mrs. Leigh.

p.1226, l.35 Parry, pp. 127-8.

p.1227, l.17 Broughton, III, 57-8.

p.1227, l.21 Hobhouse wrote in his account of Byron's last days, after talking with Stanhope: "There was a Greek boy to whom he was much attached—the boy was taken ill—he put him into his bed & laid himself on the floor—he left this boy 3000 dollars advanced by him to [the] town

of Messolonghi." (Account headed "Lord Byron," without date, in the manuscript Hobhouse diary.) Millingen confirms this, but makes the sum 2000 dollars and adds: "He recommended Lucca to send this sum to his mother; a paralytic widow, who had fled from Patras to Ithaca with her daughters and son." (Millingen, p. 139.) Dr. Bruno implies that Byron gave the boy this receipt some time before his last illness. (Manuscript account of Byron in Greece, now among the Byron papers at John Murray's.)

p.1227, l.24 When Byron was dying, Moore recorded, he "told Fletcher there was a box of 8000 dollars, of which Tita was to have 2000, and he, Fletcher, the remainder." (Moore: *Memoirs*, II, 654. Diary entry, Feb. 21, 1828.) But since, according to Parry and other witnesses, Fletcher was in less favor with Byron in his last days than Tita, it seems more probable that if Byron made the offer, Tita and Loukas would have been given preference over Fletcher.

p.1228, l.6 *Westminster Review*, Vol. II (July 1824), p. 256.

p.1228, l.11 Hobhouse account headed "Lord Byron," in Hobhouse diary.

p.1228, l.25 Briscoe, p. 280. Letter of April 20, 1824.

p.1228, l.28 Bruno, diary, Murray MSS.

p.1228, l.33 Hobhouse account headed "Lord Byron," in Hobhouse diary.

p.1228, l.36 Broughton, III, 58-9.

p.1228, l.39 Gamba, p. 266n. Bruno recorded that after the Clyster "there developed more pronounced symptoms of death; in that state of most profound sleep he continued the whole night of the ninth day (18 April) notwithstanding that from his forehead blood was taken continuously by the application of twenty more leeches." (Bruno, diary, Murray MSS.)

p.1229, l.3 Gamba, pp. 256-7.

p.1229, l.15 LBC, II, 294-5. Letter of Feb. 23, 1824.

p.1229, l.24 LBC, II, 299. Letter of Mar. 15, 1824.

p.1229, l.37 *Westminster Review*, Vol. II (July 1824), p. 257.

Notes to Chapter XXX

P.1230, l.5 Millingen, p. 145.

p.1230, l.11 Parry, p. 128n.

p.1230, l.25 Quoted (in translation) in Sotheby's Catalogue of Dec. 19, 1912, p. 35.

p.1231, l.10 Parry, p. 137.

p.1231, l.18 Gamba, p. 269.

p.1232, l.4 Millingen, pp. 142-3.

p.1232, l.8 Nicolson, p. 190. Nicolson was told this by the headmaster of the municipal school in Missolonghi, Aramandios Soustas, who had known the woman's daughter.

p.1232, l.19 Dr. Torti is not mentioned elsewhere in the records of Byron at Missolonghi. Apparently Bruno did not know his first name.

p.1233, l.7 The autopsy has been translated for me from a photostat of Dr. Bruno's Italian manuscript record in the Murray MSS. by Dr. P. D. Genovese of Indianapolis, Indiana. Dr. Bruno's account was given in English in Blaquiery's article in the *Westminster Review* of July 1824, but the items are numbered 1-11 instead of 1-16, and there are a number of variations from the manuscript.

p.1234, l.3 Gamba, p. 270.

p.1234, l.8 Gamba, pp. 269-70; Parry, pp. 135, 140.

p.1234, l.13 Unpublished manuscript, dated April 20, 1824, signed by A. Mavrocordatos and N. Luriottis, Secretary of the Government. Murray MSS.

p.1234, l.16 Unpublished document, Morgan Library.

p.1235, l.5 Unpublished letter, dated April 20, 1824, in the possession of M. Kyriasis, Athens. My translation from the Italian.

p.1235, l.19 The Church of St. Nicholas near the walls of Missolonghi.

p.1235, l.23 Gamba, pp. 274-6.

p.1236, l.6 Notopoulos, pp. 39-40.

p.1236, l.11 The Archives of the State in Athens has preserved a number of letters of provincial leaders commenting on the sorrow of the people and proclaiming a day of mourning. A typical one is from John Cocconis, Eparch of Santorin, to the Greek Home Office, May 27, 1824, saying that the news of Byron's death caused a deep mourning throughout the province. To honor the dead, he says, a requiem was officially sung on May 18. (Summarized from the document for me by Mr. Emm. Protopsaltis, Curator of the Archives, Athens.)

p.1236, l.17 General Archives, Archives of the State, Athens.

p.1236, l.22 Executive files, Archives of the State, Athens.

p.1236, l.30 Archives of the State, Athens.

p.1237, l.11 Trelawny: *Recollections*, pp. 220-1.

p.1237, l.18 Stanhope, p. 322. Letter of April 28, 1824.

p.1238, l.14 Trelawny: *Recollections*, pp. 222-4.

p.1238, l.19 In the *Records* (p. 197) Trelawny says that when he uncovered Byron's feet he discovered that his lameness "was caused by the contraction of the back sinews, which the doctors call 'Tendon Achilles,' that prevented his heels resting on the ground, and compelled him to walk on the fore part of his feet; except this defect, his feet were perfect." But the description given by Newton Hanson as he got it from Dr. Baillie (see Chapter III, p. 54) indicates that Byron's was the common clubfoot with the sole turned inward and the heel drawn up. And this is confirmed by the statements of Byron's father and of Dr. Millingen, the only doctor at the autopsy to comment on it.

p.1238, l.31 Trelawny: *Recollections*, pp. 225-6.

p.1239, l.9 *Letters of Mary W. Shelley*, II, 115-16. Letter of April 30, 1824.

p.1239, l.18 *Ibid.*, II, 117. Mrs. Marshall does not give the date of this letter, but says it was written "four months later" than the one of April 30, 1824.

p.1239, l.28 Unpublished letter of April 27, 1824, Murray MSS.

p.1239, l.31 Hobhouse, undated record of conversations with those who

had come home in the *Florida* with Byron's body, headed "Lord Byron," probably written in July or Aug. 1824.

p.1239, l.37 Quoted in Maggs Bros. Catalogue No. 449, 1924, p. 166. Letter of Sept. 7, 1824.

p.1240, l.2 Gamba, p. 278.

p.1240, l.3 Parry, p. 142.

p.1240, l.5 Parry, p. 143; Blaquiere, II, 49.

p.1240, l.16 Broughton, III, 63.

p.1240, l.17 Gamba (p. 277) says the coffin was not closed until the 29th, but a document dated the 25th (referred to hereafter) says that it was hermetically sealed on that day.

p.1240, l.24 Stanhope, pp. 191-2.

p.1240, l.27 Broughton, III, 60; Parry, p. 143.

p.1241, l.11 LJ, IV, 102. Letter of April 11, 1817.

p.1241, l.14 From a handwritten copy of a contemporary account, Murray MSS.

p.1241, l.18 Gamba, p. 279; Blaquiere, II, 25.

p.1242, l.4 Blaquiere, II, 25.

p.1242, l.5 Stanhope, p. 206.

p.1242, l.12 Stanhope, p. 228.

p.1242, l.14 Blaquiere, II, 31.

p.1242, l.18 Stanhope, p. 228.

p.1243, l.11 Unpublished letter, Hobhouse papers.

p.1244, l.8 From the MS. diary, entry of May 14, 1824. This and subsequent passages are here quoted from the original manuscript. Though much of the material is in Broughton (III, 35ff.), it is there printed with some omissions and additions and is badly garbled.

p.1244, l.14 Marginal note in Hobhouse's copy of Moore, now in the possession of Sir Harold Nicolson.

p.1245, l.8 Hobhouse diary, entry of May 14, 1824.

p.1245, l.12 *Mary Shelley's Journal*, p. 194.

p.1245, l.26 Hobhouse diary, entry of May 15, 1824.

p.1246, l.19 Ibid.

p.1247, l.6 Moore: *Memoirs*, I, 493.

p.1247, l.14 Hobhouse diary, entry of May 15, 1824.

p.1247, l.26 Moore: *Memoirs*, I, 494.

p.1248, l.3 Hobhouse diary, entry of May 16, 1824.

p.1248, l.5 *London Magazine*, Vol. X (Aug. 1824), p. 119.

p.1248, l.13 Tennyson, *A Memoir*, by his son, I, 4.

p.1248, l.19 D. A. Wilson: *Carlyle Till Marriage*, p. 328.

p.1248, l.20 Ibid., p. 327.

p.1249, l.15 Hobhouse diary, entry of May 17, 1824.

p.1251, l.15 Ibid.

p.1251, l.27 Unpublished letter, undated, Murray MSS. The friend of Moore, Hobhouse, and Murray to whom Caroline appealed was a Miss White.

p.1251, l.33 Unpublished letter, undated, Murray MSS.

p.1251, l.37 Ibid.

p.1252, l.8 Hobhouse diary, entry of May 22, 1824.

p.1252, l.15 "To Lord Byron," pp. 119-20. Letter of May 31, 1824.

p.1252, l.28 I have been informed by Bertrand Russell that his grandfather, Lord John Russell, Moore's literary executor, destroyed many papers before his death, and that this Victorian practice was repeated by his son, Bertrand Russell's father. It seems incredible that Byron's letters should have been destroyed. But none of them remain in the Russell archives.

p.1253, l.2 Unpublished letter, undated, Murray MSS. Hobhouse mentions having received the letter in his diary of May 27, 1824.

p.1253, l.9 Hobhouse diary, entry of May 27, 1824.

p.1253, l.17 Hobhouse diary, entry of June 10, 1824. This was the will which Byron made in Aug. 1815, leaving the bulk of his property, after the marriage settlement was provided for, to Augusta and her children.

p.1253, l.30 Hobhouse diary, entry of June 25, 1824.

p.1253, l.37 Hobhouse diary, entry of July 1, 1824.

p.1254, l.6 Stanhope, p. 231.

p.1254, l.27 Hobhouse diary, entry of July 2, 1824.

p.1255, l.26 Hobhouse diary, entry of July 5, 1824. A slight variation (with some omissions) of this account of the arrival of the body of Byron in England is quoted in Nicolson (pp. 272-4) from a 10-page manuscript in Hobhouse's hand in the Murray collection of Byroniana. It may be that Hobhouse wrote that account before he recorded it in his diary; it is dated July 5.

p.1255, l.37 Hobhouse diary, entry of July 5, 1824. The house in which Byron's body was laid was that of Sir Edward Knatchbull, 20 Great George Street.

p.1257, l.14 Hobhouse diary, entry of July 6, 1824.

p.1257, l.26 Hobhouse diary, entry of July 7, 1824.

p.1257, l.30 *Letters of Mary W. Shelley*, I, 297.

p.1258, l.5 *Ibid.*, I, 298. Letter of July 28 [1824]. The idea that Byron mentioned Claire in his dying speech to Fletcher has no other authority than this hint to Mary and may well be suspect. Claire was in Russia, a governess in Moscow, when news of Byron's death spread through Europe. How it affected her at the time no one knows.

p.1258, l.16 Mayne: *Lady Byron*, p. 297. Miss Mayne gives no indication of the source of this account, but it may be a paraphrase of some letter or journal in the Lovelace collection.

p.1258, l.19 Manuscript account, with Hobhouse diary, titled "Lord Byron." (Notes made by Hobhouse after talking with those who returned with Byron's body.)

p.1258, l.23 Hobhouse diary, entry of July 7, 1824.

p.1258, l.26 Hobhouse diary, entry of July 11, 1824.

p.1259, l.28 Unpublished letter, dated July 27, [1824], Morgan Library.

p.1260, l.12 Hobhouse diary, entry of July 12, 1824.

p.1260, l.35 Borrow: *Lavengro*, Chapter XXXIX. These are, of course, the reflections of the hero of the novel, but the experience was Borrow's.

p.1261, l.4 *Letters of Mary W. Shelley*, I, 298. Letter of July 28, [1824].

p.1261, l.19 *LJ*, II, 454.

p.1261, l.33 *Nottingham Journal*, Saturday, July 24, 1824 (reproduced in the same paper, April 19, 1924); Hobhouse diary, entry of July 15,

1824. Hobhouse in his diary refers to the Inn as the "Black Boy," but the contemporary account in the Nottingham paper is probably more reliable.

p.1262, l.5 Ibid.

p.1262, l.12 Hobhouse diary, entry of July 15, 1824.

p.1262, l.21 The *Nottingham Journal* (July 24, 1824) gives full details concerning the order of the procession.

p.1263, l.23 Hobhouse diary, entry of July 16, 1824. The vault was very small, not being able to hold more than three coffins abreast upon the floor. Underneath the coffin of the "Wicked Lord," on which the poet's rested, were the mouldering remains of Richard, the second Lord Byron, who died in 1679, and under the coffin of Catherine Gordon Byron was what remained of Richard's first wife, Elizabeth. Despite the fact that the coffin of Byron's mother was already showing signs of decay, the coffin of his daughter Ada (Lady Lovelace), when she died in 1852, was placed on top of it and next to that of her father. (*Nottingham Journal*, July 24, 1824; Barber, pp. 128-43.)

p.1263, l.29 *Beppo*, stanza 20.

p.1264, l.5 *Childe Harold*, IV, 137.

SOURCES REFERRED TO IN THE NOTES

I. Unpublished Sources

A. ENGLAND

ABINGER PAPERS

- Letters of Mary Shelley to Jane Williams.
- Letters of Mrs. Mason (Lady Mountcashell) to Mary Shelley.
- Letters of Trelawny to Mary Shelley.
- Letters of Claire Clairmont to Mary Shelley.
- Letter of Hobhouse to Mary Shelley.

BRITISH MUSEUM

- Egerton 2611—Original Correspondence of Lord Byron, 1795-1816.
- Egerton 2612-13—Correspondence Relating to Lord Byron, 1782-1816.
- Egerton 2869—Letters of Pope, Dryden, and Byron.
- Egerton 2028—Proof Sheets of Byron's "British Bards," with holograph corrections.
- Add. 36456, 36457, 36462—Vols. I, II, and VII, Broughton Correspondence.
- Ashley 2819-20—Claire Clairmont's diary.
- Ashley 906—Part of Canto II, most of Canto III, of MS. of Leigh Hunt's *The Story of Rimini*, with Byron's comments in pencil.
- Ashley B2777—Rhymed letter of Byron to John Murray, Jan. 8, 1818.
- Ashley 2724, 4131, 4757—Letters of Trelawny.
- Ashley 5033—Letter of Shelley to Byron.
- Ashley 4744, 4751, 2700, 4730, 4740-3, 4745, 4746, 5160-2—Letters of Byron to Hobhouse, John Hay, and John Murray.
- Add. 42093—Letters of Byron to Hobhouse and Kinnaird, Nov. 20, 1816-Dec. 12, 1818.

HOBHOUSE PAPERS

- Hobhouse diary, July 8[7], 1809-July 16, 1824.
- Miscellaneous letters and papers.
- Hobhouse proofs—galley proof copy of letters from Byron to Hobhouse and Kinnaird and a few others, and of Hobhouse's letters to Byron. Except for a few of the letters of Byron to Hobhouse and Kinnaird (Nov. 20, 1816-Dec. 12, 1818), now in the British Museum, these letters are now in the Murray MSS. Note: Quotations from these letters, even when ascribed in the notes to printed sources, have been corrected from the manuscripts.

JOHN CAM HOBHOUSE'S MARGINAL NOTES in his copy of Moore's life of Byron (now in the possession of Sir Harold Nicolson).

MURRAY MSS.

Unpublished or partly unpublished letters of Byron to various correspondents.

Unpublished letters to Byron.

Unpublished letters about Byron.

Hanson papers—business letters and accounts, Newton Hanson manuscript narrative of Byron's early years, Byron's tradesmen's bills, Hanson and Birch accounts.

Italian letters to and about Byron.

Greek letters to and about Byron.

Miscellaneous letters and documents—Newstead Estate, Byron's early years, some material used by Moore, John Hunt's accounts connected with the publication of Byron's works, medical reports on Byron, Byron and Greece, Byron's last days and funeral.

Manuscript recollections of Byron, written by E. J. Trelawny for John Murray, 1832.

NOTTINGHAM FREE PUBLIC LIBRARY

Miscellaneous Byroniana.

Roe-Byron collection at Newstead Abbey.

TRINITY COLLEGE LIBRARY, CAMBRIDGE

MSS. R Z 40 and R Z 40a—Letter of Dr. E. D. Clarke to William Clark, and letters of Byron to Henry Drury and John Hanson (?).

B. ITALY

GAMBA PAPERS, BIBLIOTECA CLASSENESE, RAVENNA

Teresa Guiccioli's manuscript "*La Vie de Lord Byron en Italie*" (almost 1,700 pages in French), referred to in notes as "*Vie*."

Letters of Pietro Gamba to Teresa Guiccioli (copies furnished me by the Marchesa Iris Origo).

KEATS-SHELLEY MEMORIAL, ROME

H. Nelson Gay papers—mostly copies of documents and police reports from the Archives of the Vatican, and from the State Archives of Bologna, Florence, Pisa, Lucca, Livorno, etc., and a vast amount of miscellaneous material gathered by Gay for his unfinished life of Byron in Italy.

Miscellaneous Byroniana, including copies of unpublished letters, and two autograph accounts by Trelawny of the cremation of Shelley and Williams.

ITALIAN ARCHIVES

Copies of letters and documents in various Italian libraries and archives furnished me by the Marchesa Iris Origo.

MUSEO CORRER, VENICE

MS. diary of Emanuele Cicogna.

C. GREECE

ARCHIVES OF THE STATE, ATHENS

Letters and documents relating to Byron's aid to the Greeks in their war for independence.

BRITISH SCHOOL OF ARCHÆOLOGY, ATHENS

George Finlay Collection

Letters of Frank Hastings to Byron.

Journal of Frank Hastings, 1823-4.

COLLECTION OF DAM. KYRIASIS, ATHENS

Letters of Pietro Gamba, written in Italian for Byron, with Byron's English postscripts.

D. UNITED STATES

BERG COLLECTION, NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

MS. memoir of Byron by Henry Long.

Long family papers.

Parts of Hobhouse diary: Jan. 3, 1814-July 1, 1814; March 29, 1815-April 5, 1816.

"Stanzas to the Po," holograph MS.

MS. poem in autograph of Caroline Lamb.

Letters of Byron to various correspondents.

Letters to Byron.

Letters about Byron.

Owen Ruffhead: *The Life of Alexander Pope*. London, 1769. Byron's copy with his MS. notes.

E. H. COLERIDGE'S MARGINALIA in his copy of Moore's life of Byron (now in the possession of James M. Osborn, New Haven, Conn.).

HUGHTON LIBRARY, HARVARD UNIVERSITY

Letters of Byron to various correspondents.

Mme de Staël: *De l'Allemagne*. 3 vols. 2nd ed. London, 1813. With MS. notes by Byron.*The Works of Lord Byron, A New, Revised and Enlarged Edition. Letters and Journals*. Ed. by R. E. Prothero. 6 vols. London and New York, 1898-1901. With MS. marginalia and notes and with copies of additional letters tipped in by Walter Edwin Peck.*The Works of Lord Byron*. Ed. by William Ernest Henley. *Letters, 1804-1813*. New York, 1897. With MS. annotations and copies of additional letters tipped in by Walter Edwin Peck.

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Letters of Byron to various correspondents.

Byron family letters.

Certificate of death of Allegra Byron (in Italian).

Document concerning the death of Allegra Byron (in Italian).

"Epistle to a Friend"—holograph MS.

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Unpublished letter of Byron.

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Family letters of the Byrons.

Byroniana in the Kaye-Dowland Byron Collection.

Fugitive Pieces—Byron's copy with autograph corrections.

Byron: Collection of Autograph MSS.

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Unpublished letter of Byron to Captain Bathurst.

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Byron Family Letters and Documents, 1642-1811.

Letters of Catherine Gordon Byron.

Letters of Byron to various correspondents.

Letters of Lady Byron and Lady Milbanke (Noel).

WILLIAM ANDREWS CLARK MEMORIAL LIBRARY, UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA AT LOS ANGELES

Letters to Byron.

Lady Heathcote's calling card with invitation to Byron to attend a "Waltzing Party." With note by Byron.

YALE UNIVERSITY LIBRARY

Letters of Byron to various correspondents.

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soon bored by Henrietta, 454; not cured of attachment to Augusta, 454; "obstacles, the slightest," stopped him, 452; world-weary mood, 452; letters from unknown ladies, 452; shocked Lady Melbourne, 454; finished *Lara* in month, 455; gave journal to Moore, 455; biographical materials to Moore, 455n; letters to Dallas, 455n; "She walks in beauty" written, 455-6; letters from Mrs. Musters, 456; Charlotte Leveson Gower again, 456; considered making up with Carlisle, 456-7; Caroline troublesome again, 457; "haunted by a skeleton" (Caroline), 458; saw Caroline again, 458; Caroline invaded his chambers, 458; threatened elopement with Augusta, 458; abhorrence of Caroline, 458; "Remember thee," 459; as monk at Wellington ball, 459; scolded Caroline, 459-60; last interview with Caroline, 460n; may have showed Augusta's letters to Caroline, 460n; letters from Harriette Wilson, 460-1; visit to Augusta, 461; delayed visit to Seaham, 461; at Cambridge, 462; took house at Hastings, 462; urged settlement with Cloughton, 463; Mary Chaworth in town, 463; no desire to see Mary in London, 463; to Hastings with Augusta, 463; believed Annabella attached, 464; Annabella "regained truth," 465; Augusta urged him to marry, 465; negotiations with Lady Charlotte, 465; threw bottle of ink out window, 466; Cloughton sacrificed £25,000 to, 466; pursued by Mary Chaworth, 466; confessed love to Annabella, 466; back in London, 466; *Lara* published with *Jacqueline*, 467; accepted £700 for *Lara*, 467; letter from James Hogg, 468; stopped writing Lady Melbourne, 468; ambiguous letter from Annabella, 468; Annabella explained herself, 469; Newstead back in his hands, 469; with Augusta to Newstead, 469-80; silent to Mary Chaworth, 469; good-humored ennui at Abbey, 469; fishing, 470; pistol-shooting, 470; postponed Seaham visit, 470; more self-analysis from Annabella, 470; "your consistency" formidable, 470; "ante-lope" escaped, 471; tentative proposal to Annabella, 471; preparing escape to Mediterranean, 472; liked Hobhouse "better than anybody," 473; proposal accepted, 474-5; "It

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never rains but it pours," 474-5; to be married with Mother's ring, 474-5n; surprised and flattered by acceptance, 475; warmer letter to Annabella, 475-6; "I mean to reform," 477; flippant announcement to Lady Melbourne, 477; "her fault if she don't govern me," 477; earnest desire to please Annabella, 478; clarification and apologia, 478; insisted Annabella be his guide, 477, 478; uneasy in new role, 479; Annabella defended his character, 479; lingered at Newstead, 479-80; back in London, 480; feared trouble from Caroline, 480; wrote Caroline with guarded kindness, 481; Augusta "least selfish person," 482; Hanson's delays, 482; proposed settlement of £60,000, 482; not anxious about Annabella's finances, 482; fretted at public ceremony, 483; paid bets that he would not marry, 483; relied on Annabella to reshape him, 483; head examined by Spurzheim, 483-4; believed good and evil at war in him, 484; irritated with Hanson, 484-5; feared delay of marriage, 485; asked Hobhouse to be "groomsman," 485; visited by Eliza, 485-8; gave Eliza check for £50, 487; his kindness at second visit of Eliza, 487-8; left for Seaham, 488; visited Augusta on way, 488; began *Hebrew Melodies*, 488; in ill-humor, proceeding slowly, 488-9; no poetry or presents to Annabella, 489; meeting with Annabella, 489-90; perplexed by Annabella's silence, 490; suspected Annabella's critical eye, 490; "fear she won't govern me," 491; got on well with Annabella's parents, 491; Annabella's passions stronger than supposed, 491; talked much of Augusta, 491-2; fainted at offer to break engagement, 492; marriage settlement agreed, 491; grave doubts of marriage, 492; tries "eloquence of action," 492-3; urged to leave by Annabella, 493; met Hodgson at Cambridge, 494; Hodgson on Byron's disinterestedness, 494; at Six Mile Bottom, 495; applauded by students at Cambridge, 495; bachelor life in London, 495; dined with Kean, 495; delayed by Hanson and Claughton, 496; Eliza called again, 496; his eyes, 497; kindness to Eliza, 497; chilling manner to Eliza, 497; struggling against feelings, 498; Eliza saw

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passionate love in his look, 498; cold and warm to Eliza, 497-9; "the truly noble Lord Byron," 500; special license from Archbishop, 500; drinking with Moore, 500; proposed postponing wedding, 500; annoyed by idea of wedding bells, 500; Medora resembled Byron's picture, 500-1; name of Medora disused, 501n; Augusta's casual letter to, 501; his departure still uncertain, 501; mutual doubts, 501-2; left for Seaham Christmas Eve, 502; Christmas at Six Mile Bottom, 502; letter withdrawing from engagement, 502-3; "Never was lover less in haste," 503; confessed to Hobhouse he was not in love, 503; "bridegroom more and more less impatient," 503; "indifference, almost aversion," 503; arrival at Seaham, 503; loved Annabella when present, 504; Hobhouse's description of wedding, 504-5; no present to bride, 506; no reception, 506; Hobhouse took melancholy leave, 506
1815: ride to Halmaby, 507-9; petulant and misanthropic statements, 508; conversation in carriage, 508; denied brutal speech in carriage, 508; honeymoon "not all sunshine," 509; arrival at Halmaby, 509; "had Lady B. on the sofa, 510; aversion to seeing woman eat, 510; "hate sleeping with any woman," 510; awoke and thought he was in hell, 510; left bed in fit of melancholy, 510; his irony chilled Annabella, 511; transported by letter from Augusta, 511; his changing moods, 511; called Annabella "Pippin," 511; pleasure in library, 511; unaware of effect of moods on wife, 511; amiable account to Lady Melbourne, 511-12; wrote *Hebrew Melodies*, 512; genial letter on marriage, 512; disturbing nightmares, 512; carried dagger and pistol, 512; hinted at past crimes, 513; forbidden topics and dark secret, 513; wild speeches, 513; began *Parisina*, 513n; maddened by wife's impeccable virtue, 514; talked of his "little foot," 514; his superstitions, 515; horror of being observed by strangers, 514n; maddened by wife's martyrdom, 515; pity for Annabella, 515; his Satanic pose and Calvinism, 515; "The worst of it is, I do believe," 515; "If you wouldn't mind my words," 516; his

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superstitions, 516; temper ruffled by business, 516; return to Seaham, 517; "what subjects to avoid," 517; tension relaxed at Seaham, 517; his Voltairean skepticism, 515; tried to persuade wife he was mad, 516; four years older than Bell, 518; growing fond of wife, 518; "treacle-moon is over," 518; "marry upon lease," 518; ennui of elders, 518; expectations from Milbankes, 518; climbed a rock with dexterity, 519; pistol-shooting, 519; "a good kind Pip," 519; his "child-side," 519; resigned contentment, 520; almost suffocated, 520; sensitive concerning sister, 521; *bouts-rimé* at Seaham, 521; made irascible by money difficulties, 521; debts thirty thousand, 521; barrister to check Hanson accounts, 522; restive in Seaham, 522; suggested Italian tour to Moore, 522; proposed going to town alone, 522; leased London house, 523; with Annabella to see Augusta, 523; increasing fondness for Annabella, 523; irritated with Lady Milbanke, 523; "kindest words" to Annabella, 523-4; met Augusta in blackest humor, 524; cruelty to both A's, 524-5; pointed allusions, 524-5; stayed up with Augusta, 524-5; drank to forget, 525; softened by children, 526; Hobhouse worried by silence, 526; excited by escape of Napoleon, 527; heir expected, 527; "propagate my kind" and then end life, 527n; waved passionately to Augusta, 527; at Piccadilly Terrace, 527; advised Hobhouse not to marry, 527; encouraged Coleridge, 528; back in London life, 528; against letting Augusta come, 528-9; met Scott at Murray's, 529; admired by Scott, 529; stumping down stairs with Scott, 529; his libertarianism irked Scott, 529; "a patrician on principle," 529-30; Scott on his melancholy, 530; mutual admiration with Scott, 530; tenderness to Annabella, 530; creditors descended on him, 531; *Hebrew Melodies* published, 531; appeared happily married, 531-2; on sub-committee of Drury Lane, 532; heard *Christabel* at lunch with Scott, 532; at House of Lords, 533; visited by George Ticknor, 533; visited by Mrs. Siddons, 534; visited Leigh Hunt, 535; at Maida Vale with Hunt, 535; read MS. of *Story of Rimini*, 535;

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meeting with Caroline, 536; sober views on Waterloo, 537; nearly joined Hobhouse abroad, 537; on Louis XVIII and Talleyrand, 537; financial embarrassments, 538; advised Hobhouse: "marry not," 540; threat of executions, 540; visit to Augusta, 540; affectionate notes to Annabella, 540; offended with Augusta, 541; proposed "*lark*" to Edinburgh, 539; absorbed in Drury Lane, 539; Newstead bought in at auction, 539-40; increasing financial difficulties, 540; gained nothing from Wentworth estate, 538; new will, 538; codicil providing for Allegra, 538n; offered use of Seaham, 538; meant to have Lady Noel at Seaham, 539; asked Moore and wife to visit, 539; petulant abuse of Noels, 541; temper up and down, 541; move to Seaham stopped by executions, 541; growing interest in Drury Lane, 541; sought new talent, 541; read hopeless manuscripts, 542; invited Coleridge to send drama, 542; compliments to Coleridge, 542-3; unconscious plagiarism of *Christabel*, 543; victim of sleepless nights, 543; daily and nightly session at theater, 543; pity for Annabella, 544; "my destiny to ruin all I come near," 544; sitting late with Kinnaird, 544; dispute with Hunt over Wordsworth, 544; sent Hunt corrected copy of *English Bards*, 545; *Siege of Corinth* completed, 545; "habitual passion for Excitement," 545; bailiff in house, 545-6; eight or nine executions in year, 546n; mobility of his temper, 547; most easily to be managed, 547; Fletcher on ease of management of Byron by women, 547; Annabella's calmness piqued him, 547; happy in marriage if temper had been better, 547; did not dine with wife, 548; "don't marry," 548; threat to go abroad, 548; to sell books, 548; Murray sent £1,500, 548; returned Murray's bills, 548; liaison with Susan Boyce, 548-50; lost interest in liaison, 549-50; scenes in theater, 550; "a transient piece of mine," 550; sent Susan money from abroad, 550; desperation turned to cruelty, 550-1; cruel to Augusta, 551; dramatic pseudo-repentance, 551; finished *Parisina*, 551; drunken argument at Kinnaird's, 551-2; threatened to bring mistress

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into house, 552; Annabella believed him temporarily insane, 552; talked of going abroad, 552; made wife scapegoat, 552; outbursts of frustration and anger, 553; supposition of insanity, 553; drank soda water during wife's labor, 553; pleased with his daughter, 554; anxious for son, 554; Ada a family name, 554; erratic behavior increased, 555; talked of necessity of breaking up establishment, 555; half mad with pecuniary troubles, 555; his wife "best creature breathing," 555; paroxysms of frenzy, 555; his fits of vexation and rage, 556; apology for saying wife was in the way, 556; fifty guineas to Maturin, 556; Murray sent thousand guineas for poems, 556; refused money for writings, 556; creditors staved off by loan, 556; household shocked and frightened, 556; Annabella wanted proof of insanity, 556; proposed wife precede him to country, 557; "500 contradictory contemplations," 557; asked Annabella to fix day of leaving, 557-8; to break up establishment, 558; altercation and reconciliation, 558; his supposed mental malady, 558; Dr. Baillie consulted, 558; trunks and letters opened, 558-9; his laudanum and *Justine* found, 559n; wife sought proof in medical journal, 559; Dr. Baillie declined opinion on, 558, 560; Hanson feared wife intended personal restraint, 560; wife gazed at him with pity and anxiety, 561; hysterical on seeing Kean as Sir Giles Overreach, 561n; on conjugal terms with Annabella, 561; refused sentimental parting, 561-2 1816: affectionate letters from wife, 563-4; desired at Kirkby Mallory, 564; desire for male heir, 564; invited to Kirkby, 565; mental-illness theory given up, 565; returned to bachelor life, 567; delayed going to country, 567; asked Murray to help Godwin, 567-8; scheme to help Godwin, 567-8; angry at Murray's refusal, 568; his sanity debated, 568-9; Le Mann discovered no lunacy, 569; his wild talk noted, 569; Lady Noel thought not mad but bad, 570; agitated by Sir Ralph's letter, 571; declined until Byron had "her express sanction," 572; wrote guarded letter to Annabella, 573; blamed Lady Noel and Mrs. Clermont, 573;

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could not guess immediate cause, 573; sought Annabella's expressed wish, 573; shaken by Annabella's two letters, 575; last appeal to Annabella, 575; sincerity basic in his character, 575; "mutual endearments" recounted, 576; rumors abroad, 576; *Siege* and *Parisina* out, 576; Hodgson feared Byron's suicide, 576; crying in his room, 577; confessed to Hobhouse, 577; now acquiesced to separation, 577; £2,000 bill from coachmaker, 578; explanation from Annabella, 578; "He *does* know," 579; Hobhouse told him worst he had heard, 579; last appeal to Annabella, 579; asked about child, 579; £100 to Coleridge, 580; verses to Lady Frances Webster, 580-1; indelicate images in conversation, 582; crude references to incest, 582; rumors about him and Mrs. Leigh, 583; Lord Holland a mediator, 583; "let them go into court," 583; asked Annabella for interview, 583; aware of rumors, 583; *Rimini* dedicated to him, 583; received separation proposal, 584; rejected proposal, 584; promised separation if Lady Byron's own will, 585; sought Wilmot as mediator, 585; letter from Caroline, 585; rumors about him and Mrs. Leigh, 585n; Caroline denied spreading rumors, 585; acceded to separation, 585; library attached, 586; "tenth execution," 586; indignant at terms of separation, 587; denial of rumors a condition of the separation, 587; basis for legal separation agreed upon, 590; "in great spirits" at going abroad, 590; sent Murray screen, 591; letter to Hogg, 591; love letter from unknown girl, 591; second letter asks appointment, 591; Claire Clairmont called, 592; referred Claire to Kinnaid, 593; Byron pursued by Claire, 593-4; Claire told him of Shelley, 593-4; his gentleness and kindness, 594; "could love anything," 594; offered Drury Lane box to Claire and Shelley, 594; never in love with Claire, 594n; "Fare thee well!" 595; sent verses to Annabella and Murray, 595; "A Sketch from Private Life," 596; very ill, 597; adherence of old friends, 597; took blame to himself, 597; showed Hunt Lady Byron's letters, 597; made confidant of everyone, 597; conver-

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sation with Coleridge, 597; Coleridge's description of, 597n; admired "Kubla Khan," 597; comment on Coleridge, 598; books sold at auction, 598; cut at Lady Jersey's party, 598-9; Miss Elphinstone kind to him, 598-9; found Augusta a "tower of strength," 601; remorse for grief caused Augusta, 601; final letter to Annabella, 601; "be kind to her [Augusta]," 601; attacked for publication of "Farewell" and "Sketch," 601-2; Byron exaggerated the obloquy heaped on him, 602; compared to Nero, etc., 602n; rumor of intrigue with Mrs. Mardyn, 602n; not under shadow of obloquy, 602n; praised by Burdett, 602n; preparations for going abroad, 602; engaged Dr. Polidori, 602-3; his Napoleonic coach, 603; Claire brought Mary Godwin, 603-4; Claire's plan to meet him in Geneva, 604; liaison with Claire, 605; signed deed of separation, 605; many visitors, 606; refused transit through France, 606n; visit of Nathan, 606; to Dover in Napoleonic coach, 607; bailiffs in Piccadilly house, 607; at Churchill's grave, 607-8; curious ladies at inn, 608; through lane of spectators to boat, 608; waved cap to Hobhouse, 608; agitation gave "a rebound," 609; *Childe Harold* again, 609; end of an epoch, 609; destination Venice, 609; seasick, 610; at Ostend, 610; "fell like a thunderbolt" on maid, 610; disliked flat landscape, 610; detested Flemish school, 610; Rubens a nightmare, 610; carriage broke down, 610; met Pryse Gordon at Brussels, 611; at Waterloo, 611; rode over field of Waterloo, 611; sang Turkish songs, 611; stanzas on Waterloo, 611-12; tribute to "gallant Howard," 612; stanzas on Napoleon, 612-13; on road to Rhine, 613; portrayed in Caroline Lamb's *Glenarvon*, 615-16; Claire carrying his child, 618n; at Drachenfels, 619; deflated Polidori, 619; in Switzerland, 619; picked up bones at Morat, 620; arrived at Dejean's Hotel, 620; note from Claire, 620; saw Villa Diodati, 621; met Shelley party, 621; at soiree in Geneva, 622; met Hentsch, 622; met Rossi and Bonstetten, 622; cemented friendship with Shelleys, 623; searching for house, 623; discussions with

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Shelley, 624, 626; new stanzas of *Childe Harold*, 624; dosed with Wordsworth by Shelley, 624; leased Villa Diodati, 625; bought boat, 625; moved into Villa Diodati, 625; conversations at Diodati, 626; disgusted with Polidori, 626; renewed relations with Claire, 627; gossiped about in Geneva, 627; his thinning diet, 628; chewing tobacco and smoking cigars, 628; daily routine, 628; ghost stories at Diodati, 628-9; nicknamed Albè, 629n; recited *Christabel*, 629-30; on tour of lake with Shelley, 630-2; in storm with Shelley, 630; visited milieu of *Nouvelle Héloïse*, 630-1; castle of Chillon, 631; more *Childe Harold*, 631-2; admired Rousseau as libertarian, 632; Clarens, Vevey, Ouchy, 632; "Prisoner of Chillon" begun, 632; saw Gibbon's garden, 632; 117 stanzas of third canto, 632; return to Diodati, 632; third canto completed, 633; address to daughter, 633; gave poems to Claire to copy, 633; frequent visitor at Coppet, 633-4; consulted Shelleys on Claire, 634; Claire not allowed at Diodati, 634; Shelley called Byron "mad as the winds," 634; relieved at departure of Shelleys, 634; caused Mrs. Hervey to faint at Coppet, 634-5; heard of *Glenarvon*, 635; pleased with society at Coppet, 635; met di Brene at Coppet, 636; *Monody* on death of Sheridan, 636; composed "The Dream," 637; idealization of Mary Chaworth, 637; in dejection wrote "Darkness," 637; read *Glenarvon*, 642; "I did not sit long enough," 642; spurious verses attributed to him, 642; disputed *Adolphe* with de Staël, 642-3; at summer festival of Hentsch, 643; with Shelley party again, 643; arrangements for Claire, 643-4; avoided seeing Claire alone, 643-4; annoyed by Polidori, 644; with Lewis to Ferney, 644; masculine evenings at Diodati, 644; heard parts of *Faust*, 644; learned of wife's illness, 644; reconciliation fostered by de Staël, 644-5; changing moods concerning wife, 645; "Epistle to Augusta," 645; Augusta "starting at shadows," 645; Hobhouse and Davies at Diodati, 645-6; wrote Claire only through Shelley, 646; sent poems to England by Shelley, 646-7; tour to Chamouni, 647; scratched

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out "Atheist" by Shelley's name, 647; disturbed by stories in England, 647; sent Rushton and MSS. to England, 647; told Augusta of liaison with Claire, 648; heart broken by separation, 648; thought Caroline had upset Augusta, 649-50; lines on Lady Byron's illness, 650; de Staël failed at reconciliation, 650-1; visited by Karvellas brothers, 651; corrosion of his feelings about wife, 651; dismissed Polidori, 651; generous to Polidori, 651; got "attached to people," 651; tour of Bernese Oberland, 651-4; journal for sister, 652-4; returned to Diodati, 654; 1,500 guineas offered for poems, 654; Shelley urged "some greater enterprise," 655; poetic drama conceived in Alps, 655, 656; protest against Ada leaving England, 655-6; "whole hope" in Ada, 656; reflection of his mind in *Manfred*, 656; "half deity" not enough, 657, 659; affectionate leave of de Staël, 659; left for Venice, 659; first drafts burned, 659; to Milan by Simplon Pass, 660; met Polidori, 661; box at La Scala, 661; met di Breme, 661; at Ambrosian Library, 661, 662; letters of Lucretia Borgia, 662; took hair of Lucretia, 662; dined with di Breme, 662; met Monti, 662; met Henri Beyle, 663; foibles noted by Beyle, 663-4; taste for Milan society, 664; diffidence with women, 664; losing hair and teeth, 665-6; love letter from Claire, 666; protested Polidori's arrest, 667; dislike of Austrians, 667; watched by Austrians, 668; quick changes of mood, 668; and Venetian dialect, 668-9; set out to Venice, 669; saw tomb of Capulets, 669; impressed by Venice, 670; and learned Greeks, 670; at Marciana Library, Doge's Palace, 670; met Dr. Aglietti, 670-1; at San Lazzaro, 671; lodgings with Segatis, 671; Venice "greenest island," 671; chose Venice "as nobody walks there," 671; in love with Marianna Segati, 672; met Countess Albrizzi, 672; pleased with Venice, 671-3; studying Armenian, 673; "mind wanted something craggy," 673; spoke Italian more fluently than accurately, 673; would never willingly dwell in "tight little island," 673; consoled by Marianna, 674; a new baby B., 674; Armenian-English Grammar,

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675-6; success of third canto, 676-7 1817: "the Carnival's coming," 678; third canto his best, 680; feared omissions, 680; half mad while writing 3rd canto, 681-2; finished *Manfred*, 683; debilitated by Carnival, 684; Armenian study suspended, 685; protested wife's harshness, 686; his inertia, 686; ill with fever, 686; tired of formal society, 687; contemplated suicide, 688; turn devout at thirty, 688; painted by Prepiani, 689; uncertain about *Manfred*, 689; on road to Rome, 689-90; *Lament of Tasso*, 689-90; paintings in Florence, 690; in Rome, 690-4; rewrote 3rd act of *Manfred*, 691; sightseeing, 691; saw "Blue-bore Sotheby," 692; dangerous to look at, 692; on Southey's apostasy, 692; equivocation about Ada, 693; sat to Thorwaldsen, 693; witness to public execution, 694; proposed placing daughter in convent, 695; never attached to Claire, 695; returned to Marianna, 695; must sell Newstead, 696; money from poems, 696; Augusta full of "megrimms and mysteries," 696-7; villa at La Mira, 697; riding at La Mira, 698; *Manfred* published, 698; daring speculations, 698-9; incest theme discovered, 699; 4th canto of *Childe Harold* begun, 699-700; Lewis in Venice, 700; on *Lalla Rookh*, 700; verses to Moore, 700; reading Boccaccio with Marianna, 701; composing 4th canto, 701; deepest feelings revealed, 701-2; routine at La Mira, 703; Lewis and Hobhouse at La Mira, 703; making assignments, 704; his generosity, 704; met Margarita Cogni ("La Fornarina"), 704-5; statement on separation, 706; more stanzas for 4th canto, 706; death of de Staël, 707; verses on Polidori, 707; August at La Mira, 707; Segati's story of Turk, 707-8; basis of *Beppo*, 708-9; Frere as model, 708-9; new satiric style, 709; Venetian manners satirized in *Beppo*, 710-12; imitation of *Whistlercraft*, 712; added stanzas to 4th canto, 712; asked 2,500 guineas for 4th canto, 713; leased villa at Este, 714; vexed by Marianna, 714-15; ceased to care for wife, 715; in Venice with Kinnairds, 715; visitors at La Mira, 715-16; visited by Ticknor, 716; plan to visit United States, 716; journey to Este, 716-17; moved to Venice, 717; horses on Lido, 717;

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Augusta's "crinkum crankum," 717; Newstead sold to Wildman, 718; liquidation of debts, 718; asked Shelley to send Alba, 718; chose name of Allegra, 719
 1818: 4th canto to England, 720; Hobhouse departed, 720; originally man of much feeling, 720; the Carnival again, 721; liaison with Marianna wearing out, 721; solace in Carnival, 721; sent *Beppo* to Murray, 722-3; a new intrigue, 723; rather "die standing," 723; closer to Hoppner, 723; at Albrizzi's, 723; met Teresa Guiccioli, 723-4; gonorrhea, 724; wrote caustic lines on Rogers, 724; met Benzoni, 725; passed from Albrizzi to Benzoni circle, 726; annoyed by Albrizzi's character sketch, 726; on Italian writers, 727-8; "an author that's all author," 728; and Giordani, 728; gave Marianna *congé*, 730; leased Palazzo Mocenigo, 730; provisions for Allegra, 730; illegitimate children, 731; facetious about Allegra, 731; reproachful letter from Claire, 731; resolved not to see Claire, 732; invited to meet Shelleys at Milan, 732; sent messenger for Allegra, 732-3n; Allegra sent to, 734; Claire still in love with, 734; maddened by Claire's importunities, 734; fondness for daughter, 735; publication of *Beppo* and 4th canto, 735-6; reaction to *Beppo*, 735-6; and Hobhouse's notes, 736; praised Foscolo's essay, 737; delight in quarrel of Hobhouse and di Breme, 737; on death of Lady Melbourne, 737-8; rode with Hoppner and Scott, 738; met Mengaldo, 738; swimming contest, 738-40; debilitated by love-making, 739n; escapades with women, 740; Arpalice Taruscelli, 740; in Palazzo Mocenigo, 740; mock account of death, 740-1; dawn over Grand Canal, 741; his menagerie, 741; servants devoted, 740-1; Tita, 741-2; neglect by friends in England, 742; satire on Sotheby, 742; irritation with Hunt, 742-3; irritated by Murray's silence, 743; threat to give work to Longman, 743; malice melted, 743; hint of *Don Juan*, 743; considered writing memoirs, 743-4; pain of parting with Newstead, 744; "bloated and heavy," 745; éclat of scandals, 746; annoyed by curious English, 746; Glenbervie's account of, 746; contented with Venice,

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746-7; had 200 women, 747; Allegra taken by Hoppners, 747; Byron spent £5,000 in two years abroad, 747; Shelley and Claire arrive, 747-8; with Shelley on Lido, 748; *Julian and Maddalo*, 748-9; conversations with Shelley, 748-9; offered Shelley villa at Este, 749; Allegra sent to Este, 749; first canto of *Don Juan*, 749-50; plans for poem, 750; satire on wife in *Don Juan*, 751-2; indignant at Southey's "incest" stories, 752-3; showed Shelleys new poems, 754; history of Cogni affair, 754-7; and fooleries of Cogni, 755; in peril in gondola, 755-6; sent Cogni home, 756; with Shelley, 757; Allegra returned, 757; Shelley on Byron's women, 757; annoyed with Hanson, 757; "mighty mitigable devil," 758; Hansons in Venice, 758; mixed emotions on meeting, 758; at worst physically, 759; squelched Hanson's hope to reconcile the Byrons, 759; bitter on death of Romilly, 759-60; codicil to will, 760; business entrusted to Hobhouse and Kinnaird, 760; disposal of Newstead money, 760; financial situation, 760-1; his finances outlined by Kinnaird, 760-1; payment of Hanson deferred, 761; to get £3,300 income, 761; sent poems to England, 762; praised Hobhouse's talents, 762; began 2nd canto of *Don Juan*, 762
 1819: friendship with Mengaldo, 762-3; protested cutting *Don Juan*, 763-4; "entire horse, or none," 764; will not give way to cant, 764; friends fear for reputation, 764-5; advised to suppress *Don Juan*, 765; misunderstood English moral temper, 765-6; wanted fifty copies, 766; protested friends' decision, 766; *Don Juan* "most moral of poems," 766; his casino, 767; bored by Mengaldo's sermons, 767; named his mistresses, 767; *Don Juan* must be published, 768-9; debts still unpaid, 769; £5,000 to Hanson, 769; fear of the Funds, 769; "shan't make *Canticles* of my cantos," 770; no "damned cutting and slashing," 770; *Don Juan* a "Human" poem, 770; ribaldry on Caroline, 770-1; pleasures of Venice palling, 771-2; dismissed Cogni, 771; intrigue with Angelina, 771-2; physically and emotionally weary, 773; with Scott

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at Benzoni's, 773; meeting with Teresa Guiccioli, 773-4; did not want new liaisons, 774; celestial apparition to Teresa, 775; captivated by Teresa, 775; resolution not to seek new liaison evaporated, 776; private meeting with Teresa, 776; at his casino, 777; first step taken, 777; realistic account of liaison, 777; amused by Teresa's lack of tact, 777; demurred at becoming *cavalier servente*, 777-8; tongues wagging about, 778; aided by Fanny Silvestrini, 778; met Teresa in gondola, 778-9; ten days of bliss, 779; shaken by seriousness of liaison, 779; uneasy in code of *serventismo*, 779; uncertain about Count Guiccioli, 779; proud of conquest, 781; "the proper consummation," 781; last evening with Teresa, 781-2; farewell to Teresa, 782; love letter in Italian, 782-3; disconsolate in Venice, 783; did not mean to love any more, 783; perturbed by Teresa's lack of caution, 784; postponed going to Ravenna, 784; "Stanzas to the Po," 784; warned by Hobhouse against liaison, 785; adventure "past preventing," 785; not father of the foetus, 785n; Augusta one satisfactory love, 785; Teresa reminded him of Augusta, 786; slipped back to libertine habits, 786; adventure with Angelina, 786-7; tumbled into Canal, 787; *Vampyre* ascribed to him, 787; generosity to Fanny, 788; preparations for departure, 788-9; growing menagerie, 789; starting in no good humor, 789; "the most constant of men," 789-90; at Count Mosti's, Ferrara, 790; Certosa cemetery, 790; at Bologna, 790; preparing to return, 790; at Bologna cemetery, 791; headed for Ravenna, 791; at Albergo Imperiale, 791; met Count Alborghetti at theater, 792; overcome by news of Teresa's serious illness, 792; love stronger than ever, 792; tears of blood, 793; saw Teresa in bed, 793; frustration of situation, 793; suggested an elopement, 793; tension lessened, 793; carriage ride with Teresa, 794; *Prophecy of Dante* suggested by Teresa, 794; Teresa's health improved, 794; read Dante with Teresa, 794-5; translated Francesca episode, 795; insecurity and frustrated, 795; suggested elopement again, 795; resisted *ser-*

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ventismo, 795; cuckolded count in own house, 795; eschewed Ravenna society, 795-6; Alborghetti arranged meeting with Cardinal, 796; declined Cardinal's party, 796; concerned about Teresa's health, 796; sent for Dr. Aglietti, 796-7; feared Teresa had consumption, 797; "daily interviews" with Teresa, 797; Teresa his last attachment, 797; remnant of cynical distrust, 798; flirted with Vicari, 798; Teresa improved, 798; amatory business goes on, 798; scandalous tales of, from Pietro Gamba, 798-9; his goodness of heart, 799; angered by Hoppner's letter on Teresa, 799; defended vanity to Scott, 799-800; on point of poisoning self, 800; not indifferent to Teresa, 800; tortured by jealousy, 800; alone with Teresa in pineta, 801; thoughts turned back to Annabella, 801; letter to Augusta, 801-2; invited Augusta and husband to Italy, 801; Teresa disturbed by Byron's thoughts of wife, 801; cynical account of to Augusta, 802; to cut ties with Venice, 803; problem of Allegra's care, 803; Mrs. Vavassour's offer of adoption, 803; Hoppners suggested Switzerland, 803; Elise dismissed, 803; two cantos of *Don Juan* published, 804; reception of *Don Juan*, 804; agitated by verses on Guiccioli, 805; popular in Ravenna, 805; to meet Guicciolis in Bologna, 805; moments delicious and dangerous, 806; "farewell, my torment," 806; followed Guicciolis to Bologna, 806; convulsed at Alfieri's *Mirra*, 806; "don't ask me to alter," 807; "scorched and drenched," 807; plan of *Don Juan*, 807; "giggle and make giggle," 807; asked for consulate for Guiccioli, 808; watched by Austrian police, 808; took Palazzo Merandoni, 809; sent for Allegra, 809; Allegra arrived—like Papa, 811; in Guiccioli palace, 812; Count's complaisance, 812; refused Guiccioli's request for loan, 812; left for Venice with Teresa, 812-13; visit to Arqua, 813-14; gratitude of innkeeper at Padua, 814; warned of gossip by Benzoni, 814; counseled prudence, 815; stopped at La Mira, 815; offered to take Teresa to Garda and Como, 815; at Palazzo Mocenigo with Teresa, 815; at La Mira with Teresa, 815-16; told Te-

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resa of separation, 817; ignorant of cause of separation, 817; thinking of South America, 817-18; longed to escape, 818; considered return to England, 818; taste for revolution abated, 819; relief in self-expression, 819; visit of Moore, 820-2; fatter in person and face, 820; long hair, 820; with Moore in Venice, 820-2; painted with mustache by D'Auria, 820; his menagerie, 821; developing miserly habits, 821; felt "fixed hostility" in England, 821; gave Memoirs to Moore, 822; not confessions, 822; thought Venetians rascals, 822-3; Edgcombe's peculations, 823; prosecution of Merryweather, 823; ribald defense of *Don Juan*, 824; confined to "strictest adultery," 824; battle over Teresa, 825; asked not to return to Ravenna, 825; awkward evidence of doors locked, 826; advised Teresa to return to Count, 827; promised Count not to disturb his family, 827; wretched and low, 827; to quit Italy, 827; contemplated duel with Brougham, 827-8; delayed by Allegra's illness, 828; farewell to Teresa, 828; announced return to Augusta, 828; plunged into *Don Juan* again, 830; feared loss of right to Ada, 830; ordered suppression of poem, 830; put off voyage to England, 831; Teresa ill, Gamba begged him to come, 831; "Love has gained the victory," 831; Christmas Eve in Ravenna, 832; acknowledged *cavalier servente*, 833; resistance to *serventismo*, 833; Guiccioli polite and inscrutable, 833

1820 social life in Ravenna, 834; seeking Irish mortgage, 835; friction with Teresa, 835; sensitive to slights, 836; reproached Teresa, 836; attachment neither blind nor microscopic, 836, 838; chafed at *serventismo*, 837; offered upper floor of Guiccioli palace, 837; hesitant to accept, 838; distrust of Teresa's candor, 838; argument over suspected maid, 838; Teresa won again, 838; accepted offer on Count's terms, 838-9; moved into Guiccioli palace, 839; his menagerie, 839; temper improved, 839; secret meetings with Teresa, 839; pleasant routine, 839; 3rd and 4th cantos of *Don Juan*, 839-40; Claire's "Hints for *Don Juan*," 840; Caroline as *Don Gio-*

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vanni, 840; on Italian manners, 841; his aristocratic liberalism, 841; disturbed by Hobhouse's low company, 842; for the "genteel" reformers, 842-3; accused of ingratitude by Dallas, 843-4; devoted to Teresa as wayward child, 844; embroiled with Guiccioli, 844; reply to *Blackwood's*, 845-6; apology for failure to follow Pope, 845-6; Keats "a tadpole of the Lakes," 846; interest in Italian politics, 848; in expectation of a row, 849; souring relations with Cardinal, 849; writing enthusiasm dulled, 850; "break off—to break a commandment," 850; care of Allegra, 850; Claire threatened visit, 850; gossip carried by Elise, 850; Claire's threat to take Allegra, 851; on Shelleys' treatment of children, 851; England or convent for Allegra, 851; starvation and no Deity, 851; harsh letter on Claire, 851-2; quarrel with Guiccioli, 852; Count asks Byron to cease visits, 852-3; "taken *quasi* in the fact," 853; offered to withdraw, 853; his conventionality, 854; distaste for scenes, 854; counseled caution to Teresa, 854-5; spied on by servants, 855; secret meetings, 855; Guiccioli sought interviews, 856; Guiccioli asked him to leave, 856; implicated in separation quarrel, 858; clerical party trying to oust him, 858; his servants molested, 858; petition against his liveries, 858; secret meetings with Teresa, 859; gave up Palazzo Mocenigo, 859; disturbed by Teresa's weakness, 859; promise to be Teresa's husband, 860; plan to escape if separation failed, 860; early news of separation, 860; restrictions on seeing Teresa, 860; offered settlement, 861; visits not encouraged by Gamba, 862; fears for Teresa, 862; sent cook for guard, 862; affectionate banter to Teresa, 863; manner of husband, 863; search for summer house for Allegra, 863; literary work, 863; *Marino Faliero* finished, 864; felt deprivation of love-making, 865; met Pietro Gamba, 865; friendship with Pietro, 865-6; initiated into Carboneria, 866; chief of "Mericani," 867; associated with aristocratic leaders, 867; activities known, 867; his letters opened by police, 867; house for Allegra, 867-8; followed by Guiccioli's spies, 868; re-

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assured Augusta on loan, 869; first visit to Teresa, 869; "inoculated into a family," 869-71; sensitive to age, 871; loved Augusta "better than any earthly existence," 869; sent *Adolphe* to Teresa, 871-2; callous to Teresa's feelings, 872; watched eclipse at Filetto, 872-3; irritated by news of arrival in London, 873; on contemporary poetry, 873-4; Keats's "*p-ss a bed* poetry," 873-4; satire on Rogers sent to Murray, 874; *Hints from Horace* revived, 874; provoking letters from Claire, 874-5; appealed to Shelley about Claire, 874-5; defended Shelley against Hoppner, 875-6; Allegra shall be Christian and married, 876; believed story tentatively, 876-7; gathering evidence for *Queen*, 877; on Italian courage, 878; suspected of complicity in plot, 878-9; counseled prudence, 879; rebuked Teresa for writing Count, 880; melancholy disease, 880; playful letter to Augusta, 880-1; on Lady Byron's obstinacy, 881; on his menagerie, 881; considered joining Neapolitans, 881; French translation of works, 881-2; *Don Juan* too true, 883; feared loss of Ada, most sincere expression in *Don Juan*, 883; praise of Goethe, 883; 5th canto begun, 883; suppressed "*Semiramis*" stanza, 884; continuation of *Memoirs*, 884-5; for posthumous publication, 885; eager to help Moore, 885; willing for *Memoirs* to be read, 885; hint of content of *Memoirs*, 885n; urged Murray to pay Moore, 885n; *Memoirs* read by many in Paris, 885n; ire stirred by Bowles's attack on Pope, 885-6; on Keats, 886; "like the tyger (in poesy)," 886-7; order to disarm his servants, 887; boasted of danger, 887; taunted with laziness by Hobhouse, 887-8; divide parts of "player and poet," 888; complimented Hobhouse, 888; advised prudence to Teresa, 888; secrets from Alborghetti, 888-9; squabbles fixed on his servants, 889; threat to shut Teresa in convent, 889; news of Queen's acquittal, 889; commandant shot before door, 890; his care of dying officer, 890; a queer revolutionary, 890; his humanity blurred partisan picture, 891; dream of returning to England, 892; scheme for joint pa-

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per with Moore, 892; 5th canto sent to Kinnaird, 893
1821: pains of composition, 894; began a journal, 894; daily routine, 895; cogitations on drama, 895; self-resemblance in *Sardanapalus*, 895; narrowed social life, 895; boredom reflected in journal, 896; inebriated by dose of salts, 896; exhilarated by prospect of fighting, 896; Neapolitan address, 896-7; address entrusted to Gigante, 897; news of Laibach, 897; more love in *Sardanapalus*, 897; revelation of self in *Sardanapalus*, 897; love and fear of stage, 897-8; protests acting of *Marino Faliero*, 898; Carbonari have no plan, 898; invited to Corfu by Osborne, 899; thoughts of escape, 899; plan to meet Hoppner, *solus*, 899; ambitious literary projects, 899; idea of *Cain*, 899; first letter on Bowles, 900-1; attacked English cant, 900; Bowles's cant about nature, 900-1; Pope national poet of mankind, 901; to place Allegra in convent, 901; Juan to tour Europe and end in Hell, 902; the "*poetry of politics*," 902-3; "*plan* has missed," 903; opera and macaroni for Italians, 903; sent Allegra to Bagnacavallo, 903-4; protest from Claire, 904; accepted Hoppner's story of Claire, 904; plans foreign education for Allegra, 905; Catholic "the best religion," 905; sent Allegra peer's gown for dresses, 905; on Keats's death and review in *Quarterly*, 905-6; urged Murray to buy *Memoirs*, 906; began "*My Dictionary*," 906; second letter on Bowles, 906-7; defense of Gilchrist, 906; defense of Pope's character, 906-7; Hunt's "system," 907; letter from Bowles, 907; declined Swiss education for Allegra, 907; vexed at acting of *Marino*, 907-8; heard *Marino* was hissed, 908; plan of uprising ascribed to, 908; apologia in *Sardanapalus*, 908-9; *Two Foscari* finished in month, 909; Alborghetti devoted to, 909; protested arrest of Tita, 910; appealed to Cardinal, 910; "John Bull" letter to, 911-12; visited by Mr. Coolidge, 912; poetry is "excited passion," 912; pleased with American hero-worship, 912; promised Teresa to give up *Don Juan*, 912-13; *Don Juan* strips off illusion, 913; Gambas exiled, 913;

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Teresa upset at leaving Byron, 913-14; persuaded Count Gamba to leave Teresa, 914; tried for recall of Gambas, 914; appeal to Duchess of Devonshire, 914; servant released, 914; advised Teresa to leave, 915; aware of Teresa's danger, 915-16; helped Teresa escape, 915; emotional relief, 916; lingered in Ravenna, 916; no spirit to write on Napoleon, 917; thinking of escape to England, 917; *Cain* begun, 917; *Cain* compared with *Manfred*, 918; own speculations in *Cain*, 918; out of humor with Murray, 919; frank and interesting letters to Murray, 919; *Adonais* from Shelley, 919; cut references to Keats, 919-20; visited by Shelley, 920-6; Shelley saw good influence of Teresa, 920; conversation with Shelley, 920; on Allegra, 920; on Keats, 920n; *Hyperion* inspired by Titans, 920n; told Shelley Hoppner story, 921; his routine, 921-2; dissuaded from Swiss project by Shelley, 922; Shelley impressed with *Don Juan*, 922; considered publication of *Memoirs*, 922; generosity to Moore, 923; Shelley wished him to help Hunt, 923; his menagerie, 923; to go to Pisa, 923; persuaded to take Allegra before change of plan, 924; reluctant to let Shelley go, 924; Teresa urged Shelley not to leave without Byron, 924; promised to send Mary's letter to Hoppners, 925; "not a man to keep a secret," 925; Shelley to find him house in Pisa, 925-6; problem of Mary's letter, 925-6n; great regard for Shelleys, 926; urged by Teresa to come, 926; reluctant to leave Ravenna, 926; Casa Lanfranchi taken in Pisa, 927-8; saw "serious evils" in move, 927; Hunt invited to join in periodical, 927-8; had offered Hunt money, 927n; Shelley unable to ask remittance, 928; "canker of aristocracy," 928; letter to Gilchrist on Pope, 930; *Don Juan* not more indecent than Pope, 930; *Sardanapalus* dedicated to Goethe, 930; *Cain* dedicated to Scott, 930; lingered in Ravenna, 929; blamed Lega, 929; delay of wagons, 929; wrote "The Blues," 929; finished *Cain*, 929; incensed at Murray's offer, 929; on Murray's "mercantile reasons," 929; "The Irish Avatar," 930-1; "universal packing," 931;

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"awful work, this love," 931; wanted to go to Greece, 931; asked Murray to send no English publications, 931; in Switzerland and Greece, "how I wrote there," 931; "mountain of lead" on heart, 932; began *Vision of Judgment*, 932; his quarrel with Southey, 932-3; heights of irony in *Vision*, 933-4; sent Augusta story of Teresa, 935; if Lady B. would please die, 935; rather not marry, 935; still hoped for recall of exiles, 935; suspected by "Buon Governo," 936; in favor of "innovations in states," 936; "lean towards a republic," 936; America a model, 936; began "Detached Thoughts," 937; on immortality of soul, 937-8; to continue *Werner*, 938; all men "intrinsic rascals," 938; Teresa feared he would never leave, 938; not taking Allegra, 939; letter from Allegra, 939; no visit to Allegra, 940; left for Pisa, 940; menagerie left with Ghigi, 940; departure from Ravenna "a public calamity," 940; meeting with Lord Clare, 941; met Rogers at Bologna, 941; passed scenery in dark, 941; quarreled with Rogers, 941n; at Florence, 941-2; Galileo "one of us," 942; windows open to see him, 942; passed Claire on road to Pisa, 942; pleased with Pisa and house, 943; in congenial English circle, 944; Shelley's admiration of *Cain*, 944; constant companion of Shelley, 944; met Williams, 944-5; visit to Shelleys, 945; male circle centered around, 945; saw Teresa only at her house, 945; refused permission for pistol-shooting, 946; met Taaffe, 946; met Medwin, 946-7; pistol-shooting in country, 947; attracted by farmer's daughter, 947; dinners to male friends, 948; influence on students feared, 949; watched by spy Torelli, 949; authorities disturbed by *Prophecy of Dante*, 949; *affiche* in Ravenna called for his assassination, 949; contented in Pisa, 950; Boswellized by Medwin, 950; shines in conversation, 950; hates argument, 950-1; proud of being man of the world, 951; Shelley overawed by his genius, 951; admired Shelley, 951; squabbles over *Cain*, 952; *Don Juan* popular, 952; hurt by Hobhouse's attack on *Cain*, 953; mollified by Murray's offer,

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953; sentimental about Lady Byron's handwriting, 954; impossibility of reunion, 954; melancholy on Ada's birthday, 954; *only children* in family, 954; on Ada's temper, and her parents', 954-5; touched by Mrs. Shepherd's prayer, 955; doubted own skepticism, 955; "little better than a Christian," 955; wished born a Catholic, 955; considered an infidel, 956; wife and sister sent him prayerbooks, 956; news of Polidori's death, 956; tried to prevent *auto da fé*, 956-7; furnished ground floor for Hunts, 957; Christmas dinner for male circle, 957-8; £1,000 bet with Shelley, 958

1822: sitting to Bartolini, 958; calmer relationship with Teresa, 958; views of "ladies intellectual," 959; on Teresa's naive charm, 959; Harriette Wilson offered services, 959-60; tribute to Scott's novels, 960; described by Trelawny, 962; embarrassed at meeting strangers, 962; affected the Regency talk, 962; nothing in conversation unless alone, 963; Trelawny "personification of my Corsair," 963; to build boat, 963; boat cost near £1,000, 964; riding and pistol-shooting, 964; baited Trelawny, 964; ill at ease in society, 965; Trelawny thought him lazy, 965; writing *Werner*, 965; to withdraw from Murray as publisher, 965; *Heaven and Earth*, 965; Murray "most timid of God's booksellers," 966; will continue to publish, 966; MSS. sent to Moore, 966; protests outcry against *Cain*, 966; preached against by Nott, 966; Southey's attack in *Courier*, 967; in rage at Southey, 967; reply to *Courier*, 968; challenge to Southey, 968; Kinnaird and Hobhouse held challenge, 969; to take *Cain* prosecution on self, 969; boat and summer plans, 969-70; distressed at Lady Noel's death, 970; on Wentworth estate, 970; insurance on Lady Byron, 970; bet with Shelley, 970n; signed himself "Noel Byron," 971; proud of Napoleon's initials, 971; half of Wentworth income, 971; total income, 971n; appeal for money from Hunt, 971-2; Hunt's begging letter, 972; £250 to Hunt, 973; growing more thrifty, 973; Claire asking to remove Allegra, 974; proposed private theatricals, 974; as

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Iago, 974-5; Claire urged to kill him, 975; brushed off Shelley's protest for Claire, 975; Shelley angry, 976; Tighe wanted Byron horse-whipped, 976; fascinated Mary Shelley, 976; Shelley withdrawing from intimacy, 976-7; no enemy to religion, 977; Shelley "least selfish," 977; Shelley had no influence on his opinions, 977; flippant turn of mind, 978; Trelawny on his drinking habits, 978; his reducing diet, 978-9; gave up return to England, 979; quiet domesticity, 979; settled into middle age, 979; wanted to name boat for Teresa, 979; imagined Ada's mind poisoned, 980; Masi affair, 980-8; news of wounded Masi, 984; report to governor, 984; sent Dr. Todd to Masi, 984; depositions drawn up, 984-5; ride as usual, 985; Tita and Papi arrested, 985; sent Tita dinner of twelve courses, 985; distributed alms in front of palace, 985; flattering address to Dawkins, 986; knew Papi to be Masi's assailant, 986; Taaffe's deposition displeased him, 986; called Taaffe "Falstaffe," 987; sought personal vindication, 987; circle breaking up, 988; rented Villa Dupuy, 988; to continue *Don Juan*, 988; on Lady Byron's cold heart, 989; engaged Collini, 989; Tita retained, 989; affair cost 3,000 scudi, 990; unaware of Claire's presence, 990; visit of Rogers, 990-1; Allegra's illness, 991; overcome by Allegra's death, 992-3; wanted burial in Harrow Church, 993; complicated feelings for Allegra, 993-4; thoughts of Ada, 994; exco-riating letter from Claire, 995; neglected Ghigi's bills, 996; took up Tita's cause, 996-7; lingered at Pisa, 997; to press case against Masi, 998; moved to Villa Dupuy, 998; servants released, 998; Torelli hinted bribery, 998; Pisan circle dissolved, 998; visited *Constitution* and *Ontario*, 999-1000; pleased by American homage, 1000; visited by Bancroft, 1000; news of Irving, 1000; private funeral for Allegra, 1000; visit of Lord Clare, 1001; "Detached Thoughts" to Murray, 1001; Lady Byron's life insured, 1001; funeral and inscription for Allegra, 1000-1n; lawsuit with Dupuy, 1002; thoughts of South America, 1002; boat named *Bolivar*, 1002; had *Don Juan* painted on sail of Shelley's

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boat, 1003; cannon on *Bolívar*, 1003; not permitted to moor along coast, 1003-4; use of *Bolívar* restricted, 1003-4; satisfied with boat, but not cost, 1004; ignorance of sea terms, 1004; complained to Dawkins, 1004; bad sitter to West, 1005; gulf between him and Shelley, 1005; Hunt's arrival announced, 1005; alliance of wren and eagle, 1005-6; Hunt at Villa Dupuy, 1006-7; quarrel of servants, 1006-7; grown fat, 1006; went riding despite quarrel of servants, 1007; forgave but dismissed Papi, 1007; exile of Gambas aimed at him, 1007-8n; thought of going to Genoa, 1008; asked delay of Gambas' exile, 1008; Hunt established by Shelley, 1008; return to Pisa, 1008; talk of Lucca, Genoa, America, 1008; plans in confusion, 1009; no time for Hunt, 1009; offered *Vision of Judgment* to Hunt, 1009; new set of servants, 1009-10n; and Mrs. Hunt, 1010; indefinite about journal, 1010-11; sought asylum for Gambas in Lucca, 1011; promised to help Hunt, 1011; *Don Juan* not for journal, 1011; not sanguine about journal, 1011; considered dangerous by Tuscan government, 1011; aimed at through Teresa, 1011-12; with Teresa at Pisa, 1012; easy routine with Hunt, 1012; rode with Hunt and Trelawny, 1013-14; pistol-shooting, 1014; returned to *Don Juan*, 1014; translated stanzas for Teresa, 1014; wrote on odd pieces of paper, 1015; Mary came for news of Shelley, 1016; offered Roberts *Bolívar* for search, 1016-17; with Hunt and Roberts to inquire about bodies, 1017; bodies found, 1017; talked of inviting widows to Pisa, 1017; stunned by Shelley's death, 1017; kind to Mary, 1017-18; Shelley "best and least selfish," 1018; world "brutally mistaken" about Shelley, 1018; urged Teresa to join family in Genoa, 1018; with Teresa at Lanfranchi, 1018; "talks no more of leaving," 1018; stood in Shelley's place to Hunt, 1019; irritation with Hunt, 1019; Hunt sensed lack of cordiality, 1019; Hunt children, 1019-20; set bulldog against "Cockneys," 1020; called Hunt children "Yahoos," 1020; three new cantos, 1020; assisted in cremation of Williams, 1021; identified Williams by teeth, 1021; remarks on Williams's

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body, 1022; threw incense on fire, 1022; sick while swimming, 1022; returned to Pisa, 1022; at Shelley's cremation, 1022-3; swam to *Bolívar*, 1023; ill with blisters, 1024; nearly four new cantos, 1025; in dispute over Shelley's heart, 1025n; proposed *Hesperides* as name of journal, 1026; changed to *The Liberal*, 1026; his contributions, 1026; tried to get Moore to contribute, 1026; encouraged Hunt's satire on Moore, 1026; "TOMMY loves a Lord," 1026; jocose at Hunt's expense, 1027; house taken in Genoa, 1027; still fond of Teresa, 1028; impatient for rents, 1028; total income, 1028; want sum to go among Greeks or Americans, 1028; schooner cost £1,000, 1028; wanted to provide for Teresa, 1028; will not made, 1029; Mary and Jane to Genoa, 1029; visit of Medwin, 1029; quite domestic with Teresa, 1029; depressed by death of Shelley and Williams, 1029; fondness and boredom, 1029; desire to escape, 1029; unnatural thinness, 1029; more wine and gin, 1030; gin and water source of inspiration, 1030; visit of Hobhouse, 1030-2; in agonies of packing, 1030; thought Hobhouse was looking at foot, 1031; candid conversation with Hobhouse, 1031; mind "always drifting towards the East," 1031; talked of going to England, 1032; mutual accusations, 1032; less feeling than in youth, 1032; parted with Hobhouse, 1032; complained of expense of *Bolívar*, 1032; Roberts thought him close and calculating, 1032-3; bust by Bartolini, 1033; confusion of moving, 1033; left in Napoleonic coach, 1033; slow caravan to Lerici, 1034; geese behind carriage, 1034, 1036; overexerted in swimming contest with Trelawny, 1034-5; ill in Lerici, 1035-6; by boat to Sestri, 1036; at Casa Saluzzo, 1036; intended to go to Athens, 1036; £24 a year for Casa Saluzzo, 1037; proposed leaving Hunt in Pisa, 1037; banker to Mary Shelley, 1037; Hunt's "six little blackguards," 1037-8; hoped Murray would publish *Don Juan*, 1038; saw less of Hunt, 1038; Hunt familiar or stiff, 1038; first number of *Liberal*, 1039; *Vision* without preface, 1039; angry with Murray, 1039; spleen dissolved, 1039; Murray offended,

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1039; all MSS. from Murray to Hunt, 1039; Murray "a sad shuffler," 1039; Murray sits looking at Byron's picture, 1039; reaction to *Liberal*, 1039-40; Murray's shocked letter to, 1040; outcry against *Liberal*, 1040; withdrew from Murray as publisher, 1040-1; criticism of Hunt spread by Murray, 1041; continued frankness to Murray, 1041-2; called Hunt a bore, 1041; prosecution of John Hunt for *Vision*, 1041; no community of feeling with Hunt, 1041-2; for Shelley's sake kind to Mary, 1042; gave Mary copying, 1042; Mary charmed by Byron's voice, 1042; Hunt not a "friend," 1042-3; his definition of friendship, 1043; *Bolivar* put up for winter, 1043; anxiety about money, 1043; "planning, projecting . . . doing nothing," 1044; Juan in England, 1044; invited Augusta to Italy or France, 1044-5; visit of Webster, 1045; love perils pretty well over, 1045; friendship with Barry, 1046; saw Teresa only by invitation, 1046; talked of pain from foot, 1046-7; upset by gossip on Allegra's funeral, 1047-8; contributed to second *Liberal*, 1048; committed *Don Juan* to J. Hunt, 1048; *Don Juan* a "Satire on abuses," 1048-9; in scrape by doing good to Hunts, 1049; Mrs. Mason appealed for aid for Claire, 1049 1823; offer to reimburse Mary, 1050; Mary sought his advice, 1051; relations with Teresa, 1051; "I loves lucre," 1052; melancholy during winter, 1052; morbid sensitiveness to lameness, 1052; earnings from pen almost vanished, 1052; *Age of Bronze* for third *Liberal*, 1052-3; began *The Island*, 1053; wanted to cut tie with *Liberal*, 1053; *Don Juan* to be published separately, 1053; *The Blues* for next *Liberal*, 1054; responsible for Hunt and Mary Shelley, 1054; mediator for Webster and wife, 1054; still chivalric hero to Lady Frances, 1055; endorsed bills for Webster, 1055; skeleton thinness, 1055; 15th canto finished, 1055; visit of Henry Fox, 1055; Blessingtons arrive, 1056; Lady Blessington disappointed in Byron, 1058-9; his flippancy, 1059; his dress outmoded, 1059; Juan, not Harold, 1059; lameness not noticeable, 1059; called on Blessingtons, 1059; abandon in talking of acquaintances, 1059-60; nostalgic in-

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terest in England, 1059-60; strictures on Moore and Lady Holland, 1060; detestation of cant, 1060; ridicule only weapon English climate cannot rust, 1060; directed rides of Blessingtons, 1060; praised D'Orsay, 1060; on English *ennui*, 1060; visit of Blaquiére and Luriottis, 1061; mind fired with thoughts of Greece, 1061; drew Pietro into conference, 1061; offered to go to Greece in July, 1061; "absurd womankind" greatest obstacle, 1062; offered to send medical supplies, 1062; gathering resources, 1062; asked Barry to look for vessel, 1062; lacked courage to tell Teresa, 1062; consoled Lord Blessington for loss of son, 1062; womanly softness in manner, 1062; hated cant of love of nature, 1062-3; Countess now charmed by him, 1063; introduced Pietro to Blessingtons, 1063; subject of wife turned Byron serious, 1063; Count D'Orsay's sketch, 1064; exceeding thinness, 1064; attitude toward Hunt, 1064; best when thinking aloud, 1064; animated conversation like champagne, 1064; little fastidious in associates, 1065; ideas and prejudices about women, 1065; on his future biographers, 1066; no character at all, 1066; love of liberty and detestation of cant, 1066; letters from anonymous English ladies, 1066; letter from Zorina Stanley, 1066; touched by adolescent ardor, 1067; Holmes engraving to Zorina, 1067; publication of *Don Juan* delayed, 1068; urged to go to Greece, 1068; not disposed to make a mountain of Teresa's resistance, 1069; more able to take a decided than a petty step, 1069; elected member of Greek Committee, 1069; let Pietro break news to Teresa, 1070; wanted Teresa to return to Ravenna, 1071; sincerely attached, 1072; worn out in feelings, 1072; gave Teresa MSS., 1072; self-pity and remorse at leaving Teresa, 1073; "an example of conjugal happiness," 1073; enthusiasm for Greece dampened, 1073; Karvellas asked for 100 crowns, 1073; contradictory views of Greek venture, 1073-4; mocked own heroic gesture, 1073; presentiment he would die in Greece, 1074; yearned to go to England first, 1074; melancholy at Blessington departure, 1074; bought

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Lady Blessington's steed, 1074-5; boggled at price of Mameluke, 1075; Blessington bought *Bolivar*, 1075; engaged *Hercules*, 1077; Trelawny glad to accompany Byron, 1077; engaged Dr. Bruno, 1078; Trelawny aided in preparations, 1078; ordered uniforms and helmets, 1078; generous offers to Mary Shelley, 1079; negotiations through Hunt, 1079; Hunt carried tales, 1080; Mary piqued, refused to accept money, 1080; tried to pay her through Hunt, 1080; declined to be Shelley's executor, 1081; declined Shelley's legacy, 1081; Trelawny's offer to Mary, 1081; cutting reply to Hunt, 1081; Hunt's defense of Shelley, 1081; Hunt's demands for self, 1081-2; mollifying letter to Hunt, 1082; to pay Hunt's journey to Florence, 1082; estrangement with Mary, 1082; Teresa's attempts to reconcile them fruitless, 1082-3; sailing planned for July 12, 1084; carried credits of over £8,000, 1084; fever of preparations, 1085; greetings and no enmity to Mary, 1085; intended leaving money for Hunt and Mary, 1085; kept promise with Hunt, 1085; Mary supplied by Trelawny, 1085; Byron considered debt his own, 1086; pensioned wives of servants, 1086; sailing postponed a day, 1086; farewell to Teresa, 1086-7; on board on 13th, 1087; becalmed and came ashore, 1088; at Lomellina garden, 1088; calm and storm, in port again, 1088; melancholy visit to Casa Saluzzo, 1088-9; reading on board, 1089; Mary bitter about his avarice, 1089; Barry inconsolable, 1089; Teresa's anguish at leaving, 1090; saluted at Leghorn by Ionian ship, 1091; greeted by quarreling Greeks, 1091; letter from Ignatius of Arta, 1091; Greeks want money, 1091; Botzaris recommended, 1092; told importance of Missolonghi, 1092; first note to Teresa in English, 1092; joined by Browne, 1093; stanzas from Goethe, 1093; companionable but moody on voyage, 1094; his reading, 1095; pen still, 1095; his diet, 1095; invectives against Austria, 1095; poetry "won't come when called," 1095; his superstitions, 1095; promised 5th canto of *Childe Harold*, 1095; spirits improved in Ionian Sea, 1096; fencing, pistol-shooting, 1096; cool under fire,

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1096; pranks on Captain, 1096; acquired Trelawny's Negro servant, 1097; on Fletcher's "hog's eye view," 1097-8; happier in Greece, 1098; painful confidences to Browne, 1098-9; offered crown of Greece, 1099; eleven years of bitterness gone on sighting Greece, 1099; arrived at Argostoli, 1099; welcomed by Captain Kennedy, 1100; annoyed by Blaquiere's departure, 1100; learned of confusion among Greeks, 1100-1; letter to Botzaris, 1101; remained on *Hercules*, 1101; sensation among English officers, 1101; daily ride a spectacle, 1101; swimming with Trelawny, 1101-2; bitter comment on lameness, 1101-2; met Col. Napier, 1102; realistic sympathy for Greeks shared by Napier, 1102; hired Suliot bodyguard, 1103; Suliotes attracted by Byron's dollars, 1103; pleased with savage warriors, 1103; letters of credit not cashed, 1103-4; invited to hear Dr. Kennedy on Christianity, 1104; desire to bait a Methodist, 1104; genuine interest in religious speculation, 1104; sensitive at being thought irreligious, 1104-5; interrupted with questions, 1105; familiarity with Bible, 1105; in no hurry to move, 1105; excursion to Ithaca, 1106-13; welcomed by Resident in Vathy, 1107; conversation with stranger (Smith), 1107; at fountain of Arethusa, 1108; excursion to "School of Homer," 1108; gin and water true poetic source, 1109; met again freethinking bishop, 1109; spirits rose in storm, 1109; seriously ill again, 1109-10; crossed in open boat to Cephalonia, 1110-11; to monastery, 1111; imprecations on welcoming monks, 1111; dashed into room like madman, 1111-12; his mad scene at monastery, 1111-12; return to Argostoli, 1113; Suliotes run wild, 1113; pistols and Bible by bed, 1113; settled into routine, 1113; divorced from life in Italy, 1113-14; gratified by attention of countrymen, 1114; dined with 8th Regiment, 1114; letter from Botzaris, 1114; news of Botzaris's death, 1115; petitions from every party, 1115; fight for his dollars, 1115; realistic view of Greeks, 1115; valued opinions of Count Delladecima, 1115-16; to avoid being partisan, 1116; Greeks such liars, 1116; sent Suliotes to mainland,

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1117; to represent the Greek Committee, 1117; *Hercules* leaving, 1117; took house at Metaxata, 1117-18; Trelawny critical of his dawdling, 1118; moved to Metaxata, 1118; Trelawny proud of intimacy with, 1118-19; jests on Trelawny, 1119; routine at Metaxata, 1119-20; house at Metaxata, 1119; waiting "March of Events," 1120; playful tenderness to Teresa, 1120; his influence and dollars sought, 1121; Napier advised European corps and control of purse, 1121; distrusted Greeks and own weaknesses, 1122; Finlay on Byron's character, 1122; good judgment in waiting, 1123; private feelings about Greeks, 1123; urged deputies for English loan, 1123-4; hermitage invaded by visitors, 1124; journal suspended, 1124; Ada ill, 1124; abused Greeks in journal, 1124; emotional and economic motives for writing waned, 1124-5; no more of *Don Juan*, 1125; "Poetry should occupy the idle," 1125; earthquake, 1125; passion gone from letters to Augusta, 1125; hopes Ada anything but poetical, 1125; conversations on religion with Kennedy, 1125-7; no doubt of human depravity, 1126; *Cain* caused suicide, 1126; served Kennedy by showing sin, 1126; on Socinianism, 1127; Lady Byron's religion similar to his, 1127; Kennedy thought him serious, 1127; reported Don Juan to be a Methodist, 1127; facetious remarks to friends on Kennedy, 1127; and buried workmen, 1127-8; angry at callousness of Greeks, 1128; visit of Finlay, 1128; promise to go to Morea, 1128; waiting for Browne and Trelawny, 1128-9; Theotoky's report on greed of factions, 1129; petition of Hastings for steamboat, 1129; disparaged by Trelawny, 1130; viewed as afraid to risk self and money, 1130; prospect of selling Rochdale, 1131; £11,000 on hand, 1131; offered £1,000 for aid of Missolonghi, 1131; recommended committee to direct funds, 1132-3; nostalgic thought of return, 1132; visit of Sidney Osborne, 1132; bored by "Saint Kennedy," 1132; lectured by Kennedy, 1132; arrival of Milingen, 1132-3; called Greeks most depraved people, 1133; reasons for coming to Greece, 1133; his diet injurious, 1133-4; his dandyism, 1134;

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postponed voyage on arrival of Browne and Greek deputies, 1134; asked for loan of 30,000 dollars, 1134; promised £4,000 as temporary loan, 1134; Hancock cashed bills, 1135; loan meant as gift, 1135; departure of Finlay, 1135; arrival of Stanhope, 1135-6; and Bentham's "Springs of Action," 1136; irritated by "Typographical Colonel," 1136; letter to General Government, 1137; desire well-being of Greece, 1137; will not deceive English public, 1137; appealed to Mavrocordatos for unity, 1137; had not written Teresa, 1138; effect of his aid to fleet and Mavrocordatos, 1138-9n; decided to aid relief of Missolonghi, 1139; waiting word from Mavrocordatos, 1139; recommended Napier to Committee, 1139; news of Greek fleet in Gulf, 1139-40; flattering letter from Mavrocordatos, 1140; will be received as savior, 1140; letter from Hastings on Greeks, 1141; cheerful letter to Teresa, 1141; resumed journal, 1141-2; writing always a painful task, 1142; Suliotes eager to enroll under, 1142; dream of military leadership, 1142; better playing at nations than gaming, 1142; *Leonidas* sent for, 1143; Mr. Praid brought letters, 1143; hired vessels for Missolonghi, 1143; supplies on board, 1143; left Metaxata, 1143; supplies not practical, 1143; on Stanhope's pedantic views, 1143; asked Kinnaid to stretch credit, 1144; to "electrify" the Suliotes, 1144; his dollars awaited, 1144; boarded "mistico," 1145-6; took Loukas as page, 1146; business at Zante, 1146; sailed for Missolonghi, 1146; "coming of a Messiah," 1147; under stern of Turkish ship, 1147; escape from Turkish ship, 1148; landed Loukas at Scrofe, 1148; asked Suliote land guard, 1148; uneasy about Loukas, 1148
1824: at Dragomestre, 1149; on Scrofe rocks, 1149; prepared to save Loukas, 1149; Bruno's egotism, 1149-50; landed at Missolonghi in red uniform, 1151; salvo of 21 guns, 1152; met by Mavrocordatos, 1152; predisposed to trust Mavrocordatos, 1152; impressed by Prince's title, 1152; entered into schemes with fervor, 1153; to lead force against Lepanto, 1153; Suliotes in his pay,

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1153-4; to maintain Suliotes for year, 1154; contributing more than whole government, 1154; swept away by patriotic fervor, 1154; dreams of playing soldier come true, 1154-5; house full of soldiers, 1155; not cast down by dismal town, 1155; his house, 1155-6; few comforts, 1156; his servants, 1156; formation of artillery corps, 1156; £50 for printing press, 1157; fears for effects of press, 1157; made Millingen surgeon to artillery corps, 1157; support of Germans fell on, 1157; irritated by Gamba's extravagance, 1158; sarcastic references to episode, 1158-9; Pietro loyal to, 1159; willing to spend all income on cause, 1159; Rochdale sold, 1159; memorials to from Legislative and Executive, 1159; asked for 30,000 dollars to secure Crete, 1160; gave routine details to Stanhope, 1160; his practical mind, 1160; custody of Turkish prisoner, 1160-1; stopped quarrel at customhouse, 1161; irritated by disturbances, 1161-2; plans for Lepanto expedition, 1162; in plan to attack Turkish fleet, 1162; intent upon exposing himself to danger, 1163; no man more constant in great objects, 1163; proofs of courage, 1163; urged to write poetry, 1163; devoted to action, 1163; felt old and burned out, 1163; poem on thirty-sixth birthday, 1163-5; sent prisoners home, 1165; visit of British officers, 1165; letter to Yussuf Pasha, 1165; commissioned by Greeks, 1165-6; to command 3,000 men for Lepanto, 1166; against detention of Ionian ship, 1166-7; and officers of *Alacrity*, 1166-8; referred to lameness, 1167; Stanhope for writing down Turks, 1167; observed by ship's surgeon, 1167-8; pistol-shooting, 1168; slight burr and Scottish accent, 1168; settled for Ionian vessel, 1168; quarrel with Stanhope, 1168; "that honest right hand," 1168; ferried to daily ride, 1169; whole army on back, 1169; rations for families and livestock, 1169; forced Suliotes to quit Seraglio, 1169-70; buoyed up by prospects, 1170; better end with bullet than bark, 1170; called for "sinews of war," 1170; succumbed to friendliness of Mavrocordatos, 1170; letter recalled stay with Londres, 1171; visit to Anatolica,

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1171-2; soaked by rain on return, 1172; anxious about Loukas, 1172; shames laborers at unloading, 1173; distributed Bibles, 1173n; arrival of Parry, 1173; Parry called on him for money, 1174; arms more prominent than books, 1174; sitting Turkish fashion, 1174; confessed vexations to Parry, 1175; whole expense of Lepanto expedition his, 1175; myth of the 3,000, 1175; relied more on foreigners, 1175; ten Germans for body-guard, 1175; no friend in Greece, 1176; his lonely plight, 1176; on guard against intrigues, 1176; on side of Parry, 1177; on death of Maitland, 1177; Lepanto troops ready to surrender to, 1177; disbursing put on Parry, 1178; 2,000 dollars a week in rations, 1178; sent vanguard toward Lepanto, 1178; civil-war threat in Morea, 1178; rumored to be a Turk, 1179; unreasonable demands of Suliotes, 1179; violent burst of passion, 1179; resolve to withdraw from Suliotes, 1179-80; new corps of 600, 1180; not well, 1180; to contribute to new journal, 1180; convulsive fit, 1180-1; alarm of attack on arsenal, 1182; calmest one in town, 1182; Parry recommended "stimulant drinks," 1182; eight leeches, 1182; bleeding stopped with difficulty, 1182-3; concern for Turkish prisoners, 1183; wanted to send Hatadje to Ada, 1184; debated sending girl to England or Italy, 1184; sent refugees to Prevesa, 1184-5; asked Dr. Kennedy's wife to care for Hatadje, 1185; forbidden by Bruno to join attack on vessel, 1185; Sass killed, 1185-6; house fortified against riot, 1186; called for Suliote captains, 1186; his calm courage, 1186; spirit of hope oozing away, 1187; physical deterioration, 1187; offered Suliotes month's pay to go, 1188; Primates asked for 3,000 dollars, 1188; abandoned military enterprise, 1188; frightened mechanics sent home, 1188; Stanhope left for Athens, 1188; could not leave easily, 1189; lameness and marriage most powerful influences on, 1189; pleased with picture of Ada and account of her habits, 1189; depression and hysterical high spirits, 1190; 4,800 dollars to be quit of Suliotes, 1190; final meeting with chiefs, 1190; account of meeting by Kasomoules, 1190;

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earthquake, 1190-1; concern for Loukas, 1191; could not admit extent of defeat, 1191; hero in England, 1191; success of *Don Juan*, 1191; rumored continuing *Childe Harold*, 1191; friendly letter to Murray, 1191; revealed despair to those near, 1191; sometimes sorry he came to Greece, 1191; better than singing at parties, like Moore, 1192; kept body-guard under Draco, 1192; and his dog Lyon, 1192; false earthquake for Parry, 1192-3; practical joke on Fletcher, 1193; riding and exercising Suliotes, 1193; reorganized artillery corps, 1194; Finlay arrived, 1194; his household in confusion, 1194; invitation to Salona from Odysseus, 1195; Trelawny asked for part of stores, 1195; nostalgia for Trelawny, 1195; health precarious, 1195-6; riding despite poor health, 1196; attacked by vertigos, 1196; rumored continuing *Don Juan*, 1196; hoped still to reconcile factions, 1196-7; letters from Greek leaders, 1197; prospectus of *Telegrafo Greco*, 1197; suppressed attack on Austria in *Greek Chronicle*, 1198; rude to Mavrocordatos, 1198; last letter to Teresa, 1199; again urged to Salona, 1199; distaste for writing Odysseus, 1200; invited to Kranidi, 1200; offered post of governor-general, 1200; an administrator of loan, 1200; conclusion of loan spur to hope, 1200; his personal loan, 1201; saw virtues in common people, 1201; federation best for Greece, 1201; no great attachment to democracy, 1202; critical of American institutions, 1202; English vanity in patriotism, 1202; causes of separation too simple, 1203; wished to be Greek ambassador to U.S., 1203; danger from Suliotes, 1203; another loan to Greeks, 1204; presented citizenship of town, 1204; journey to Salona delayed, 1204; 30,000 dollars advanced to Greeks, 1204; Greeks thought him a mine, 1204; suppressed hopelessness from letters, 1204; weather and events bore him down, 1205; Turkish fleet blockading again, 1205; hopes of uniting Greece faded, 1206; peevish and little-minded, 1206; hesitated to recommend Greek loan, 1206; poem to Loukas, 1207; quarrel with Gamba, 1208; nerves frayed by Karaiskakis invasion, 1208-9; Kranidi

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plot suspected, 1209; his coolness and energy ended siege, 1209; feared news of fracas would prevent loan, 1210; physical and mental changes in, 1210; news of Ada and sister, 1211; his fame in England, 1211; nervous and irritable, 1211; wet through during ride, 1211; returned in open boat, 1211; fever and rheumatic pains, 1211; rode next day in wet saddle, 1212; farewell to Finlay, 1212; on his superstition, 1212; Bruno called late, 1212; cold shivers and pains, 1212; Bruno proposed bleeding, 1212; refused to be bled, 1213; Bruno did not think illness serious, 1213; Parry got vessel ready for Zante, 1213; resisted bleeding, 1213; dosed and physicked by Bruno, 1213; storm prevented trip to Zante, 1213; purged and sweated, 1214; antipathy to bleeding, 1214; wanted to go riding, 1214; often delirious, 1214; directed replies to letters, 1214; repeated Latin verses, 1214; doctors urged bleeding, 1215; said lancet killed more than lance, 1215; still refused bleeding, 1215; asked for witch, 1216; Parry saw he was seriously ill, 1216; sirocco prevented removal, 1216; Fletcher and Gamba too affected to be useful, 1216; best care from Tita, 1216; lack of comforts, confusion of tongues, 1217; soothed by Parry, 1217; spoke of death with composure, 1217; talked calmly of religion to Parry, 1217; "come, no weakness," 1217; expiring almost forsaken, 1217; finally promised to be bled, 1218; "set of butchers," 1219; two pounds of blood taken, 1219; constantly delirious, 1219; Fletcher sent for Dr. Thomas, 1219; numbness in fingers, 1220; resisted third bleeding, 1220; refused leeches, 1220; lack of sleep, 1220-1; solicitude for Fletcher and Tita, 1221; rather shoot self than go mad, 1221; delirious, 1221; stiletto and pistols removed, 1221; talked calmly to Gamba of foot, 1221; resisted bleeding again, 1222; Drs. Vaya and Treiber called in, 1222; Bruno alone for bleeding, 1222; blisters applied, 1223; not let anyone see lame foot, 1223; spared rattle of muskets, 1223; twelve leeches took two pounds, 1224; proclaimed enemy of the Porte, 1224; news of conclusion of loan, 1224; "wish Napier

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and Hobhouse were here," 1224; realized mortal danger, 1224; body not hacked or sent to England, 1224; doctor and servants wept, 1225; "una bella scena," 1225; "Forwards," 1225; Parry persuaded him to take bark, 1225; shed tears and slept, 1226; mentioned names and sums, 1226; "*Io lascio qualche cosa . . .*," 1226; tried to utter wishes, 1226; angry at doctors, 1226-7; concern for servants, 1227; told Millingen to leave, 1227; effort to convey last wishes to Fletcher, 1227-8; bag of dollars to Loukas, 1227; "my wife—my child," 1227-8; last words: "I want to sleep now," 1228; leeches all night, 1228; in comatose state, 1229; resolution of Greek Committee praising, 1229; Hobhouse coming to join, 1229; money matters going swimmingly, 1229; present endeavor most glorious, 1229; envied by Campbell, 1229; did not move for 24 hours, 1229; expired at 6 p.m., 1229; thunderstorm at time of death, 1230; bickering doctors and weeping servants, 1230; Gamba desolated, 1231; sorrow of Greeks, 1231; proclamation of Mavrocordatos, 1231; minute guns and general mourning, 1231; corpse "white like the wing of a young chicken," 1232; autopsy, 1232-3; embalming, 1234; papers examined and sealed, 1234; inventory of wardrobe, 1234; bones of cranium like those of person of 80 years, 1232; weight of brain, 1232; modern diagnosis of illness and death, 1233; rites for in Missolonghi, 1235; funeral oration by Tricoupi, 1235; idolized by people and soldiers, 1235; klephtic ballads on, 1235-6; memorial service in every town, 1236; death united Greece, 1236; name spoken with pathetic regard, 1236; Byron Street in every town, 1236; Stanhope called him a saint, 1237; Trelawny's praise, 1237; body uncovered by Trelawny, 1237; Trelawny's confused account of his lameness, 1238; Trelawny proud of friendship with, 1238-9; Trelawny later jealous of his fame, 1239; political fame would have faded had he lived, 1239; death caused gloom in Ionian Islands, 1240; remains to Zante, 1240; Greeks pleaded for part of corpse, 1240; proposed to inter in Greece, 1240, 1242; lungs left in

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San Spiridione, 1241; on eviscerated Lord Guilford, 1241; body in cask of spirits, 1241; 37 cannon at departure from Greece, 1241; remains sent to England on *Florida*, 1242; Pietro's loyalty to memory, 1242; Teresa's grief for, 1242; Teresa's later Byron worship, 1243n; Kinnaird first to hear news in England, 1243; Hobhouse in agony of grief for, 1244; his laugh most distinct to Hobhouse, 1244; friends determined to preserve fame, 1244, 1245; his Memoirs, 1244-50; Mrs. Leigh in "afflicting condition," 1244; his Bible on table, 1244-5; Mary Shelley shocked by death, 1245; Lady Byron in distressing state, 1245; universal regret for, 1247; news of death shocked London, 1248; Tennyson and Carlyle affected by death, 1248; Gifford thought Memoirs would make him infamous, 1246, 1249; Murray and Hobhouse chief defenders of fame, 1249; Moore only defender of Memoirs, 1249; burning of Memoirs against his wishes, 1250; Phillips portrait of, 1250n; Caroline Lamb tried to recover letters to, 1251-2; Lady Melbourne's letters to, 1252; Lady Frances Webster's letters to, 1252; Hobhouse preserved letters and papers of, 1252; Hobhouse opposed biographies of, 1252; his will, 1253; Hobhouse and Hanson his executors, 1253; funeral left to Hobhouse, 1253; remains arrived at Downs, 1254; Fletcher's grief for, 1254-5; loved Hobhouse better than any other, 1253; coffin at house in George St., 1255; refused burial in Westminster Abbey, 1256; lying in state, 1256; corpse not recognizable, 1256; left eye larger than right, 1257; to be buried in Hucknall, 1257; mask taken at Missolonghi, 1257; Fletcher hinted he spoke of Claire, 1257; left Hobhouse £1,000, 1258; empty carriages in funeral procession, 1259; timidity among great in paying homage, 1259; great crowds in streets, 1259; "buried like a nobleman," 1260; Mary Shelley's affection for, 1261; Caroline Lamb affected by passing hearse, 1261; Nottingham's tribute to, 1262; Hodgson and Wildman joined procession, 1262; journey to Hucknall, 1262-3; in the family vault, coffin on "Wicked Lord's,"

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1263; his own epitaph in *Childe Harold*, 1263-4

Byron (Works):

Age of Bronze: given to third *Liberal*, 1053; ordered published alone, 1053; 3,000 copies printed, 1054
 "And Thou Art Dead, As Young and Fair," *quoted*, 312-13

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This book was composed, printed, and bound by Kingsport Press, Inc., Kingsport, Tennessee. The paper was manufactured by P. H. Glatfelter Co., Spring Grove, Pa. The typography and binding were designed by RUDOLPH RUZICKA.

